# MASONICK MELODIES,

BEING

A CHOICE SELECTION

OF THE

## MOST APPROVED MASONICK SONGS,

| | |
|---|---|
| DUETS, | HYMNS, |
| GLEES, | ODES, |
| CATCHES, | DIRGES, AND |
| CANNONS, | CHORUSES, |

APPROPRIATE TO ALL MASONICK OCCASIONS.

[illegible]

AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

THE MOST ANCIENT AND HONORABLE FRATERNITY

OF

**FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.**

BY BR. LUKE EASTMAN.

[illegible]ick we have too[illegible]
[illegible] *loose* strains [illegible]
[illegible] *antic* sounds [illegible]
[illegible] Concord and [illegible]
[illegible] *moral* musick tune [illegible]
[illegible] built Musick [illegible]
[illegible] the char[illegible]

Boston:

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM PARKER

1825.

No 8046.86 Q

Exchange from

76

Comyns Digest
6 vols.
Hammond on Parties
to actions.
Paley on Agency.
Espinasse Digest
2 vol.
Evans on real actions
Last report 16. vol

Daniel Niles.
Alfred. Maine.
March the 12 1825
Daniel Niles Alfred Maine
March 12. 1825

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A CHOICE SELECTION

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* 8046.86 R

## MOST APPROVED MASONICK SONGS,

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| DUETS, | HYMNS, |
| GLEES, | ODES, |
| CATCHES, | DIRGES, AND |
| CANNONS, | CHORUSES, |

APPROPRIATE TO ALL MASONICK OCCASIONS:

## The Whole Set to Musick:

AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

THE MOST ANCIENT AND HONORABLE FRATERNITY

OF

**FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.**

BY BR. LUKE EASTMAN.

"Musick we have too.....
Yet no *loose* strains excite unchaste desire,
No *wanton* sounds profane Urania's lyre——
*There* Concord and Decorum bear the sway,
And *moral* musick tunes the instructive lay——
For *thee* shall Musick strike the harmonious lyre,
And while she charms the ear, *Morality* inspire."

Boston:

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Exchange
J. Francis Driscoll
Dec. 15, 1931

# PROLOGUE.

AS lately, brethren, from the lodge I came,
Warm'd with our royal order's purest flame;
Absorb'd in thought;—before my ravish'd eyes,
I saw the Genius, MASONRY, arise:
A curious hieroglyphic robe he wore,
And in his hand the sacred volume bore:
On one side was divine Astræa plac'd,
And soft-ey'd Charity the other grac'd;
Humanity, the gen'ral friend, was there,
And Pity, dropping the pathetic tear;
There too was Order;—there with rosy mien
Blithe Temp'rance shone, and white rob'd Truth was seen.
There, with a key, suspended to his breast,
Silence appear'd;—his lips his finger prest:
With these, soft warbling an instructive song,
Sweet Music, gaily smiling, tripp'd along.
Wild laughter, clam'rous noise, and mirth ill bred,
The brood of folly, at his presence fled.
The Genius spoke,—"My son, observe my train,
"Which, of my order diff'rent parts explain,
"Look up—behold the bright *Astræa* there,
"She will direct thee how to use the Square;
"*Pity* will bid thee grieve, with those who grieve,
"Whilst *Charity* will prompt thee to relieve;
"Will prompt thee ev'ry comfort to bestow,
"And draw the arrow from the breast of woe;
"*Humanity*, will lead to honour's goal,
"Give the large thought, and form the gen'rous soul;
"Will bid thee thy fraternal love expand,
"To virtue of *all* faiths,—and ev'ry land.

" *Order* will kindly teach her laws of peace,
" Which discord stop, and social joys increase;
" *Temp'rance* instruct thee all excess t' avoid,
" By which fair fame is lost, and health destroy'd:
" *Truth*, warn thee ne'er to use perfidious art,
" And bid thy tongue be rooted in thy heart;
" *Silence*, direct thee never to disclose,
" Whate'er thy brethren in thy breast repose;
" For thee shall *Musick* strike the harmonious lyre,
" And whilst she charms the ear, *morality* inspire.
" These *all* observe;—and let thy conduct shew,
" What real blessings I on man bestow."
He said, and disappear'd:—and Oh! may we,
Who wear this honor'd badge, accepted, free,
To ev'ry grace and virtue temples raise,
And by our useful works our order praise.

# EXPLANATION

## *Of the Musical Terms, used in the following Work:*

*Adagio*, denotes the slowest movement.

*Ad. libitum*, or *ad. lib.* gives the performer liberty to use his own time and style.

*Allegro*, directs a movement quick and *lively*.

*Allegro, ma non presto*, quick, but not very quick.

*Allegretto*, slower than *Allegro*.

*Andante*, expresses a time slow, and a performance distinct, exact, and tender.

*Andantino*, not so slow as *Andante*.

*Affettuoso*, denotes a style delicate and affecting.

*Crescendo*, or *Cres.* requires a strain to be gradually swelled in tone.

*Diminuendo*, or *dim.* signifies the opposite to *Crescendo*.

*Dolce*, is used to imply a style soft and sweet.

*Expressivo*, to be performed with feeling and expression.

*Forte*, or *For.* denotes the strain to be sung full and loud.

*Fortissimo*, with the fullest tone.

*Grazioso*, requires a smooth, flowing and graceful style.

*Largo*, denotes a time slower than *Andante*.

*Legato*, shews that the notes in the strain should be performed with ease and connexion.

*Lentando*, directs the notes in the passage, from the first to the last, to be performed with increasing slowness.

*Mezza voce*, implies a moderate strength of voice, and a delicate and pleasing style.

*Mezzo For.* moderately loud—not so loud as *For.*

*Moderato*, moderate.

*Piano*, or *Pia.* soft and gentle, opposite to *Forte*.

*Pianissimo*, or *P. P.* in the softest manner, opposite to *Fortissimo*.

*Pomposo*, implies a style of grandeur and dignity.

*Rinforzando*, or *r. f.* shews the note, to which it applies, to be struck with particular force.

*Sforzando*, or *s. f.* same as *r. f.*

*Tempo*, or *A tempo*, restores the former and usual time.

*Tempo di Marcia*, denotes a martial movement.

*Vivace*, requires a brisk and animated style.

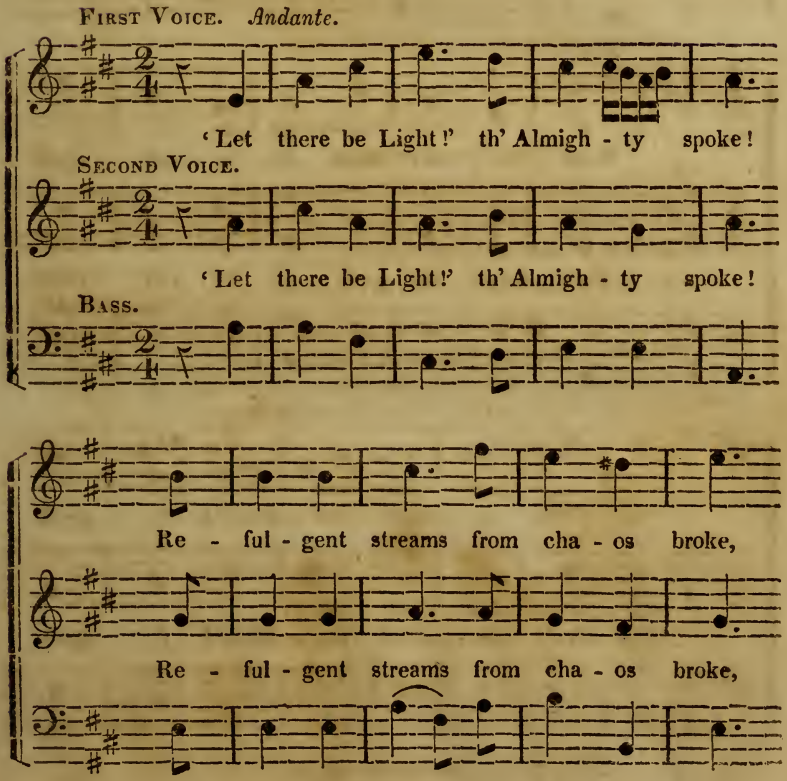
ERRATA.

Page 57 For three, read four sharps.
78 For first, read third mode, common time.
111 For "*purling*," read *pearling*,
112 For first, read third mode, common time.
114 For " *A Mason's Daughter*," read *When first a Mason, &c.*
132 For *p*, read *P*, in the word *poverty*.
139 In air, first brace, third bar, for sem. quaver on A, read G.
146 Chorus, first brace, tenor, third bar, for quaver on E, read F.
154 For " *Inspiring*," read *In pious*.

# MASONICK MELODIES.

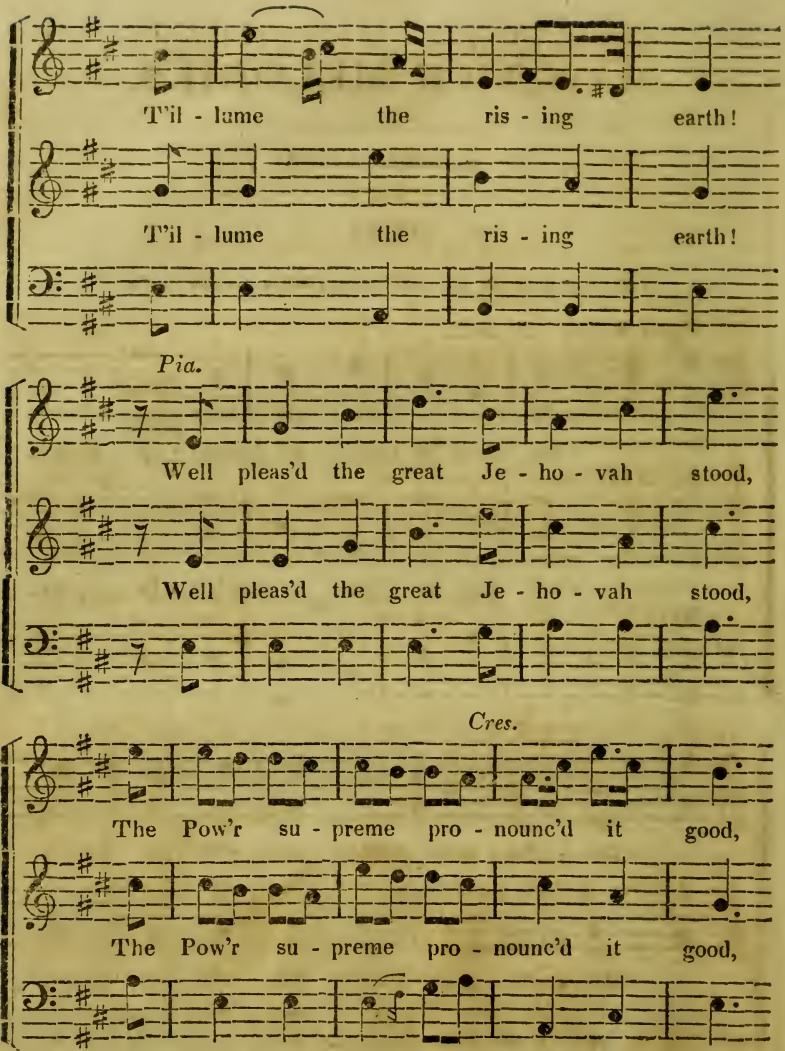
## HYMN.

FOR DEDICATION OR INSTALLATION.....BY J. H.


First Voice. Andante.
'Let there be Light!' th' Almigh - ty spoke!
Second Voice.
'Let there be Light!' th' Almigh - ty spoke!
Bass.
Re - ful - gent streams from cha - os broke,
Re - ful - gent streams from cha - os broke,

2*d verse.* Parent of Light! accept our praise,
Who shed'st on us thy brightest rays,

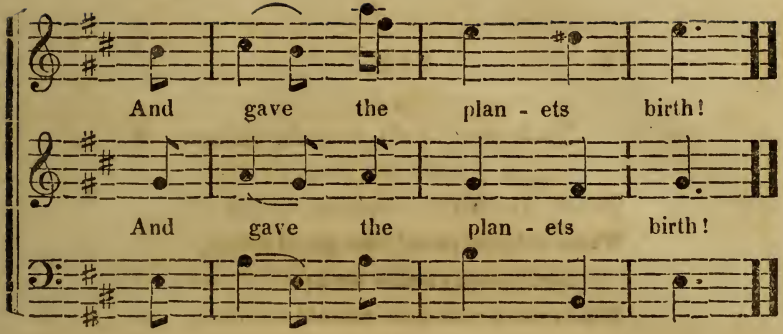
3*d verse.* The widow's tear, the orphan's cry,
All wants our ready hands supply,

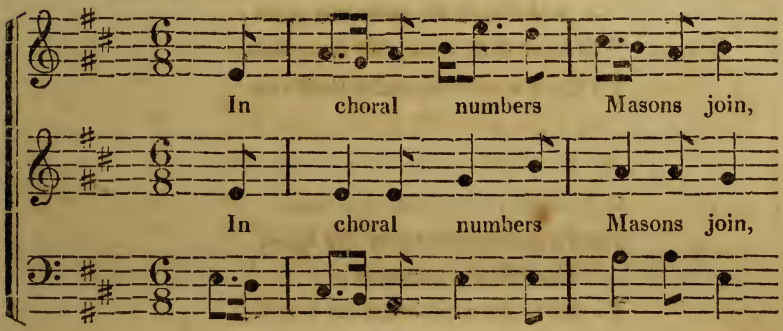
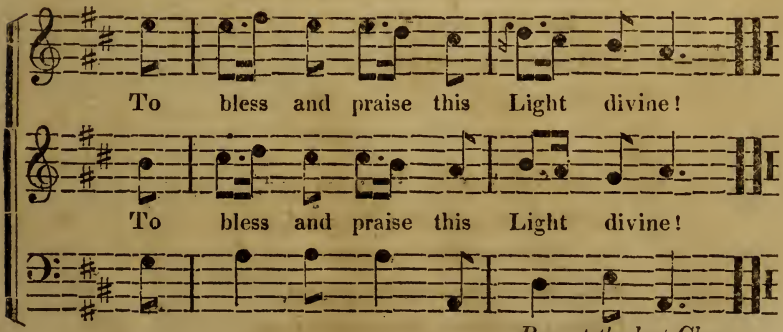

T'il - lume the ris - ing earth!
T'il - lume the ris - ing earth!
Pia.
Well pleas'd the great Je - ho - vah stood,
Well pleas'd the great Je - ho - vah stood,
Cres.
The Pow'r su - preme pro - nounc'd it good,
The Pow'r su - preme pro - nounc'd it good,

*2d verse.* The light, that fills the mind;
By choice selected, lo! we stand,
By friendship join'd, a social band,

*3d verse.* As far as pow'r is giv'n;
The naked clothe, the pris'ner free,
These are thy works, sweet Charity;

*For.*




CHORUS.




*Repeat the last Chorus.*

*2d verse.* That love, that aid mankind.
*Chorus.* In choral, &c.

*3d verse.* Reveal'd to us from Heav'n.
*Chorus.* In choral, &c.

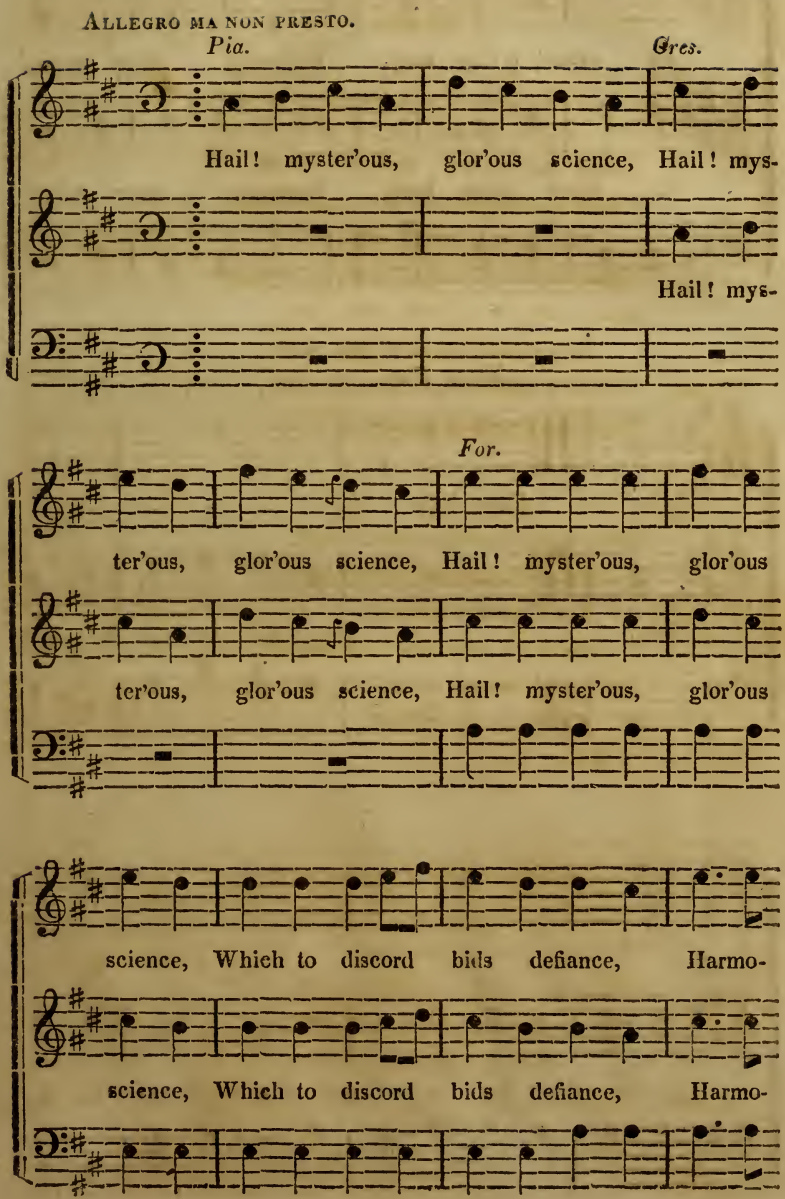
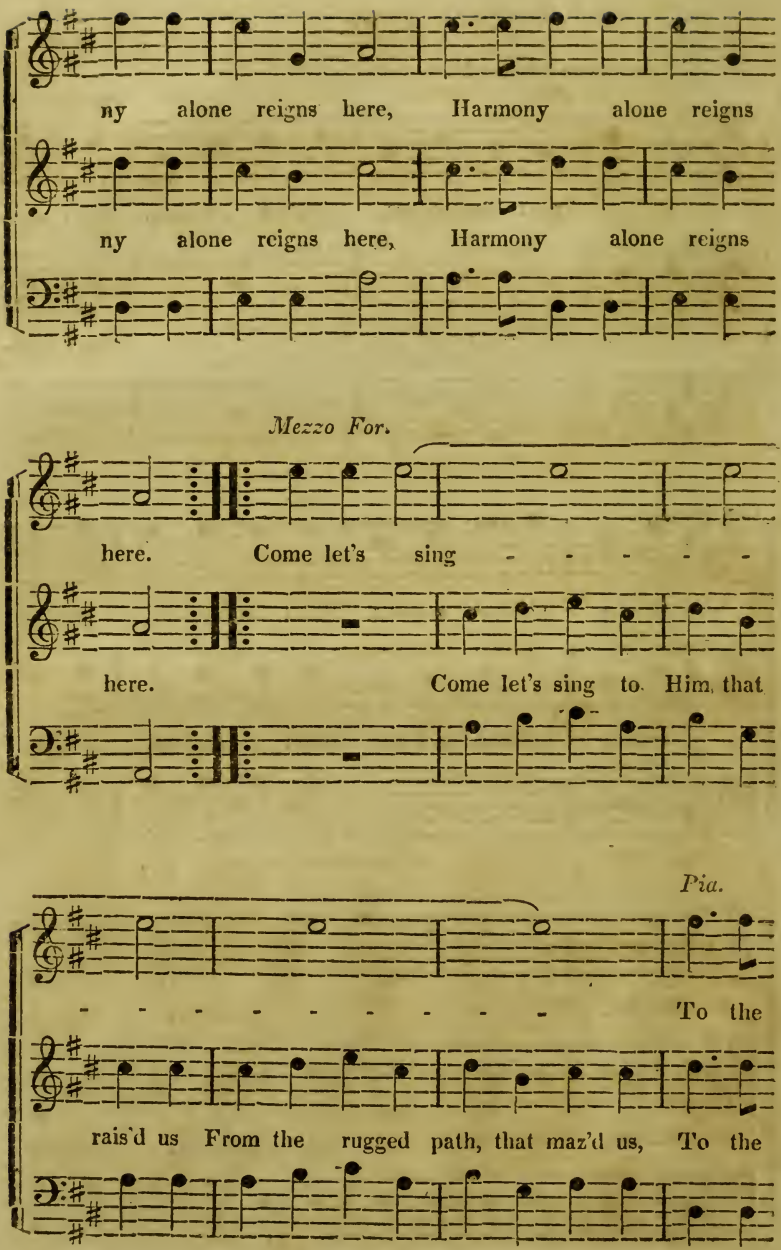
## HYMN.

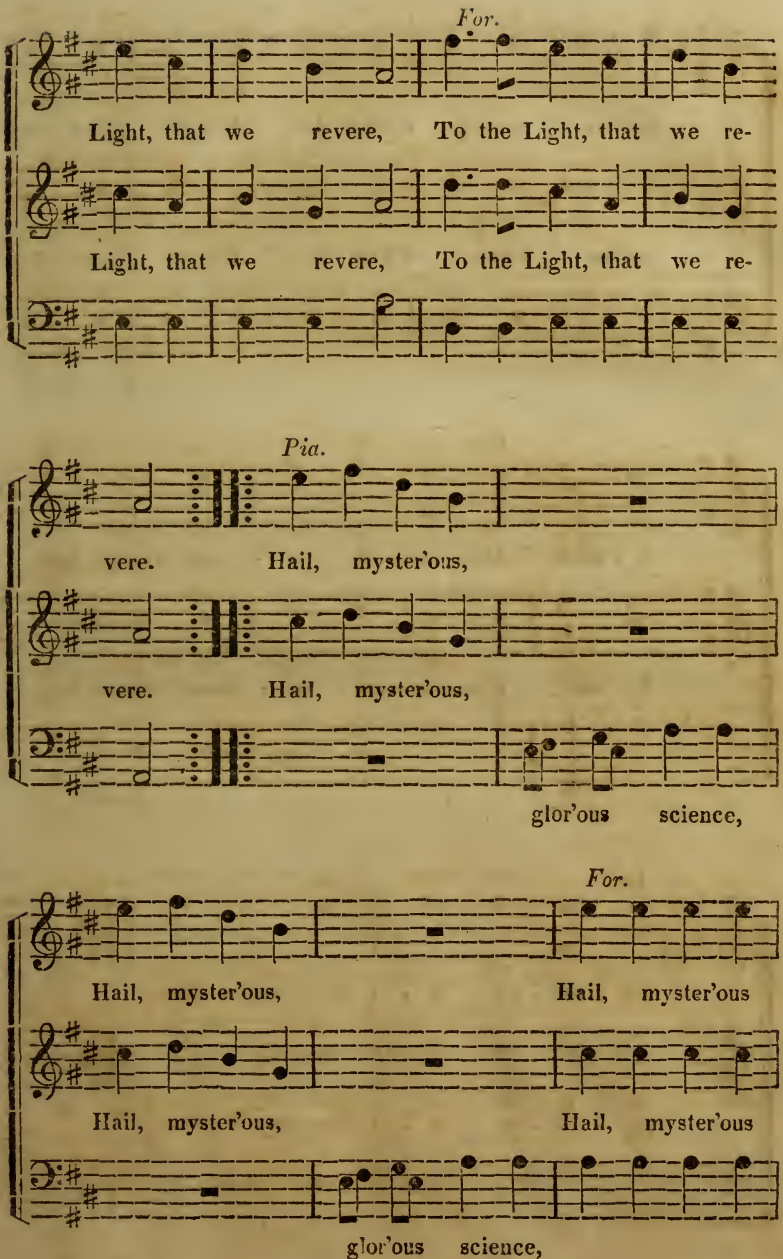
*To be sung in the foregoing Musick.*

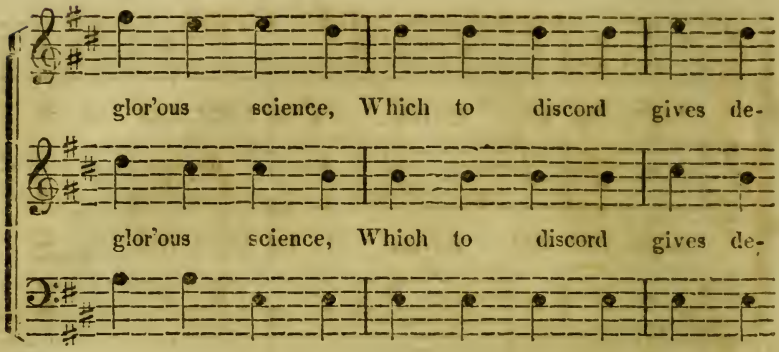
GREAT ARCHITECT! supreme, divine,
Whose wisdom plann'd the grand design,
And gave to nature birth;
Whose word with light adorn'd the skies,
Gave matter form, bade order rise,
And bless'd the new-born earth:
*Chorus.* 'Till love shall cease, 'till order dies,
To Thee masonick praise shall rise.

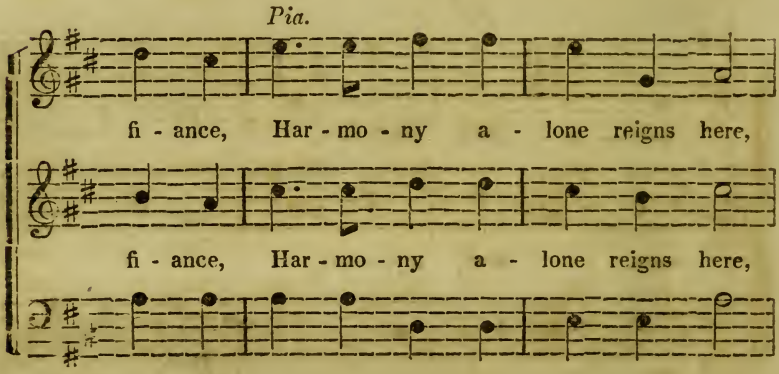
O, bless this love-cemented band,
Form'd and supported by thy hand,
For Charity's employ;
To shield the wretched from despair,
To spread through scenes of grief and care,
Reviving rays of joy.
*Chorus.* 'Till love, &c.

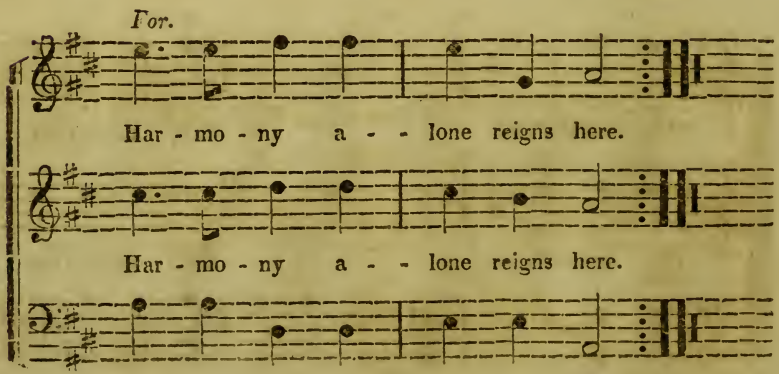
The lib'ral Arts, by Thee design'd,
To polish, comfort, aid mankind,
We labor to improve;
While we adore Jehovah's name,
Pour on our hearts the melting flame,
And mould our souls to love.
*Chorus.* 'Till love, &c.

## GLEE.

ALLEGRO MA NON PRESTO.
Pia.
Gres.
Hail! myster'ous, glor'ous science, Hail! mys-
Hail! mys-
For.
ter'ous, glor'ous science, Hail! myster'ous, glor'ous
ter'ous, glor'ous science, Hail! myster'ous, glor'ous
science, Which to discord bids defiance, Harmo-
science, Which to discord bids defiance, Harmo-

ny alone reigns here, Harmony alone reigns
ny alone reigns here, Harmony alone reigns
Mezzo For.
here. Come let's sing - - - - - -
here. Come let's sing to Him that
Pia.
- - - - - - - - - To the
rais'd us From the rugged path, that maz'd us, To the

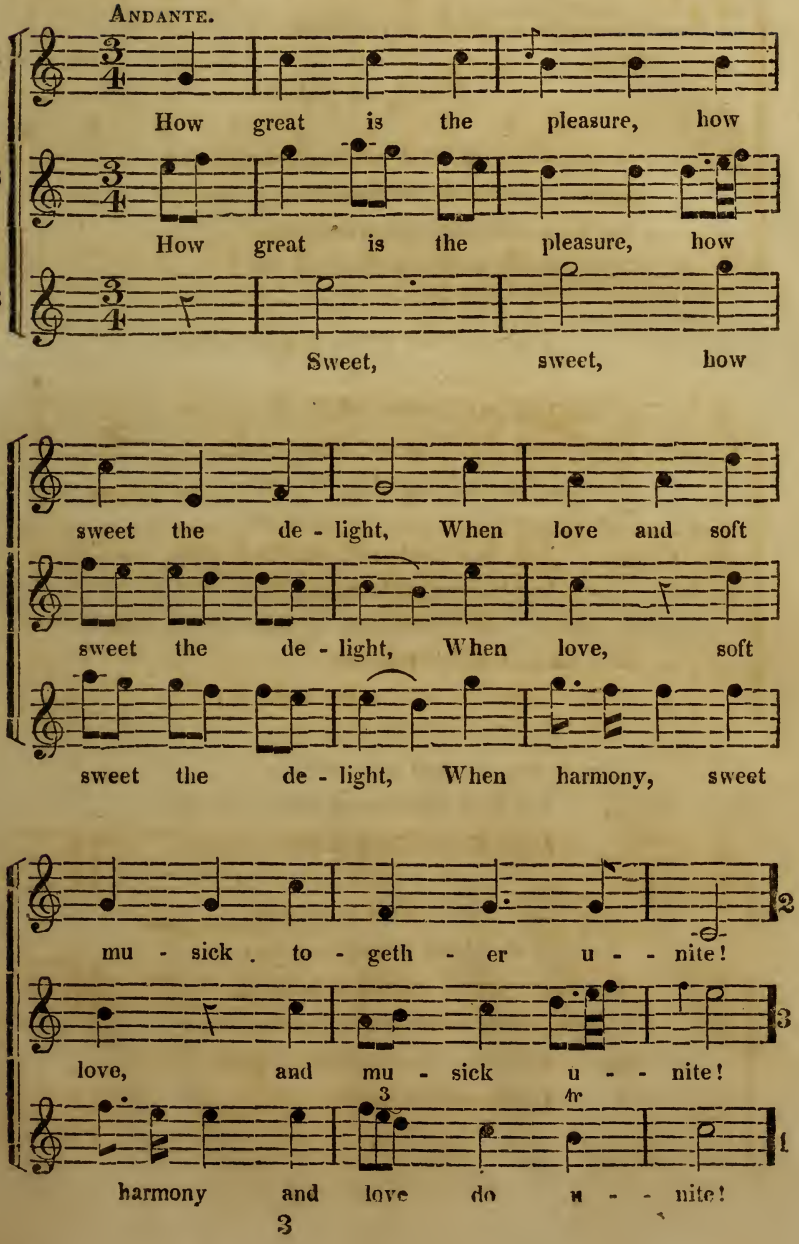

For.
Light, that we revere, To the Light, that we re-
Light, that we revere, To the Light, that we re-
Pia.
vere. Hail, myster'ous,
vere. Hail, myster'ous,
glor'ous science,
For.
Hail, myster'ous, Hail, myster'ous
Hail, myster'ous, Hail, myster'ous
glor'ous science,


glor'ous science, Which to discord gives de-
glor'ous science, Which to discord gives de-


Pia.
fi - ance, Har - mo - ny a - lone reigns here,
fi - ance, Har - mo - ny a - lone reigns here,


For.
Har - mo - ny a - - lone reigns here.
Har - mo - ny a - - lone reigns here.

## CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.


Andante.
1
2
3
How great is the pleasure, how
How great is the pleasure, how
Sweet, sweet, how
sweet the de - light, When love and soft
sweet the de - light, When love, soft
sweet the de - light, When harmony, sweet
mu - sick . to - geth - er u - - nite!
love, and mu - sick u - - nite!
harmony and love do u - - nite!

## ODE TO CHARITY.

*Musick, see page 19.*

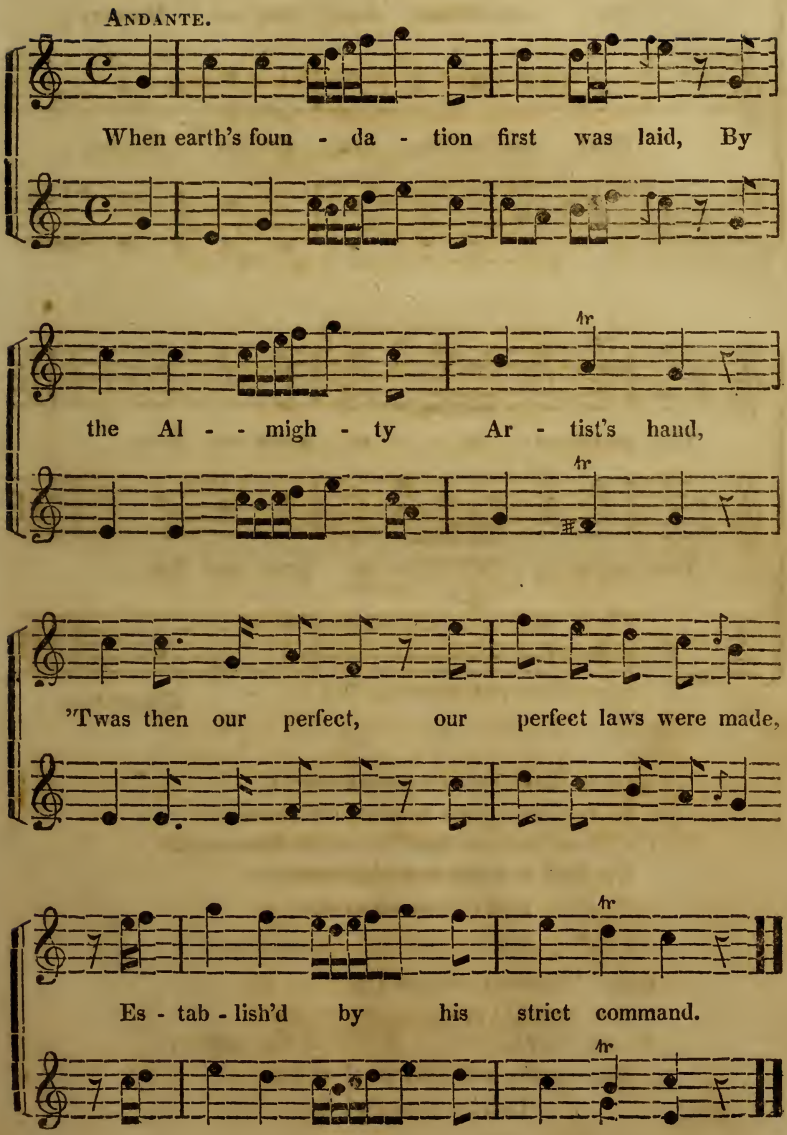
OFFSPRING of Heav'n, mankind's best friend,
Bright Charity, inspire the lay;
On these terrestrial shores descend,
And quit the realms of cloudless day:
*Chorus.* To Thee our constant vows are paid,
Thy praise we hymn, Angelick Maid.

When Vulcan rages unconfin'd,
And Neptune mourns his baffled pow'r;
When flames aspiring with the wind,
To Heaven's high arch resistless tow'r:
*Chorus.* 'Tis thou our hearts with pity's glow,
Inspir'st to feel for human wo.

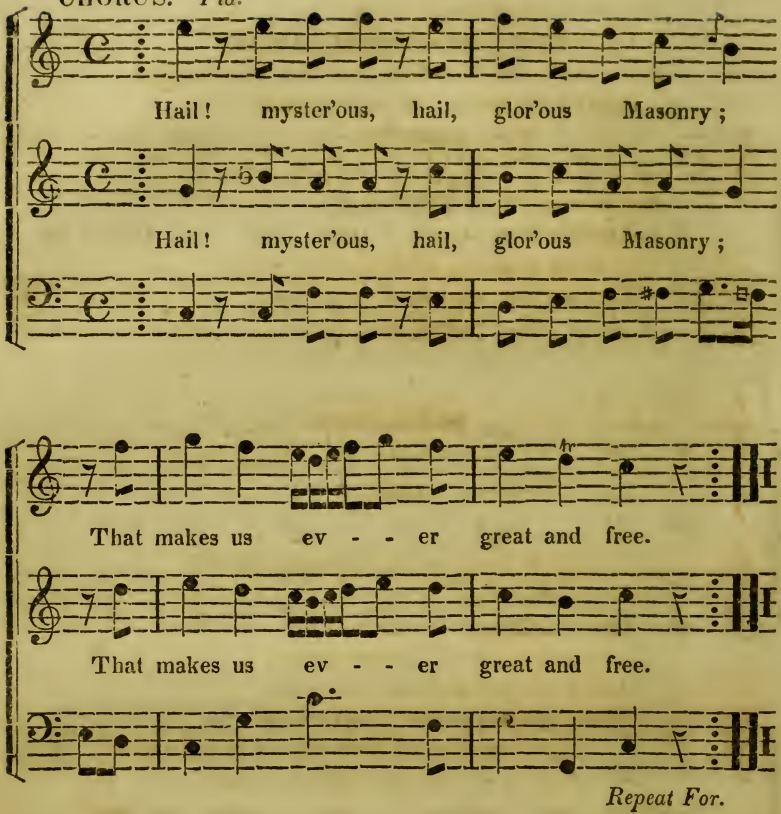
The house a dismal ruin lies,
Where mirth late tun'd her lyre of joy;
And tears of anguish fill your eyes,
Poor orphan girl, and houseless boy:—
*Chorus.* But thou, sweet maid, with pity's glow,
Inspir'st each heart to sooth their wo.

Come then, all-bounteous as thou art,
And hide thee from our sight no more;
Touch ev'ry soul, expand each heart,
That breathes on freedom's chosen shore:
*Chorus.* Columbia's sons with pity's glow
Inspire to feel for human wo.

## ODE FOR INSTALLATION.


Andante.
When earth's foun - da - tion first was laid, By
the Al - - migh - ty Ar - tist's hand,
'Twas then our perfect, our perfect laws were made,
Es - tab - lish'd by his strict command.

CHORUS. *Pia.*


Hail! myster'ous, hail, glor'ous Masonry;
Hail! myster'ous, hail, glor'ous Masonry;
That makes us ev - - er great and free.
That makes us ev - - er great and free.

*Repeat For.*

As man throughout for shelter sought,
In vain from place to place did roam,
Until from heaven, from heaven he was taught
To plan, to build, to fix his home.
Hail! mysterious, &c.

Hence illustrious rose our art,
And now in beauteous piles appear;
Which shall to endless, to endless time impart,
How worthy and how great we are.
Hail! mysterious, &c.

Nor we less fam'd for ev'ry tie,
By which the human thought is bound;
Love, truth, and friendship, and friendship socially,
Join all our hearts and hands around.
Hail! mysterious, &c.

Our actions still by virtue blest,
And to our precepts ever true,
The world admiring, admiring shall request
To learn, and our bright paths pursue.
Hail! mysterious, &c.

## ODE.

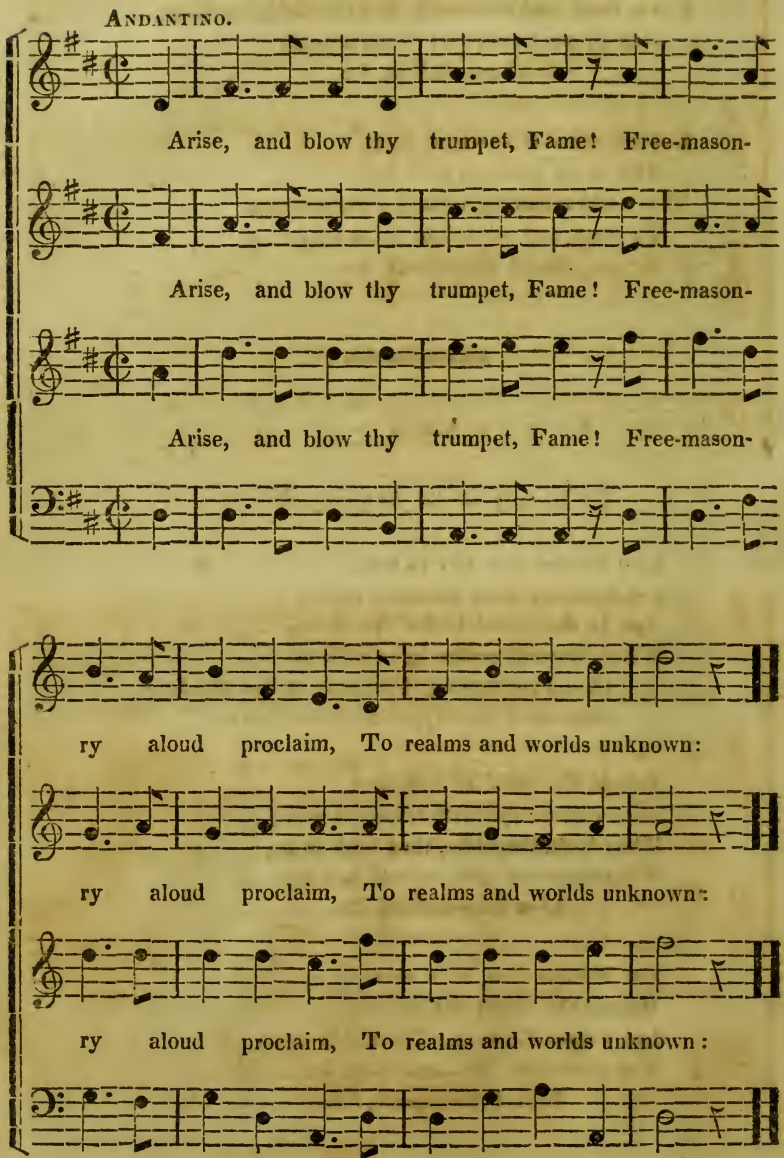
*To be sung in the foregoing Musick.*

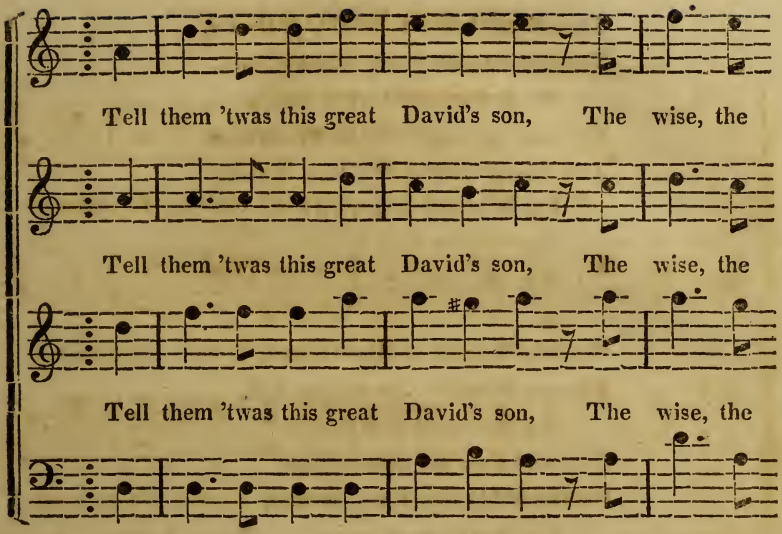
Let Masons ever live in love;
Let harmony their blessings prove;
And be the sacred Lodge the place,
Where freedom smiles in ev'ry face.
Live Free-masons, Free-masons live and love,
And shew your types are from above.

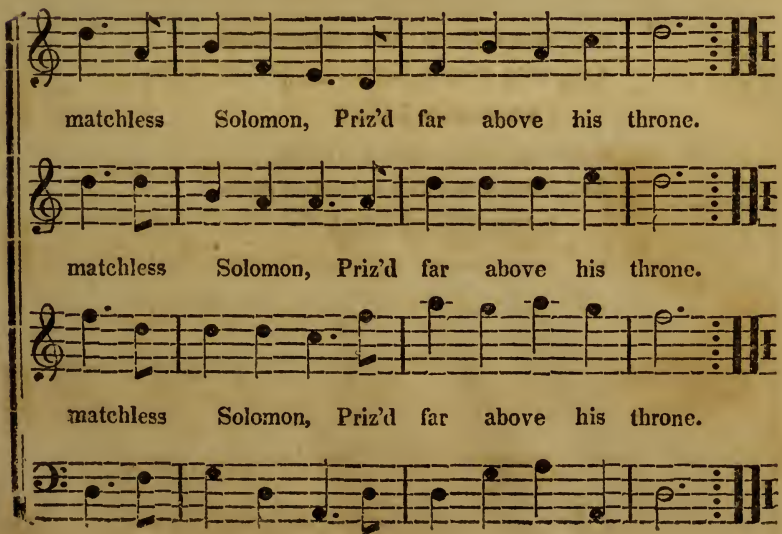
Behold the world all in amaze,
Each curious eye with transport gaze;
They look, they like, they wish to be,
What none can gain, except he's free.
Live Free-masons, &c.

Let Masons then, with watchful eye,
Regard the works of Charity;
Let Union, Love and Friendship meet,
And shew that Wisdom's ways are sweet.
Live Free-masons, &c.

## GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.


ANDANTINO.
Arise, and blow thy trumpet, Fame! Free-mason-
Arise, and blow thy trumpet, Fame! Free-mason-
Arise, and blow thy trumpet, Fame! Free-mason-
ry aloud proclaim, To realms and worlds unknown:
ry aloud proclaim, To realms and worlds unknown:
ry aloud proclaim, To realms and worlds unknown:


Tell them 'twas this great David's son, The wise, the
Tell them 'twas this great David's son, The wise, the
Tell them 'twas this great David's son, The wise, the


matchless Solomon, Priz'd far above his throne.
matchless Solomon, Priz'd far above his throne.
matchless Solomon, Priz'd far above his throne.

The solemn temples, cloud-capt towers,
Th' aspiring domes, are works of ours,
By us those piles were rais'd;
Then bid mankind with songs advance,
And through th' ethereal vast expanse
Let Masonry be prais'd!

We help the poor in time of need,
The naked clothe, the hungry feed,
'Tis our foundation stone:
We build upon the noblest plan,
For friendship rivets man to man,
And makes us all as one. *Chorus 3 times.*

Still louder, Fame! thy trumpet blow;
Let all the distant regions know
Free-masonry is this:
Almighty Wisdom gave it birth,
And Heav'n has fix'd it here on earth,
A type of future bliss!

## GLEE.

*Musick, see page 26.*

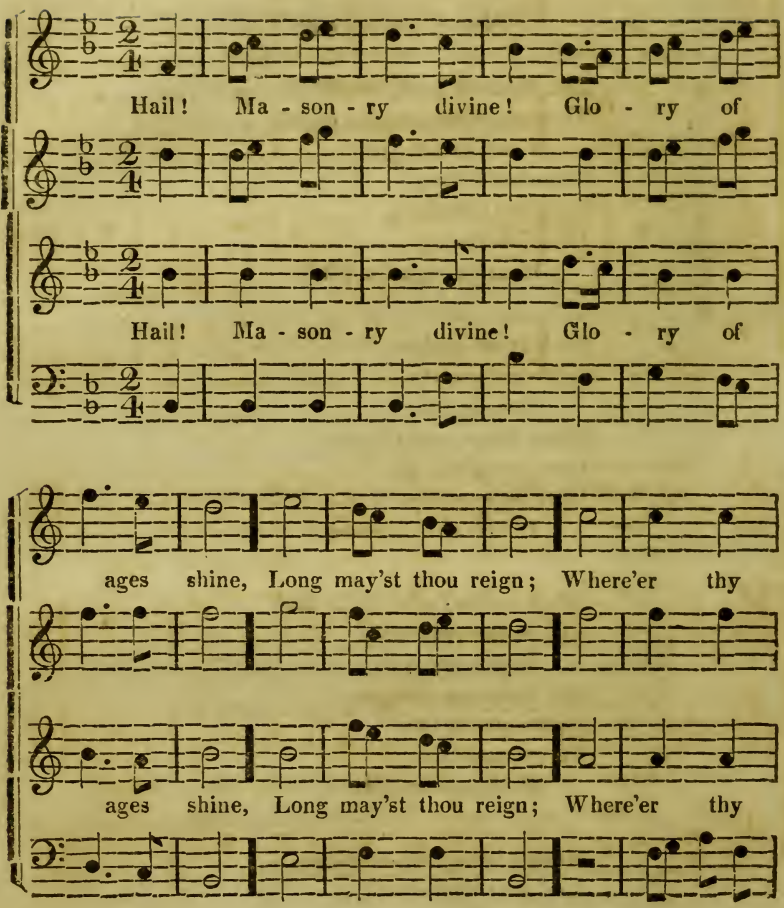
Let Mason's fame resound,
Throughout the nations round,
From pole to pole:
See what felicity,
Harmless simplicity,
Like Electricity,
Runs through the whole.

Such sweet variety,
Ne'er had society,
Ever before:
Faith, Hope, and Charity,
Love and sincerity,
Without temerity,
Charm more and more.

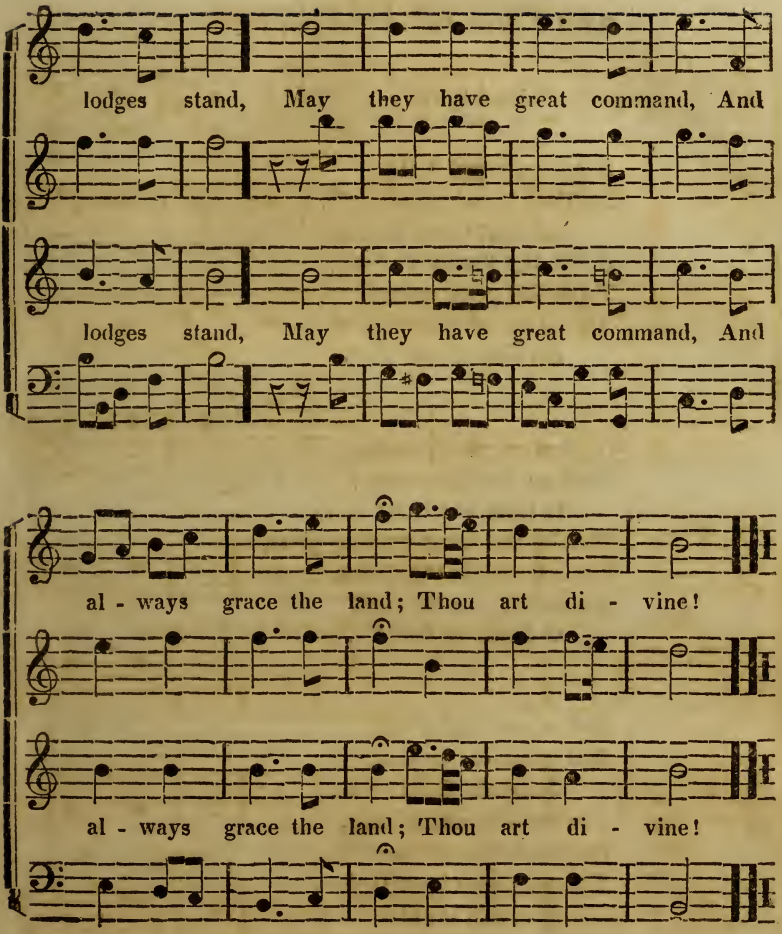
When in the Lodge we're met,
And in due order set,
Happy are we:
Our works are glorious,
Deeds meritorious,
Never censorious,
But great and free.

Masons have long been free,
And may they ever be,
Great as of yore:
For many ages past,
Masonry has stood fast;
And may its glory last,
Till time's no more.

GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.


Hail! Ma - son - ry divine! Glo - ry of
Hail! Ma - son - ry divine! Glo - ry of
ages shine, Long may'st thou reign; Where'er thy
ages shine, Long may'st thou reign; Where'er thy

*2d verse.*

Great fabrics still arise,
And grace the azure skies,
Great are thy schemes:
Thy noble orders are
Matchless beyond compare,
No art with thee can share;
Thou art divine!

lodges stand, May they have great command, And
lodges stand, May they have great command, And
al - ways grace the land; Thou art di - vine!
al - ways grace the land; Thou art di - vine!

3*d verse.*

*Hiram*, the Architect,
Did all the Craft direct
How they should build;
*Sol'mon*, great *Isr'el's* king,
Did mighty blessings bring,
And left us room to sing,
Hail! royal ART! *Chorus three times.*

## HYMN FOR CONSECRATION.

*Musick, see page 26.*

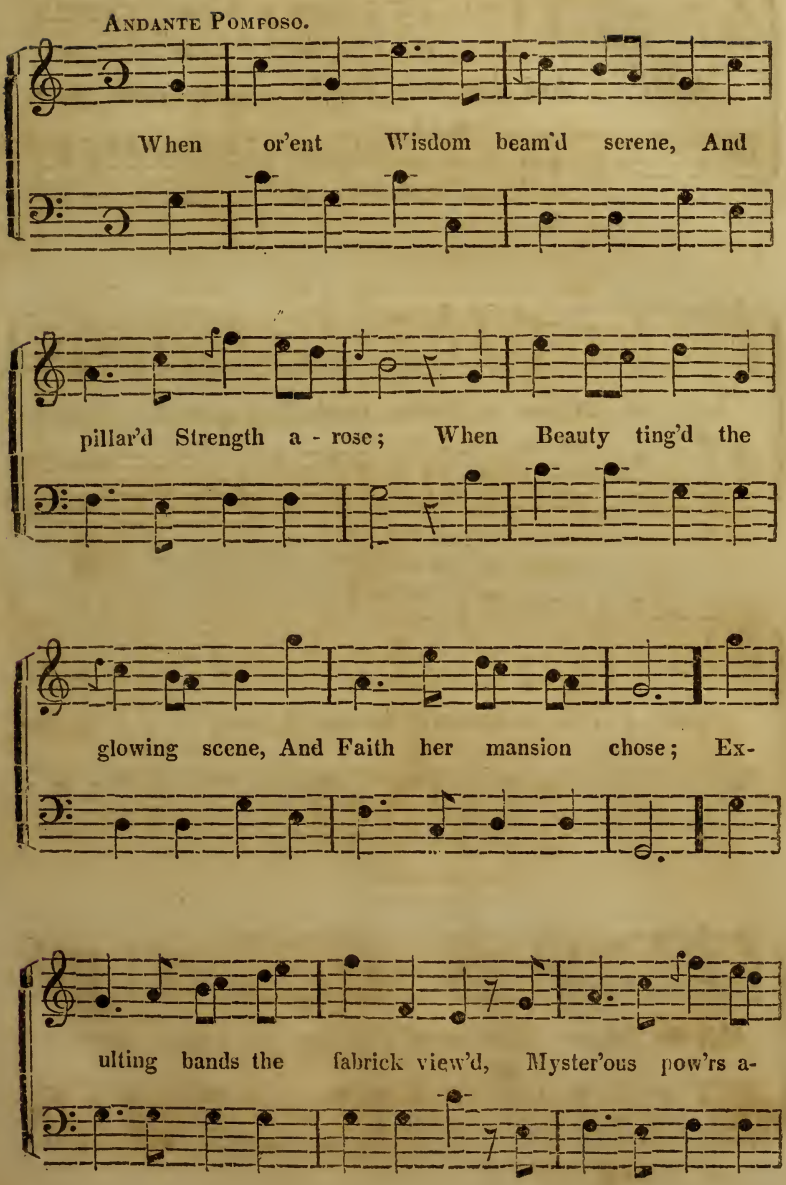
Hail, universal Lord!
By Heav'n and earth ador'd,
All hail, Great God!
Before thy throne we bend,
To us thy grace extend,
And to our pray'r attend!
All hail, Great God!

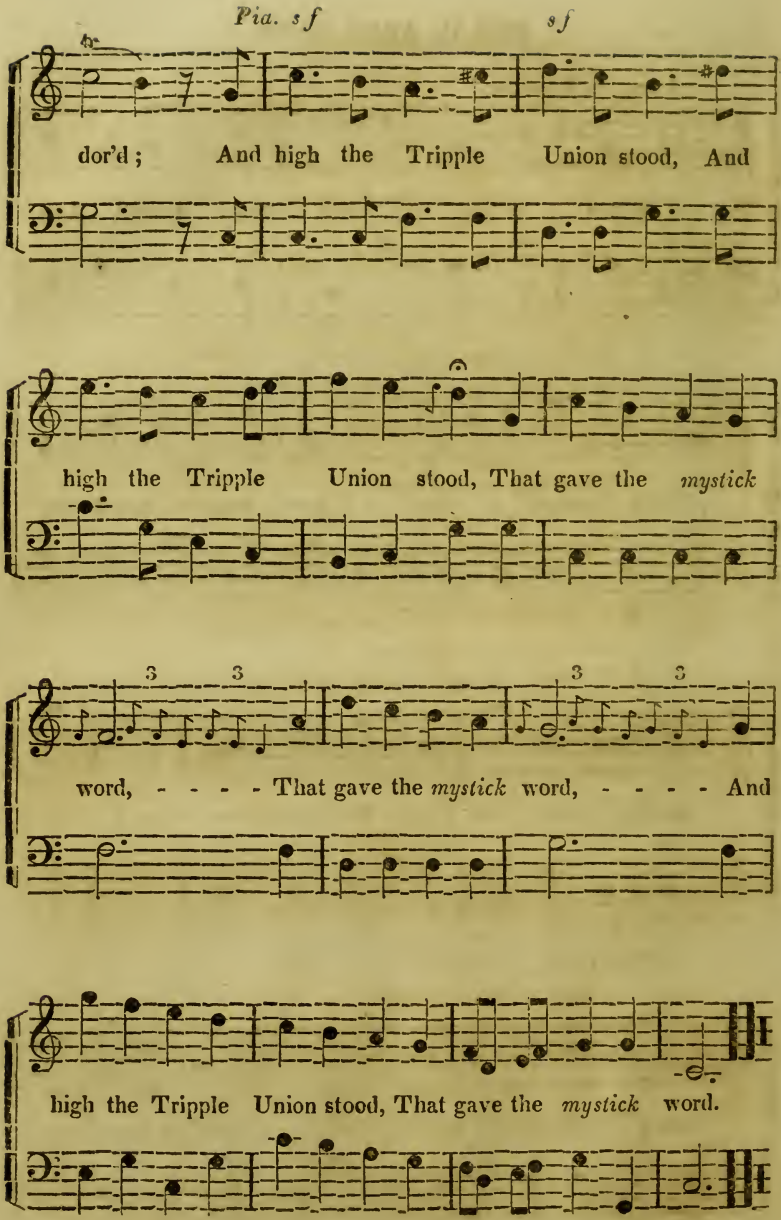
O, hear our pray'r to day,
Turn not thy face away;
O Lord, our God!
Heav'n, thy dread dwelling-place,
Cannot contain thy Grace,
Remember now our race,
O Lord, our God!

God of our fathers hear,
And to our cry be near,
Jehovah, God!
The Heav'ns eternal bow,
Forgive in mercy now
Thy suppliants here, O thou,
Jehovah, God!

To Thee our hearts do draw,
On them O write thy law,
Our Saviour, God!
When in this Lodge we're met,
And at thine Altar knelt,
O, do not us forget,
Our Saviour, God!

## ROYAL ARCH SONG.


Andante Pomposo.
When or'ent Wisdom beam'd serene, And
pillar'd Strength a - rose; When Beauty ting'd the
glowing scene, And Faith her mansion chose; Ex-
ulting bands the fabrick view'd, Myster'ous pow'rs a-


Pia. sf
sf
dor'd; And high the Tripple Union stood, And
high the Tripple Union stood, That gave the mystick
3 3 3 3
word, - - - - That gave the mystick word, - - - - And
high the Tripple Union stood, That gave the mystick word.

Pale Envy wither'd at the sight,
And frowning at the pile,
Call'd Murder from the realms of night,
To blast the glorious toil;
With ruffian outrage, join'd in woe,
They form the league abhorr'd,
And wounded Science felt the blow,
That crush'd the *mystick* word.

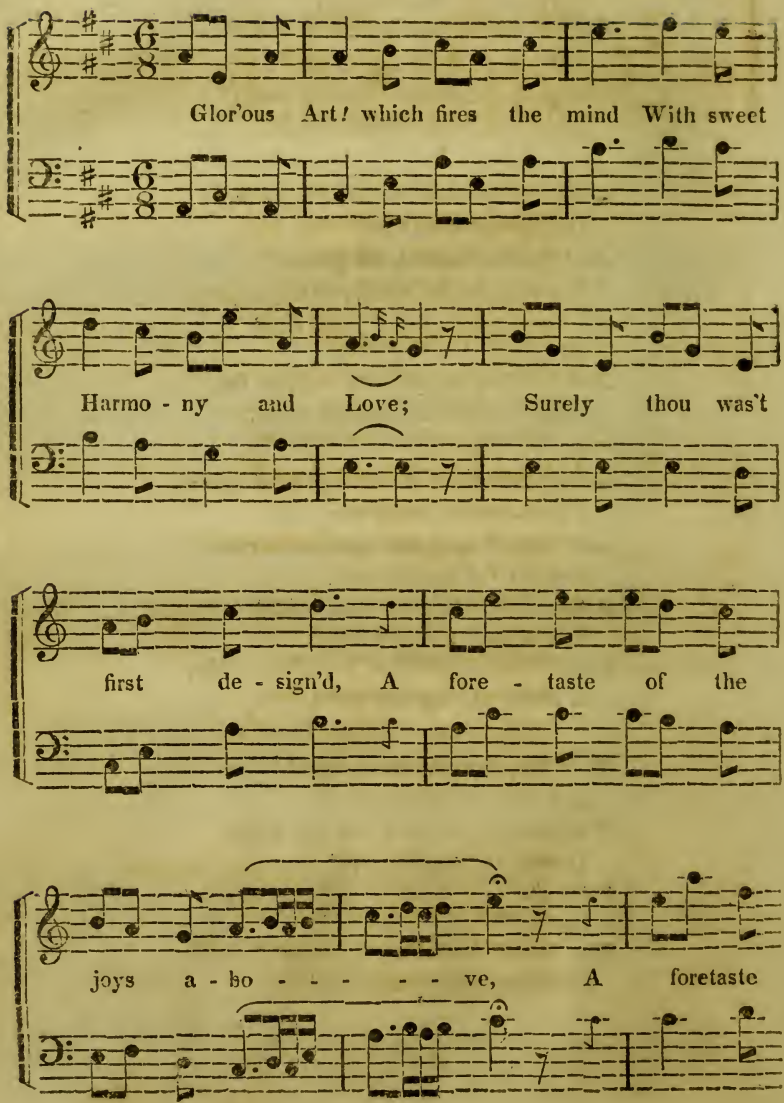
Concealment, from sequester'd grave,
On sable pinions flew,
And o'er the sacrilegious grave,
Her veil impervious threw;
Th' associate band in solemn state,
The awful loss deplor'd,
And Wisdom mourn'd the ruthless fate,
That whelm'd the *mystick* word.

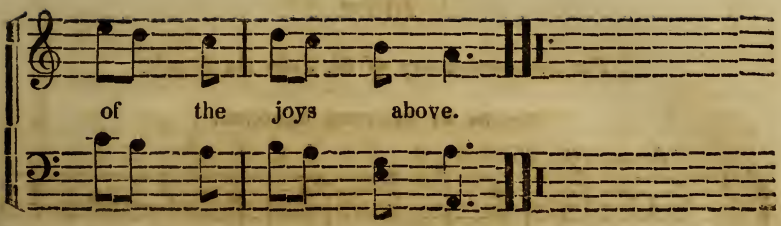
At length through time's expanded sphere,
Fair Science spreads her way,
And warm'd by truth's refulgence clear,
Reflects the kindred ray;
A second fabrick's tow'ring height
Proclaims the *sign* restor'd,
From whose foundation, brought to light,
Is drawn the *mystick* word.

To depths obscure, the favour'd Trine
A dreary course engage,
'Till through the Arch the ray divine
Illumes the sacred page!
From the wide wonders of this blaze,
Our antient *sign's* restor'd,
The Royal Arch alone displays
The long lost *mystick* word.

## GLORIOUS ART.

DUET.


Glor'ous Art! which fires the mind With sweet
Harmo - ny and Love; Surely thou was't
first de - sign'd, A fore - taste of the
joys a - bo - - - - - ve, A foretaste




Pleasures on thee always wait,
Thou reformest Adam's race;
Strength and Beauty in thee meet,
Wisdom's radiant in thy face.

Arts and virtue now combine,
Friendship raises social mirth,
All, united to refine
Man from grosser parts of earth.

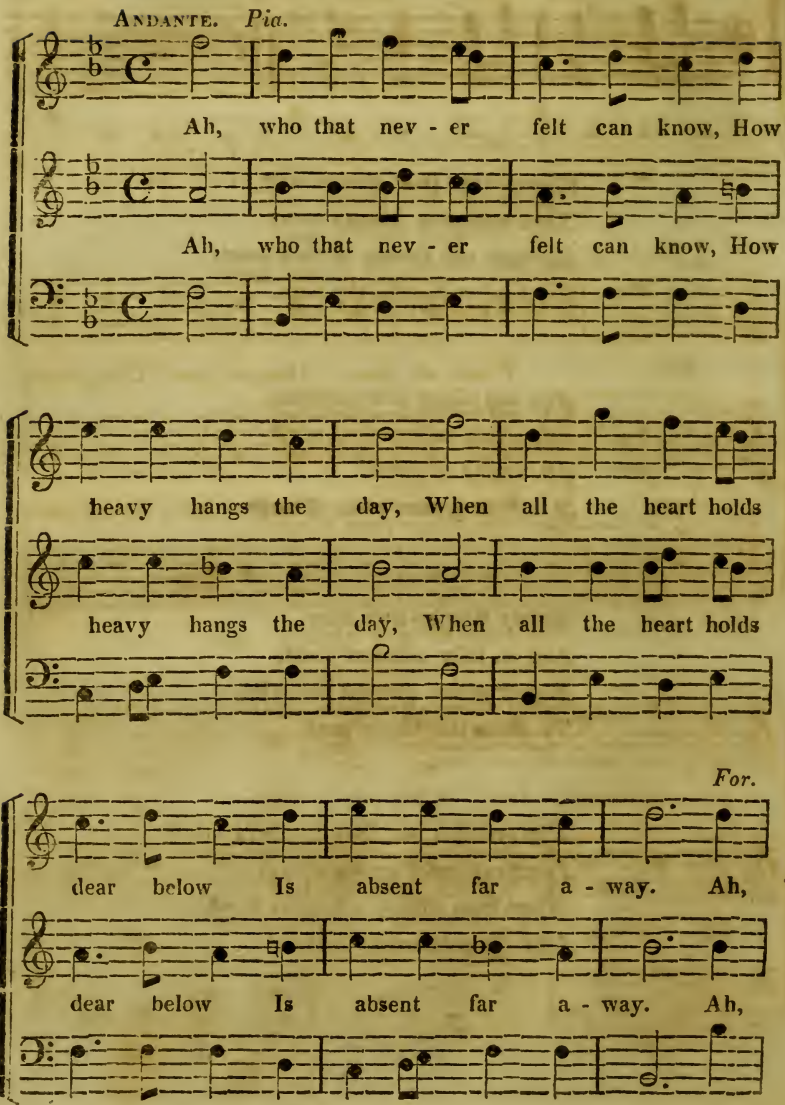
Stately temples now arise,
And on lofty columns stand;
Mighty domes attempt the skies,
To adorn this happy land.

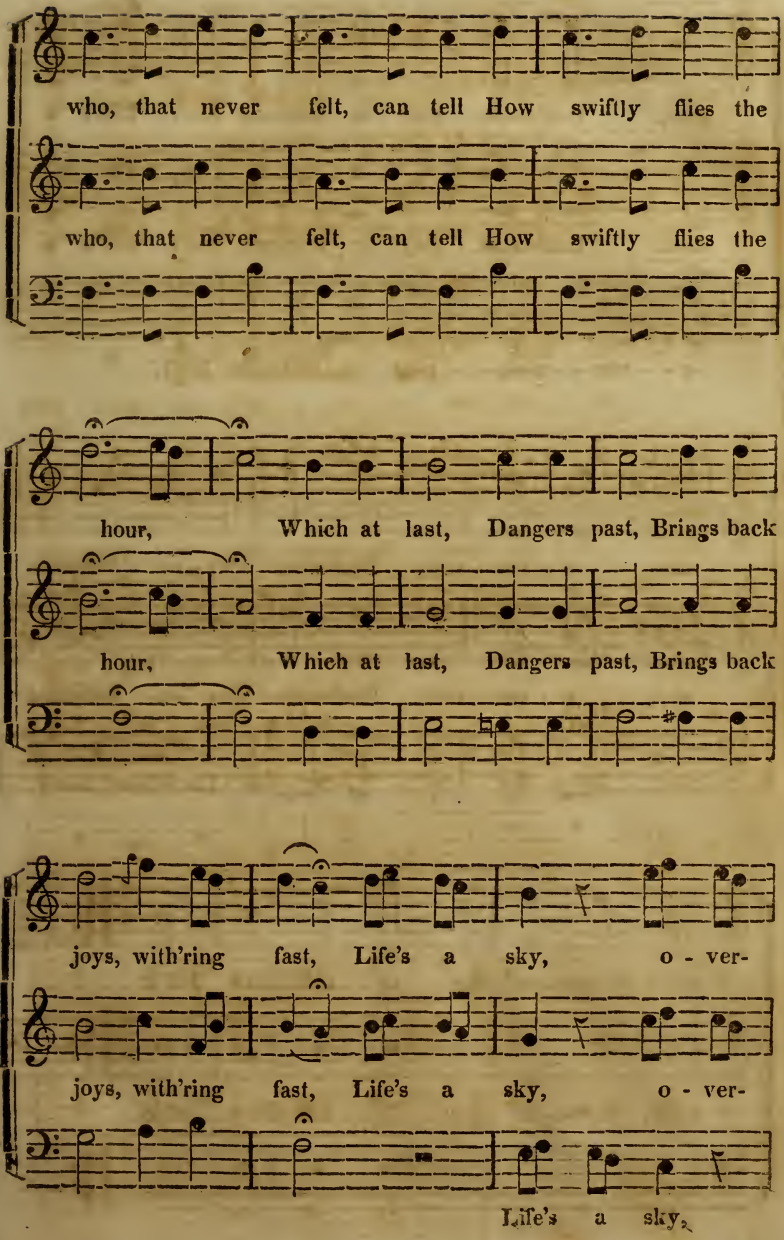
Thy precepts too, the christian's creed,
Point to blissful realms above,
When from earthly ark we're freed,
Like the patriarchal dove.

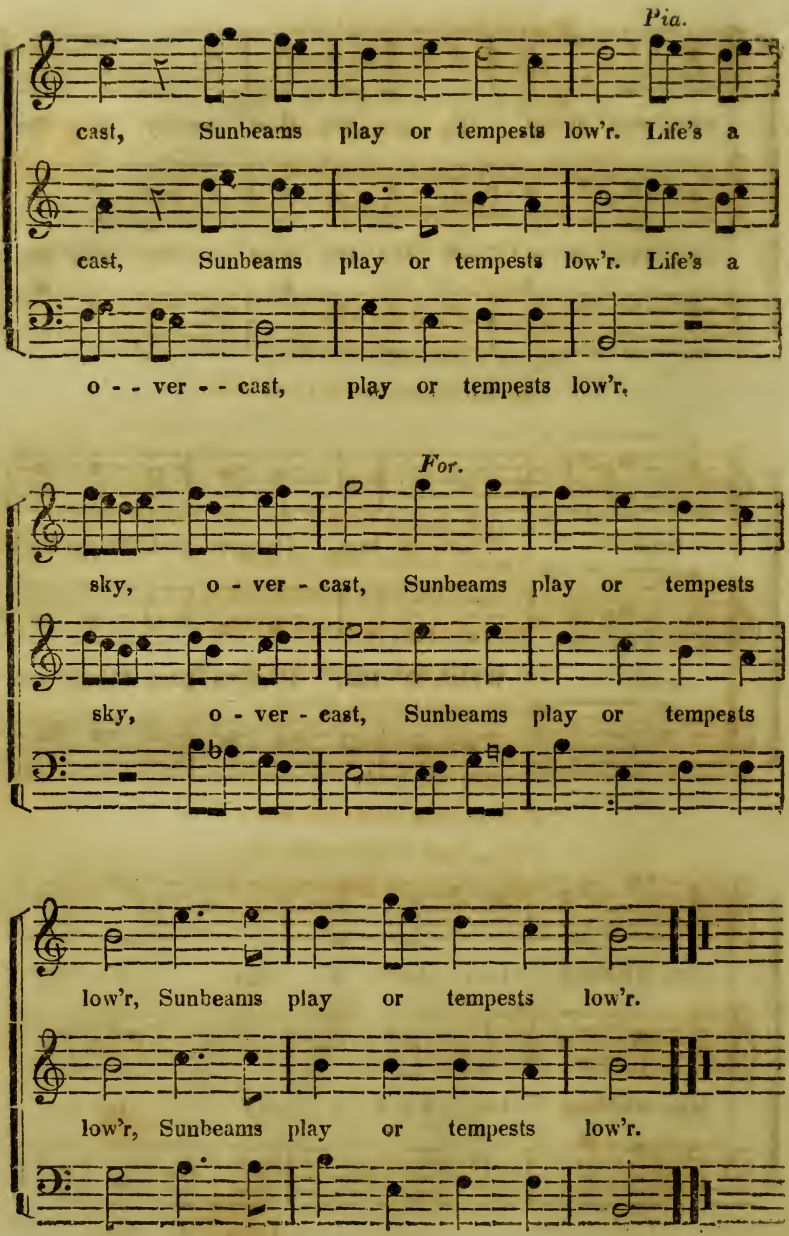
## GLEE.

*For the Anniversary of St. John the Baptist.*

WORDS BY BROTHER GARDNER.


Andante. Pia.
Ah, who that nev - er felt can know, How
Ah, who that nev - er felt can know, How
heavy hangs the day, When all the heart holds
heavy hangs the day, When all the heart holds
For.
dear below Is absent far a - way. Ah,
dear below Is absent far a - way. Ah,


who, that never felt, can tell How swiftly flies the
who, that never felt, can tell How swiftly flies the
hour, Which at last, Dangers past, Brings back
hour, Which at last, Dangers past, Brings back
joys, with'ring fast, Life's a sky, o - ver-
joys, with'ring fast, Life's a sky, o - ver-
Life's a sky,

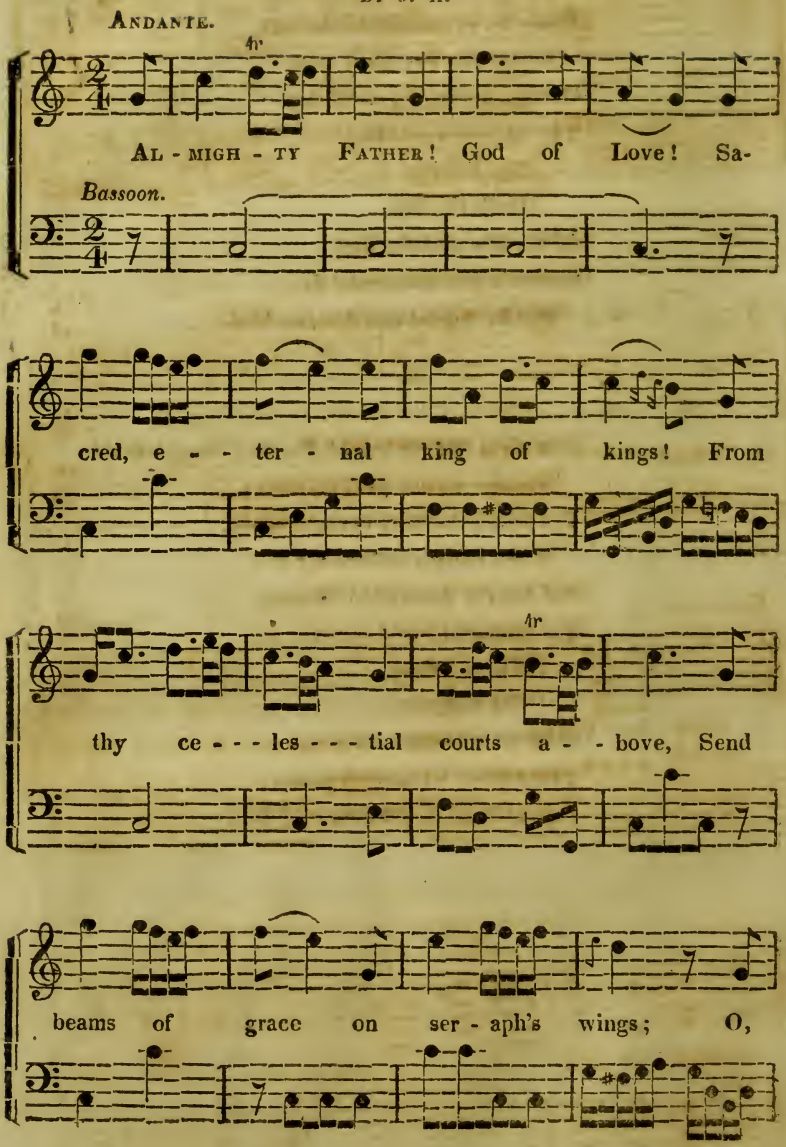
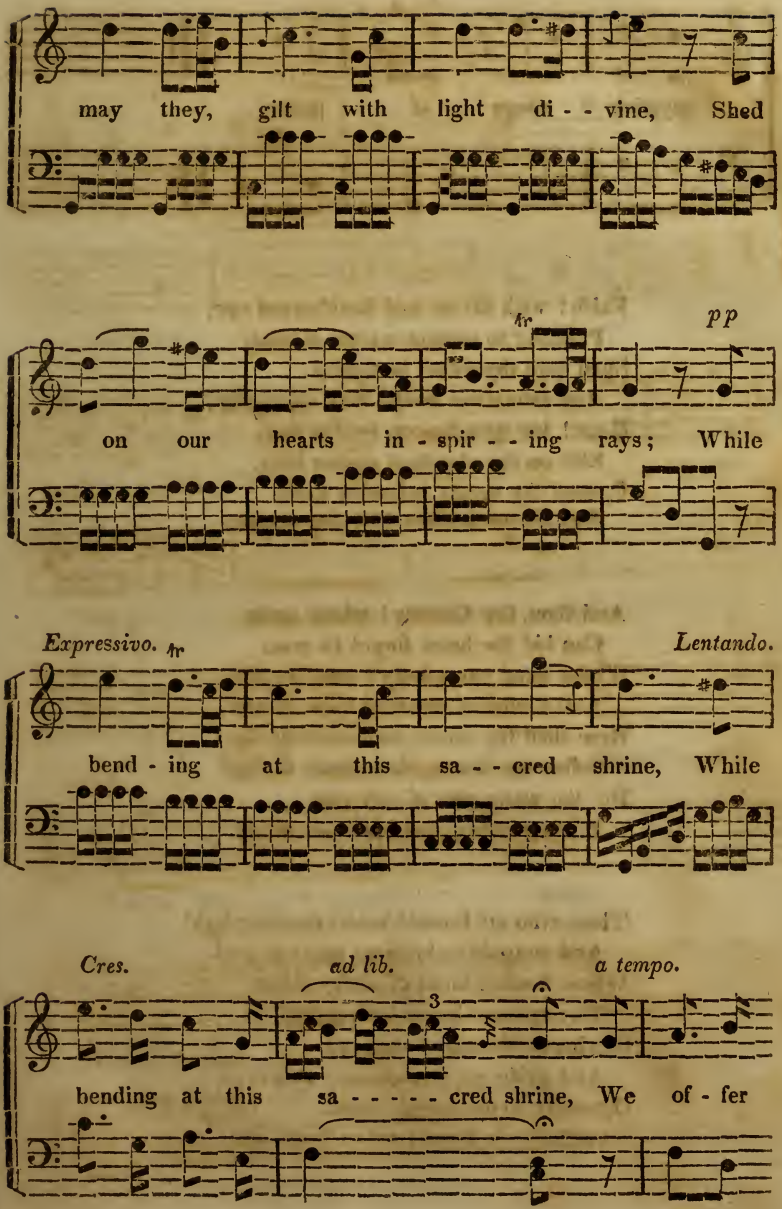

Pia.
cast, Sunbeams play or tempests low'r. Life's a
cast, Sunbeams play or tempests low'r. Life's a
o - - ver - - cast, play or tempests low'r,
For.
sky, o - ver - cast, Sunbeams play or tempests
sky, o - ver - cast, Sunbeams play or tempests
low'r, Sunbeams play or tempests low'r.
low'r, Sunbeams play or tempests low'r.

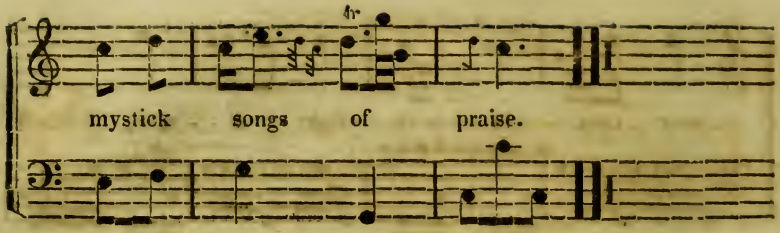
Many a weary sun had set,
Ere thine, St. John, arose;
Many an eye must still be wet,
Before the day shall close:
O, may we on thy natal day
Thy sainted spirit feel,
Dry the eye,
Hush the sigh
Of the low and the high;
Sorrow's dart none may fly,
But its wound our Art can heal.

The sigh, though hush'd, the tear, though dry'd,
Though sorrow pain no more;
Yet poor's the bliss to earth ally'd,
When earthly scenes are o'er:
But heav'n descended Masonry
Th' immortal world unveils;
There Decay,
Old and grey,
With no ruin marks his way;
There shall Virtue safely stay,
Heav'n ne'er promises and fails.

## ODE FOR DEDICATION.

BY J. H.


Andante.
Al - migh - ty Father! God of Love! Sa-
Bassoon.
cred, e - - ter - nal king of kings! From
thy ce - - - les - - - tial courts a - - bove, Send
beams of grace on ser - aph's wings; O,

may they, gilt with light di - - vine, Shed
pp
on our hearts in - spir - - ing rays; While
Expressivo.
Lentando.
bend - ing at this sa - - cred shrine, While
Cres.
ad lib.
a tempo.
3
bending at this sa - - - - - cred shrine, We of - fer



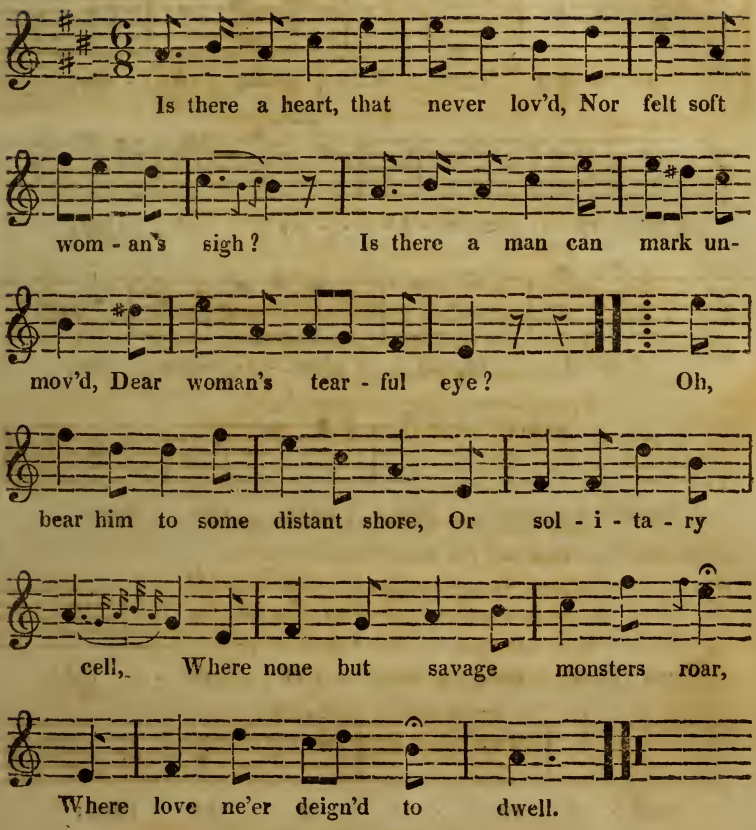

Faith! with divine and heav'nward eye,
Pointing to radiant realms of bliss,
Shed here thy sweet benignity,
And crown our works with happiness;
Hope! too with bosom, void of fear,
Still on thy steadfast anchor lean,
O, shed thy balmy influence here,
And fill our breasts with joy serene.

And thou, fair Charity! whose smile
Can bid the heart forget its woe,
Whose hand can misery's care beguile,
And kindness' sweetest boon bestow,
Here shed thy sweet, soul-soothing ray;
Soften our hearts, thou Pow'r divine!
Bid the warm gem of pity play,
With sparkling lustre, on our shrine.

Thou, who art thron'd 'midst dazzling light,
And wrapp'd in brilliant robes of gold,
Whose flowing locks of silv'ry white
Thy age and honor both unfold,
Genius of Masonry! descend,
And guide our steps by thy strict law;
O, swiftly to our temple bend,
And fill our breasts with solemn awe.

## IS THERE A HEART.

SONG.

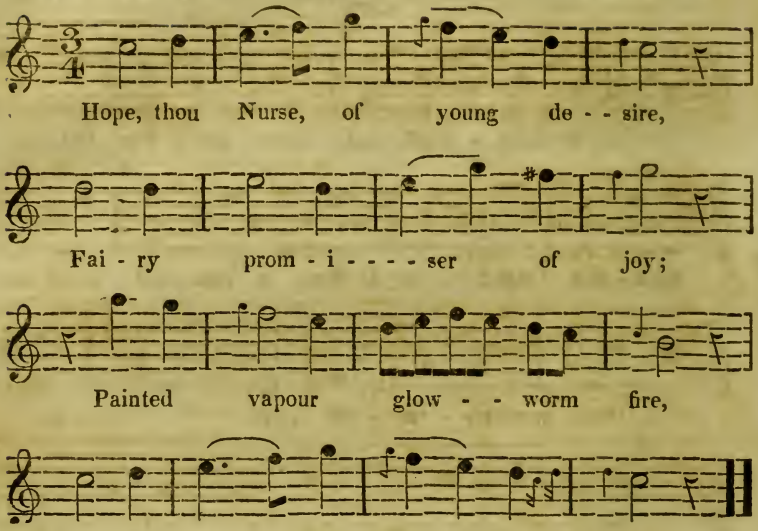

Is there a heart, that never lov'd, Nor felt soft
wom - an's sigh? Is there a man can mark un-
mov'd, Dear woman's tear - ful eye? Oh,
bear him to some distant shore, Or sol - i - ta - ry
cell, Where none but savage monsters roar,
Where love ne'er deign'd to dwell.

For there's a charm in woman's eye,
A language in her tear,
A spell in ev'ry sacred sigh,
To man, to virtue dear;
And he, who can resist her smiles,
With brutes alone should live,
Nor taste that joy, which care beguiles,
That joy, her virtue gives.

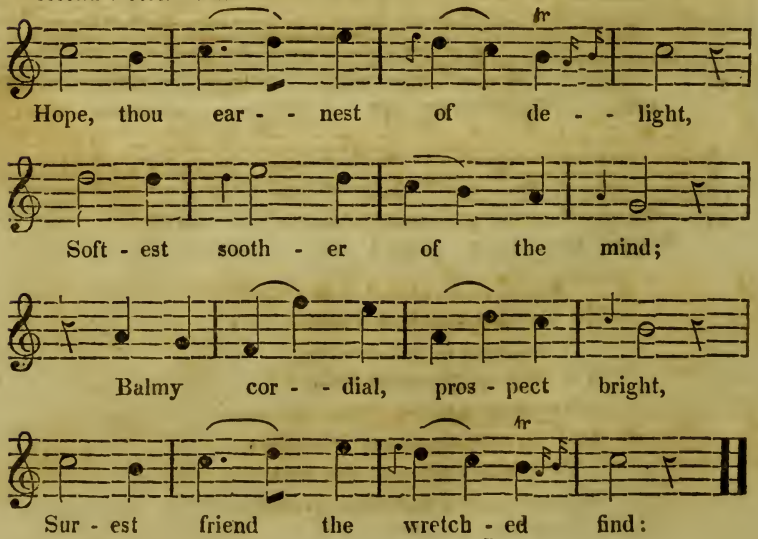
## HOPE, THOU NURSE.

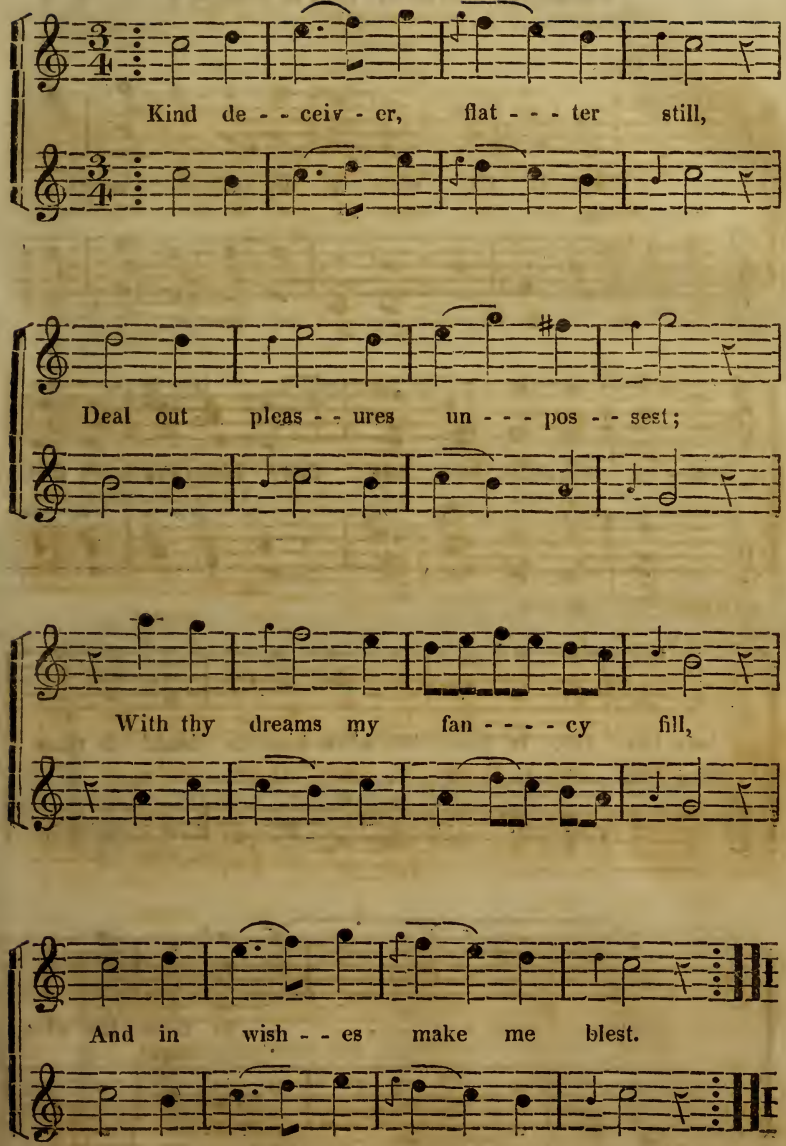
DUET. BY WELDON.

*First Voice.* ANDANTE. *Pia.*

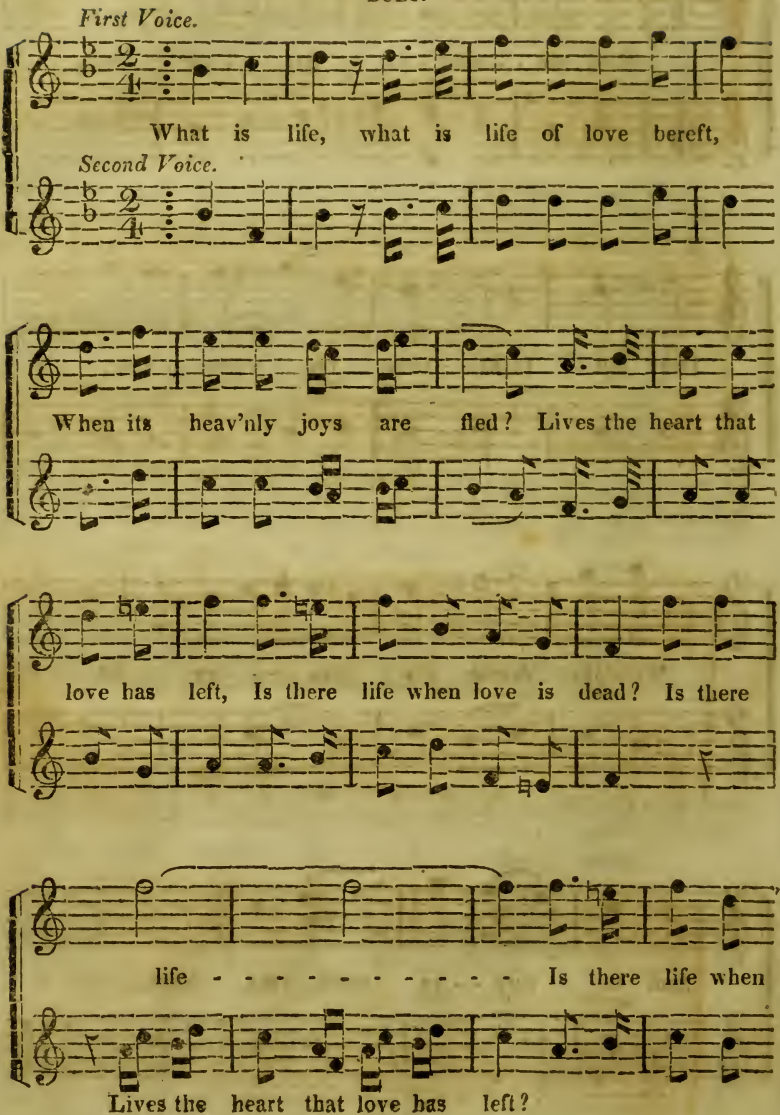


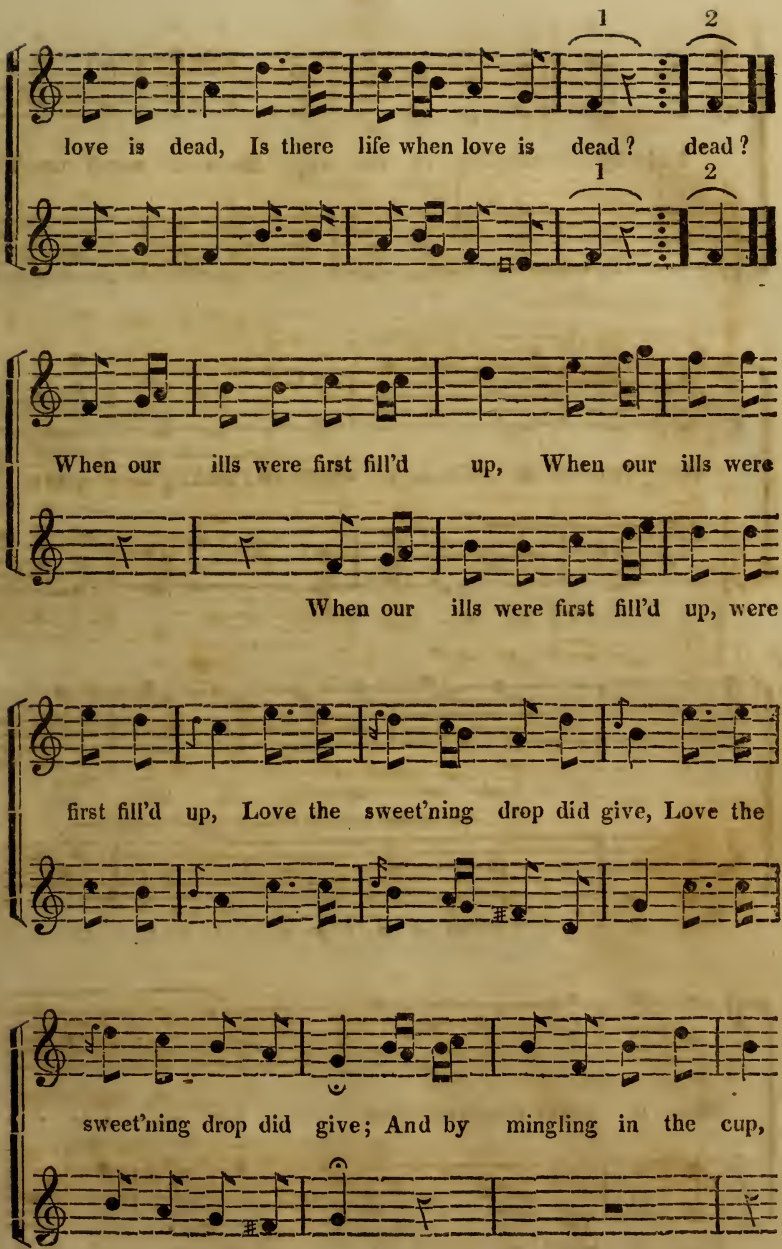

*Second Voice.* *Pia.*

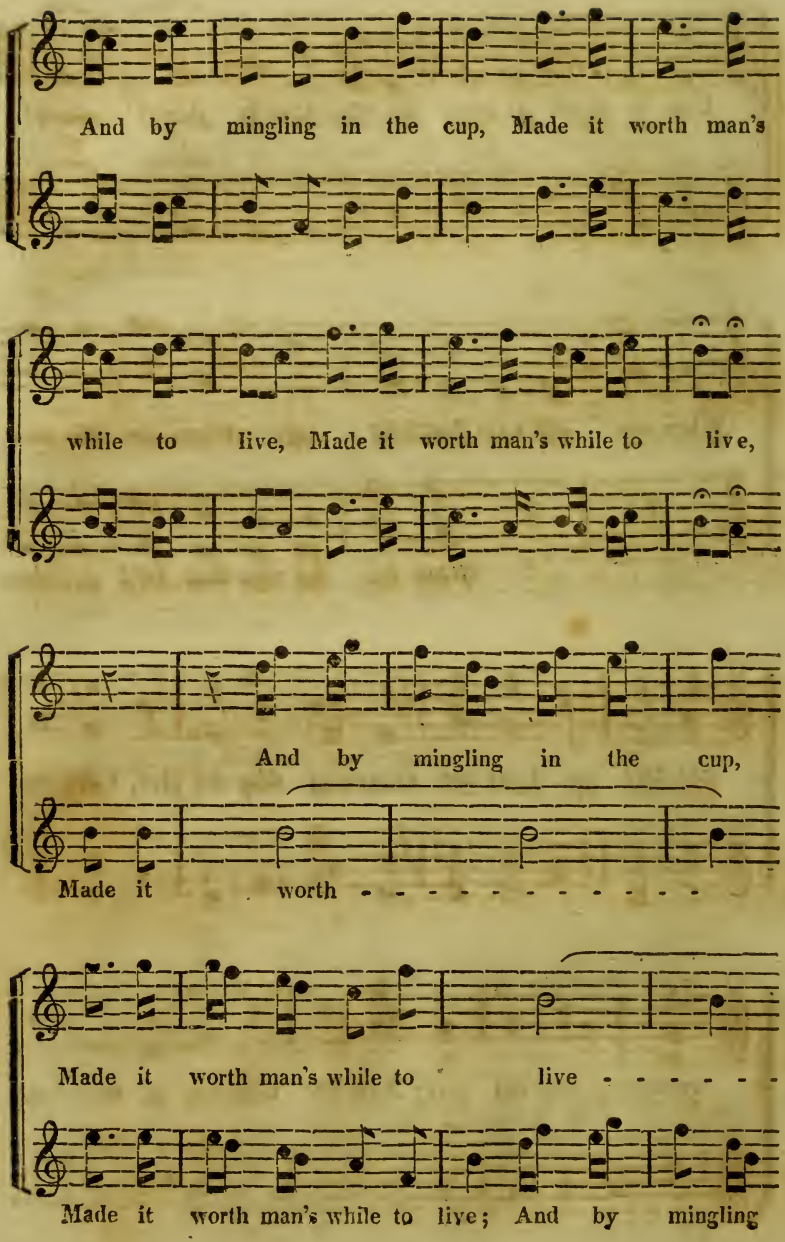

tr
Hope, thou ear - - nest of de - - light,
Soft - est sooth - er of the mind;
Balmy cor - - dial, pros - pect bright,
tr
Sur - est friend the wretch - ed find:

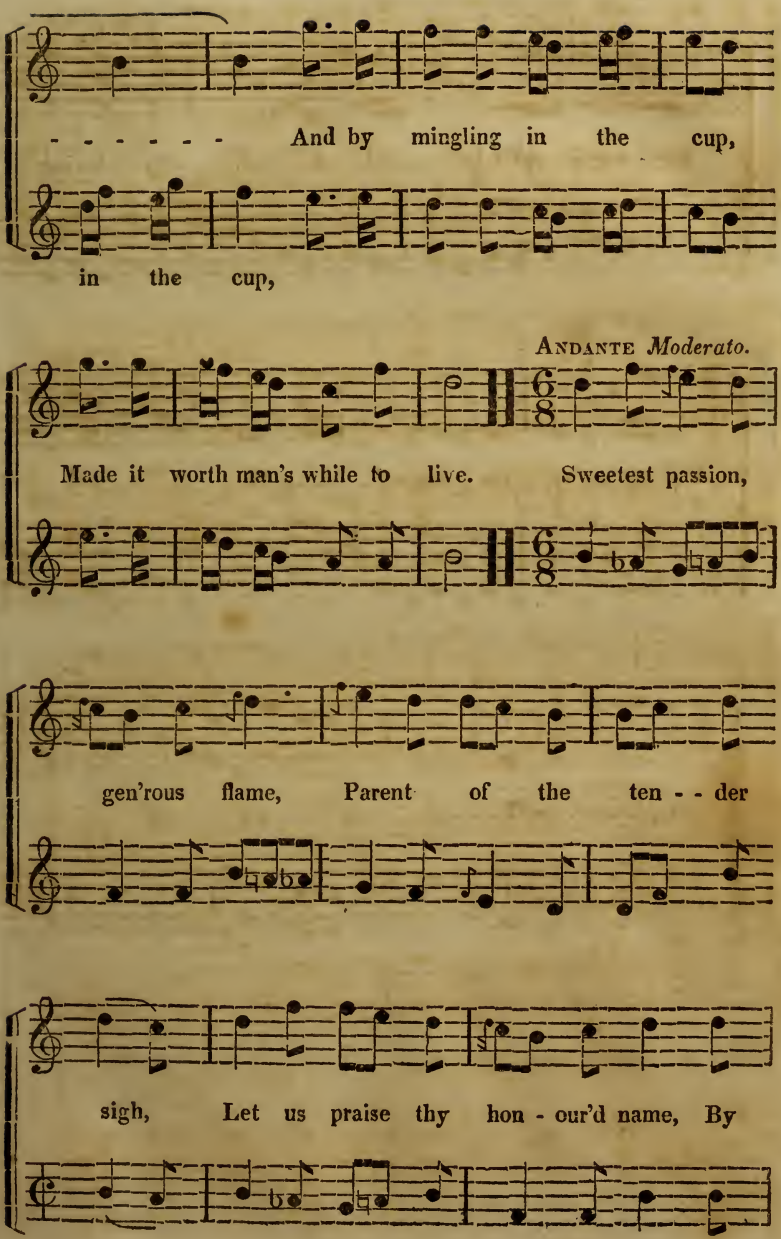
Both. *Mezzo For.*

## WHAT IS LIFE OF LOVE BEREFT?

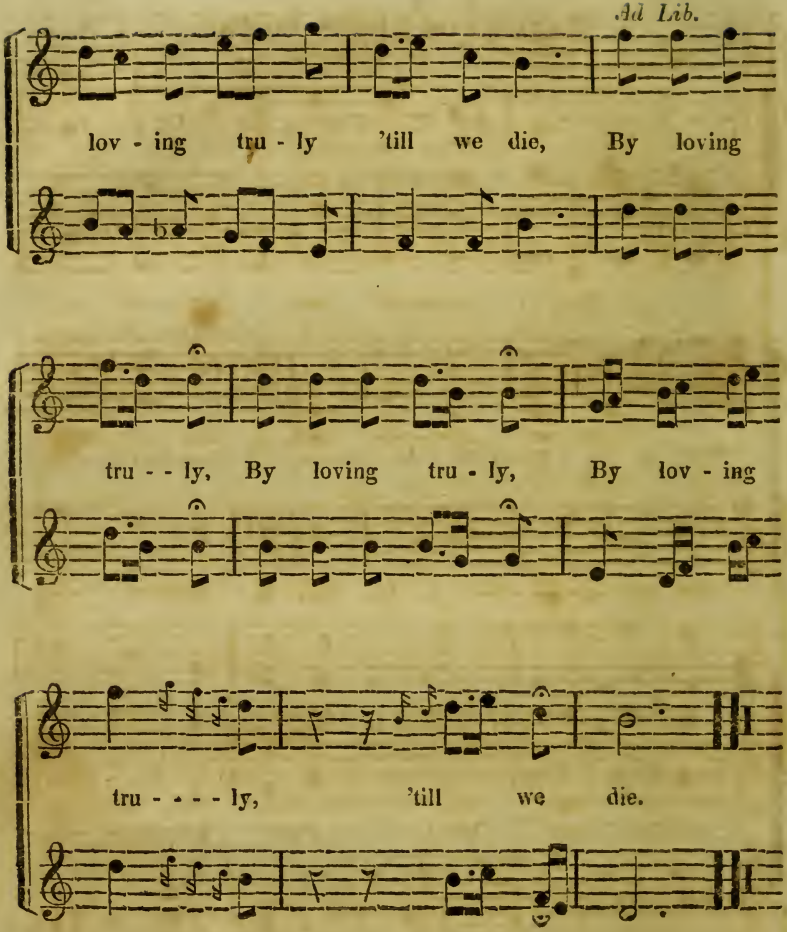
DUET.

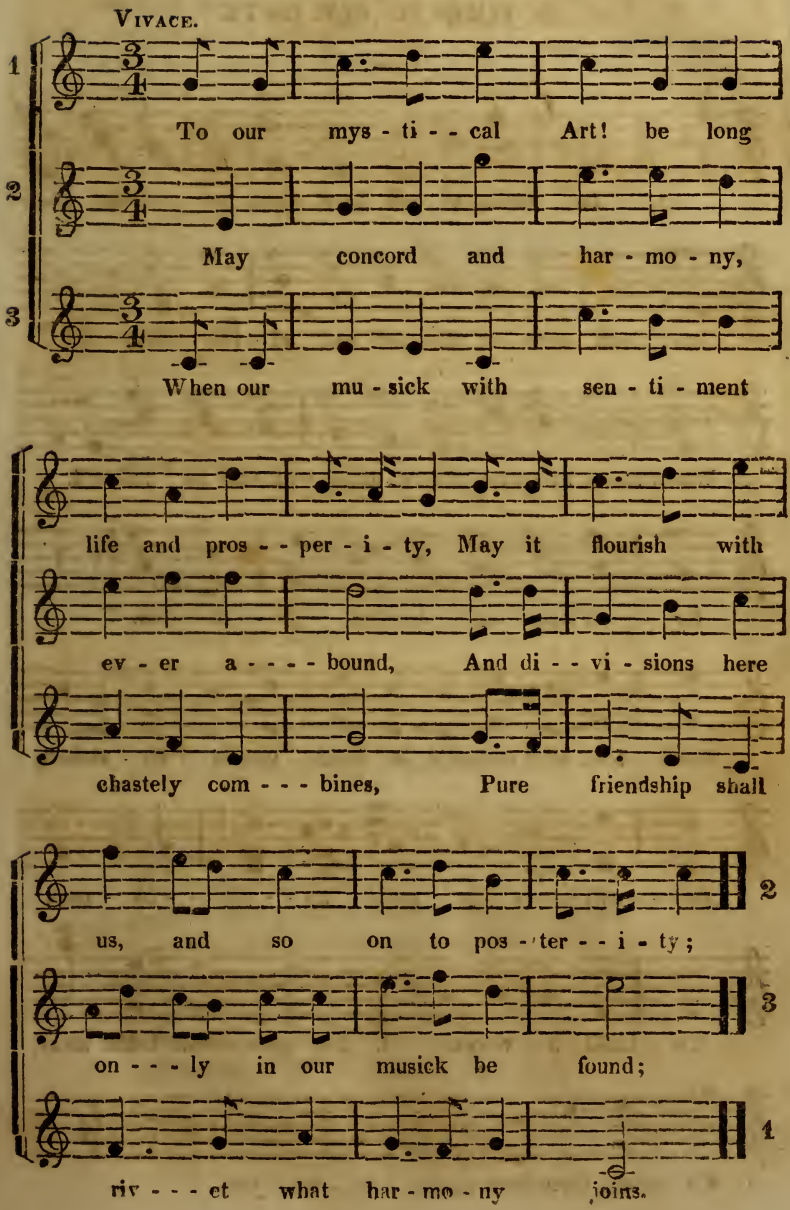

First Voice.
What is life, what is life of love bereft,
Second Voice.
When its heav'nly joys are fled? Lives the heart that
love has left, Is there life when love is dead? Is there
life - - - - - - - - - - Is there life when
Lives the heart that love has left?


1
2
love is dead, Is there life when love is dead? dead?
1
2
When our ills were first fill'd up, When our ills were
When our ills were first fill'd up, were
first fill'd up, Love the sweet'ning drop did give, Love the
sweet'ning drop did give; And by mingling in the cup,


And by mingling in the cup, Made it worth man's
while to live, Made it worth man's while to live,
And by mingling in the cup,
Made it worth - - - - - - - - - - -
Made it worth man's while to live - - - - - -
Made it worth man's while to live; And by mingling

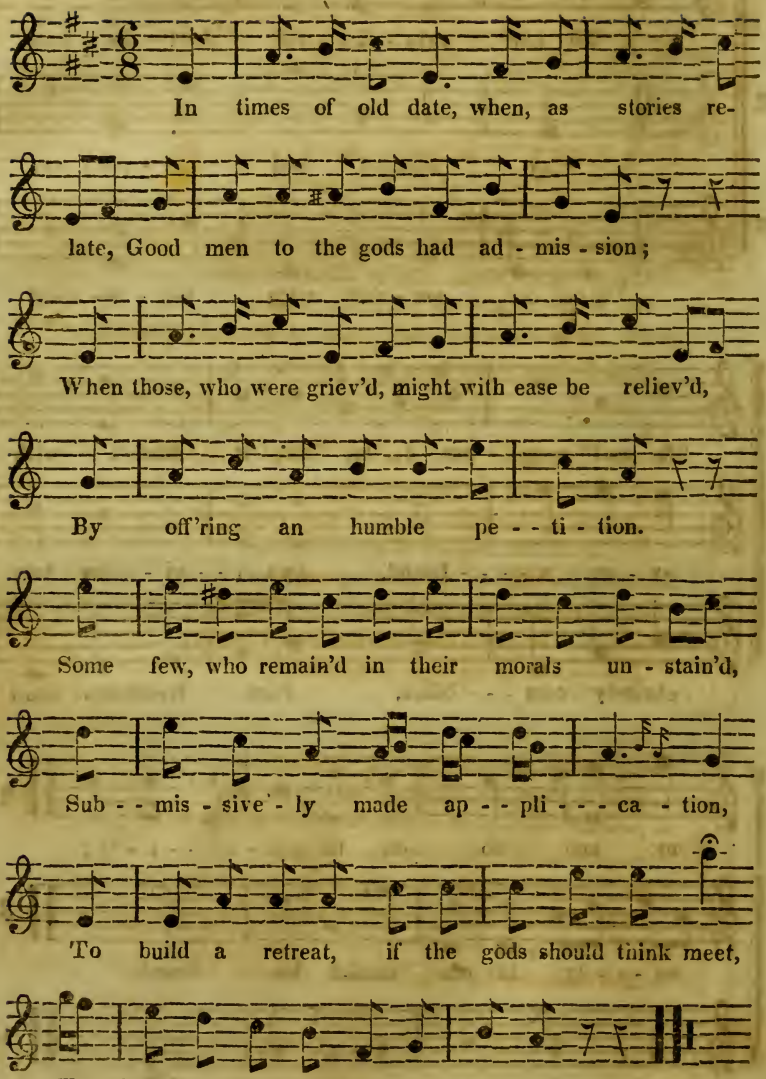

- - - - - - And by mingling in the cup,
in the cup,
Andante *Moderato.*
Made it worth man's while to live. Sweetest passion,
gen'rous flame, Parent of the ten - - der
sigh, Let us praise thy hon - our'd name, By


Ad Lib.
lov - ing tru - ly 'till we die, By loving
tru - - ly, By loving tru - ly, By lov - ing
tru - - - - ly, 'till we die.

## CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

Vivace.
1
To our mys - ti - - cal Art! be long
2
May concord and har - mo - ny,
3
When our mu - sick with sen - ti - ment
life and pros - - per - i - ty, May it flourish with
ev - er a - - - - bound, And di - - vi - sions here
chastely com - - - bines, Pure friendship shall
2
us, and so on to pos - ter - - i - ty;
3
on - - - ly in our musick be found;
1
riv - - - et what har - mo - ny joins.

## IN TIMES OF OLD DATE.

SONG.


In times of old date, when, as stories re-
late, Good men to the gods had ad - mis - sion;
When those, who were griev'd, might with ease be reliev'd,
By off'ring an humble pe - - ti - tion.
Some few, who remain'd in their morals un - stain'd,
Sub - - mis - sive - ly made ap - - pli - - - ca - tion,
To build a retreat, if the gods should think meet,
To shield them from wicked in - va - sion.

Delighted to find, there was yet in mankind,
Some laudable sentiment planted;
Without hesitation, they gave approbation,
And quickly their wishes were granted:—
Then for Artist's they sought, and fam'd Architects brought,
Who th' var'ous employments were skill'd in;
Each handled his tools, both by science and rules,
And straightway proceeded to building.

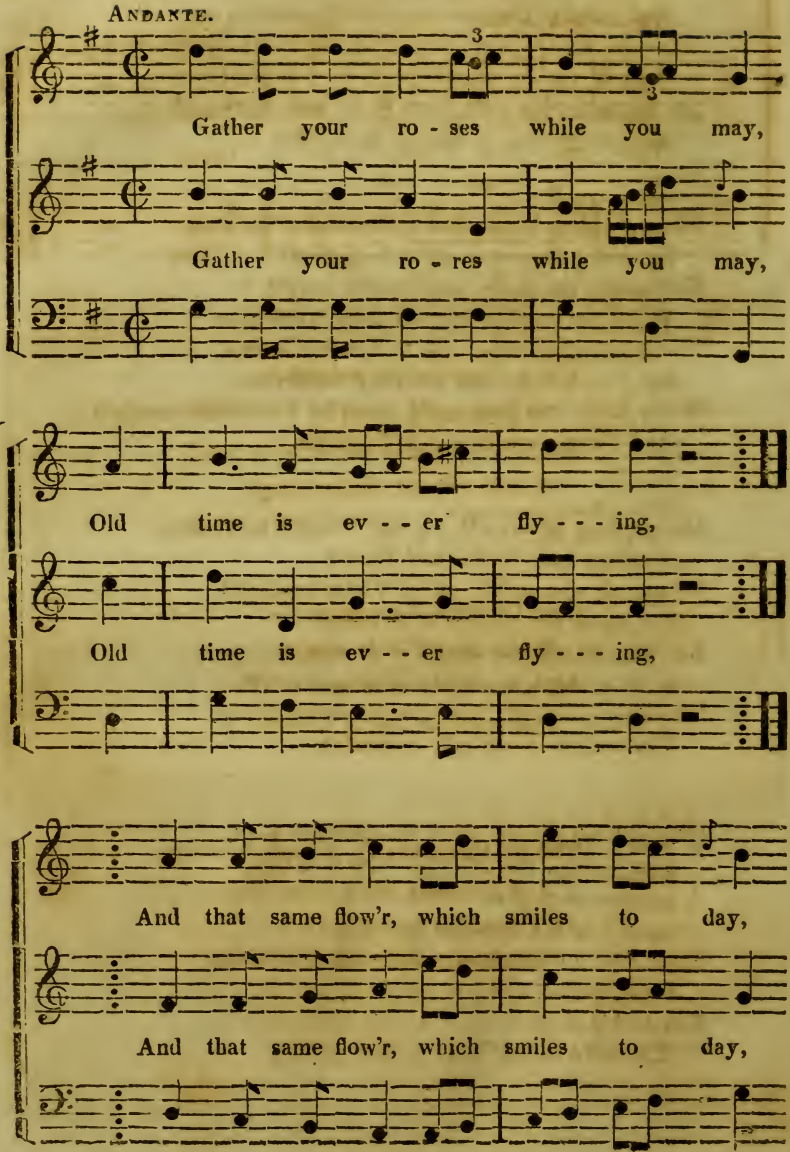
Then Wisdom began, first to sketch out the plan,
By which they were all to be guided;
Each order she made, was exactly obey'd,
When the portions of work were divided:—
The first corner stone, was by Charity done,
But Strength was the principal builder;
When for Mortar they cry'd, 'twas by Friendship supply'd,
And Beauty was carver and guilder.

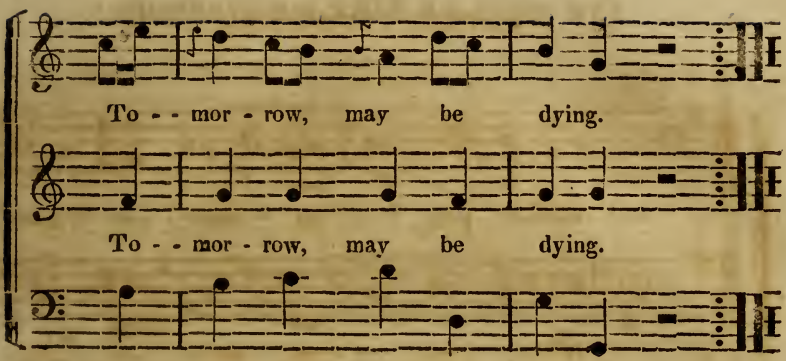
Having long persever'd, a grand Temple was rear'd,
A refuge from Malice and Envy;
Where all who reside, are in Virtue employ'd,
Nor dread the assaults of an en'my:—
But if in his rage he should ever engage
In th' attempt, it would e'er be prevented;
The door is so high, that in vain would he try,
The wall is so strongly cemented.

The gods all agreed, 'twas an excellent deed,
And to show the affection they bore 'em,
A treasure they gave, which the tenants still have,
Secur'd in the *Sanctum Sanctorum*:—
Thus bless'd from above, with a token of love,
Each Brother with joy should receive it;
Safe lock'd in his heart, it should never depart,
'Till call'd for by Heav'n, that gave it.

## GATHER YOUR ROSES.

GLEE.


ANDANTE.
Gather your ro - ses while you may,
Gather your ro - res while you may,
Old time is ev - - er fly - - - ing,
Old time is ev - - er fly - - - ing,
And that same flow'r, which smiles to day,
And that same flow'r, which smiles to day,



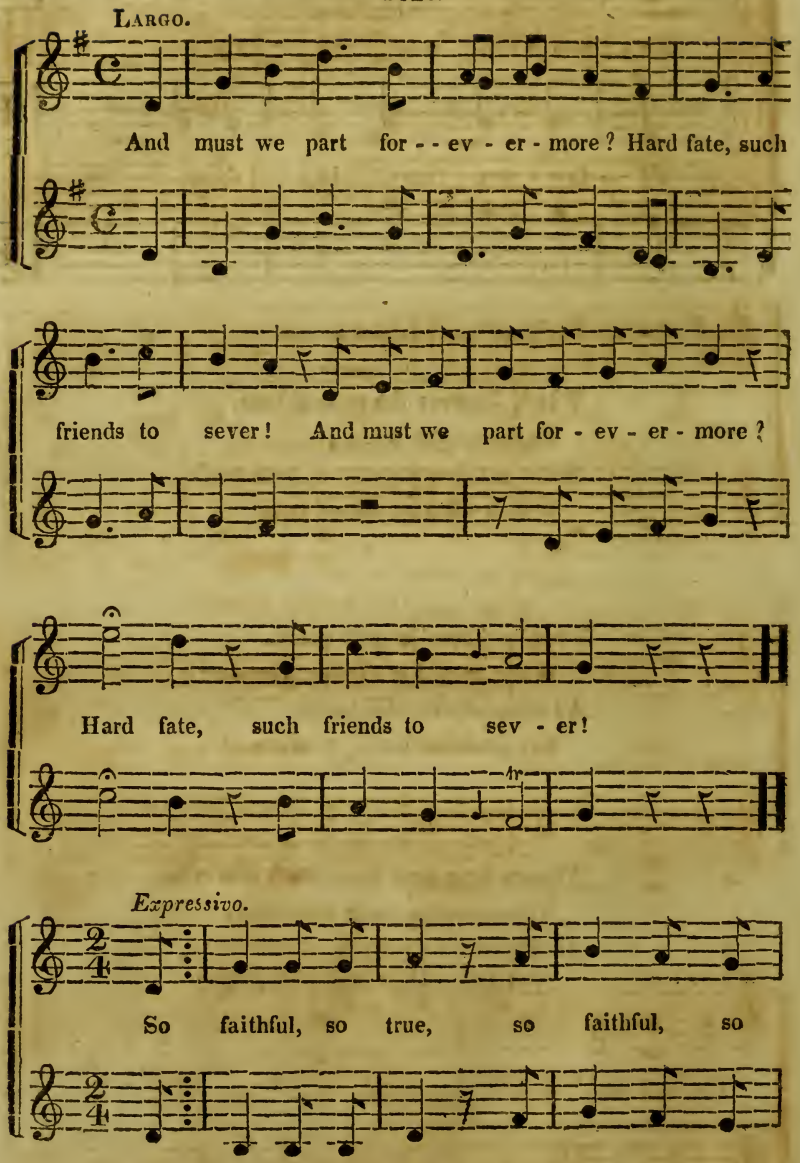
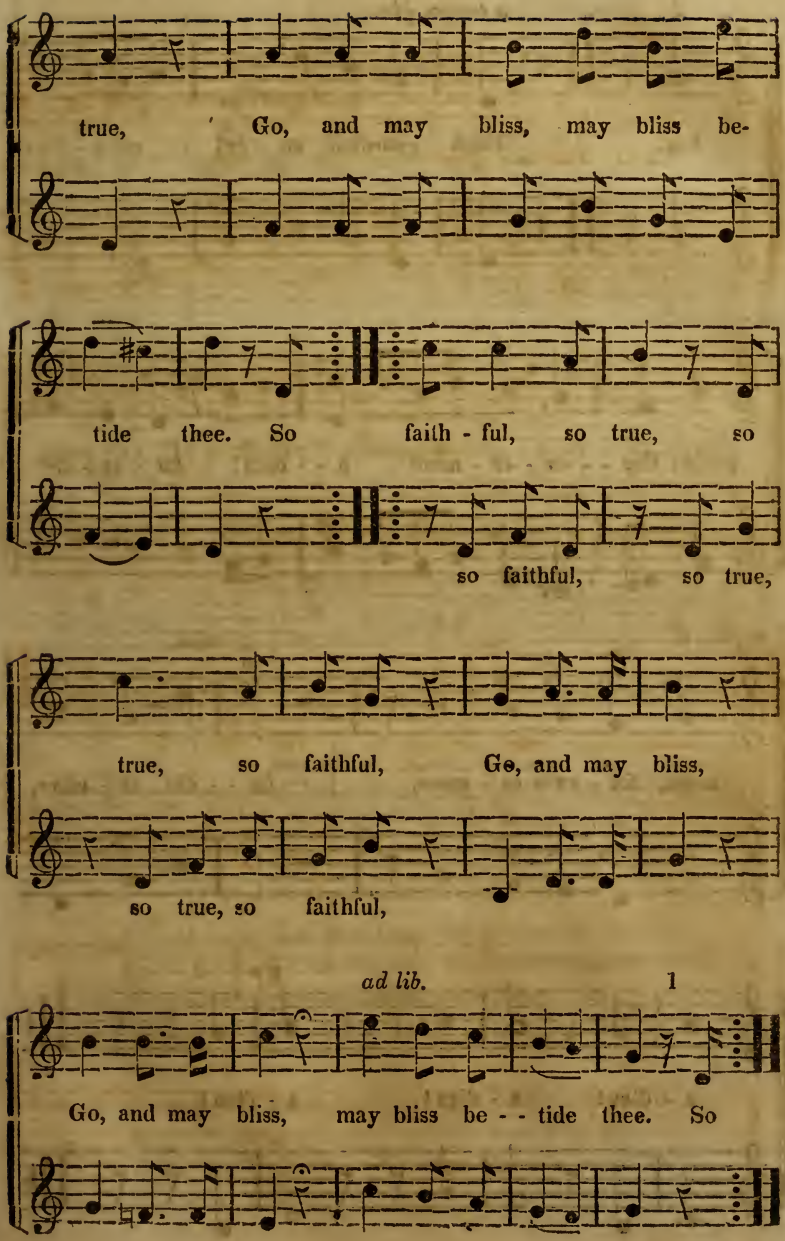

Wisely improve the present hour,
Be innocently merry;
Slight not the pleasures in your pow'r,
Which will not, cannot tarry.

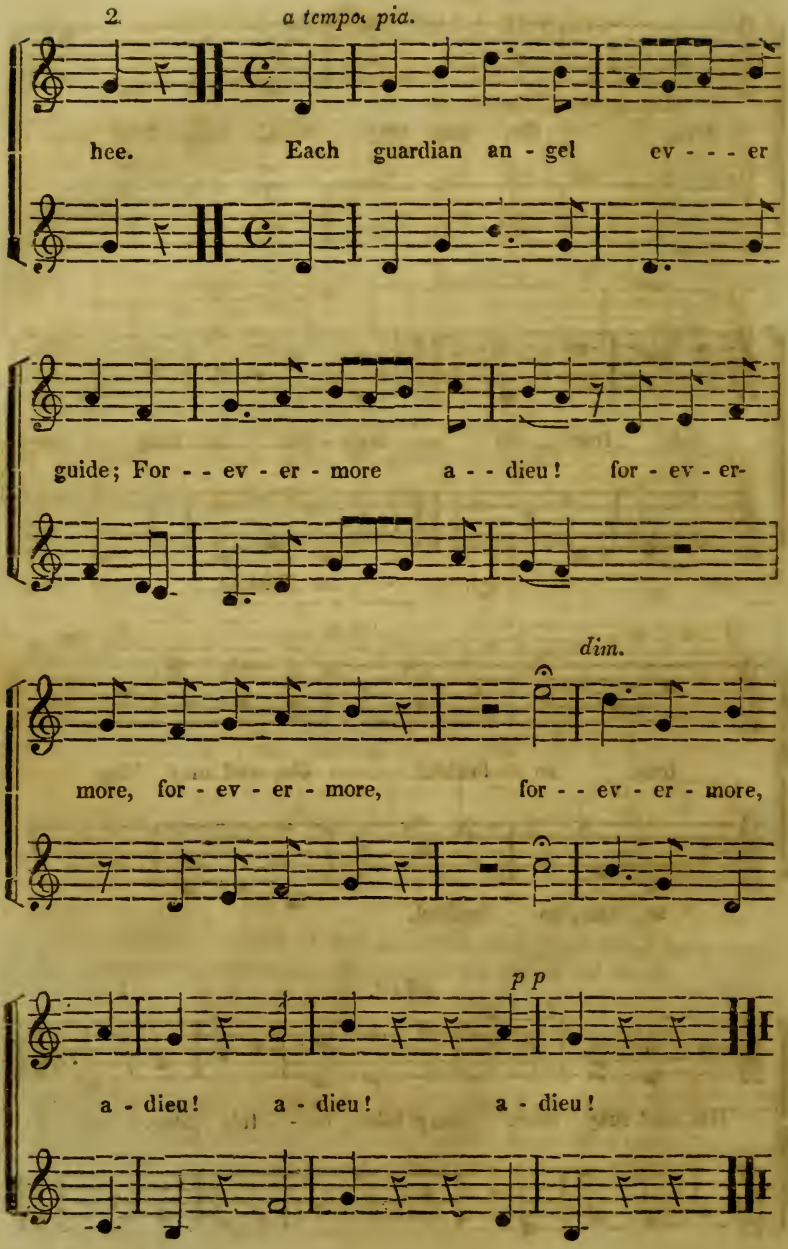
Ever let virtue be your guide,
While merg'd in fleeting pleasure;
All other objects else beside
Can prove no lasting treasure.

Though time must fly, though flow'rs may fade,
And pleasures prove uncertain;
In Friendship's path we'll ever tread,
'Till Death shall drop the curtain!

## AND MUST WE PART FOREVERMORE?

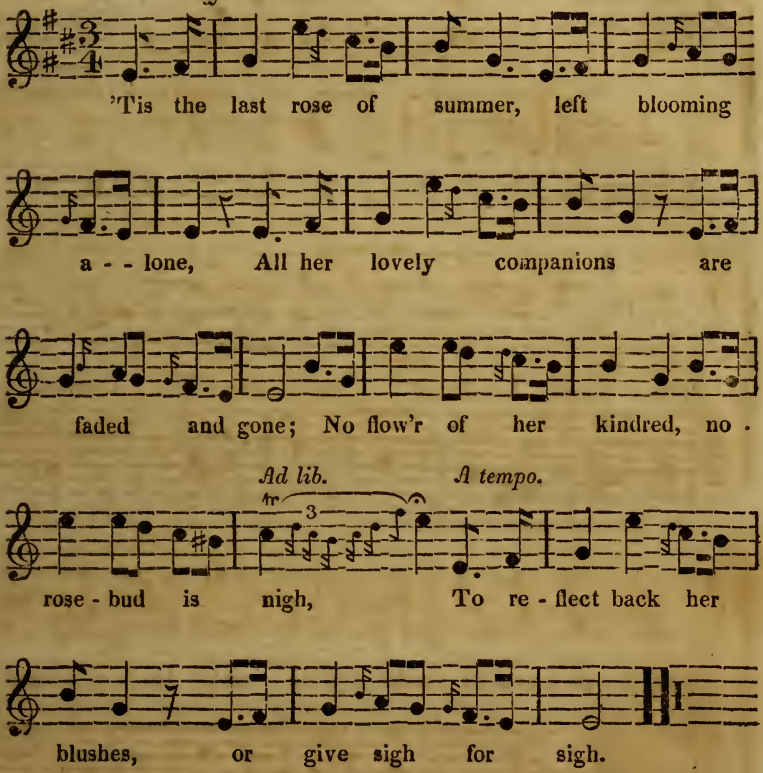
DUET.


Largo.
And must we part for - - ev - er - more? Hard fate, such
friends to sever! And must we part for - ev - er - more?
Hard fate, such friends to sev - er!
Expressivo.
So faithful, so true, so faithful, so

true, Go, and may bliss, may bliss be-
tide thee. So faith - ful, so true, so
so faithful, so true,
true, so faithful, Go, and may bliss,
so true, so faithful,
ad lib.
1
Go, and may bliss, may bliss be - - tide thee. So


2.
a tempo pia.
hee. Each guardian an - gel ev - - - er
guide; For - - ev - er - more a - - dieu! for - ev - er-
dim.
more, for - ev - er - more, for - - ev - er - more,
p p
a - dieu! a - dieu! a - dieu!

## 'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

SONG.

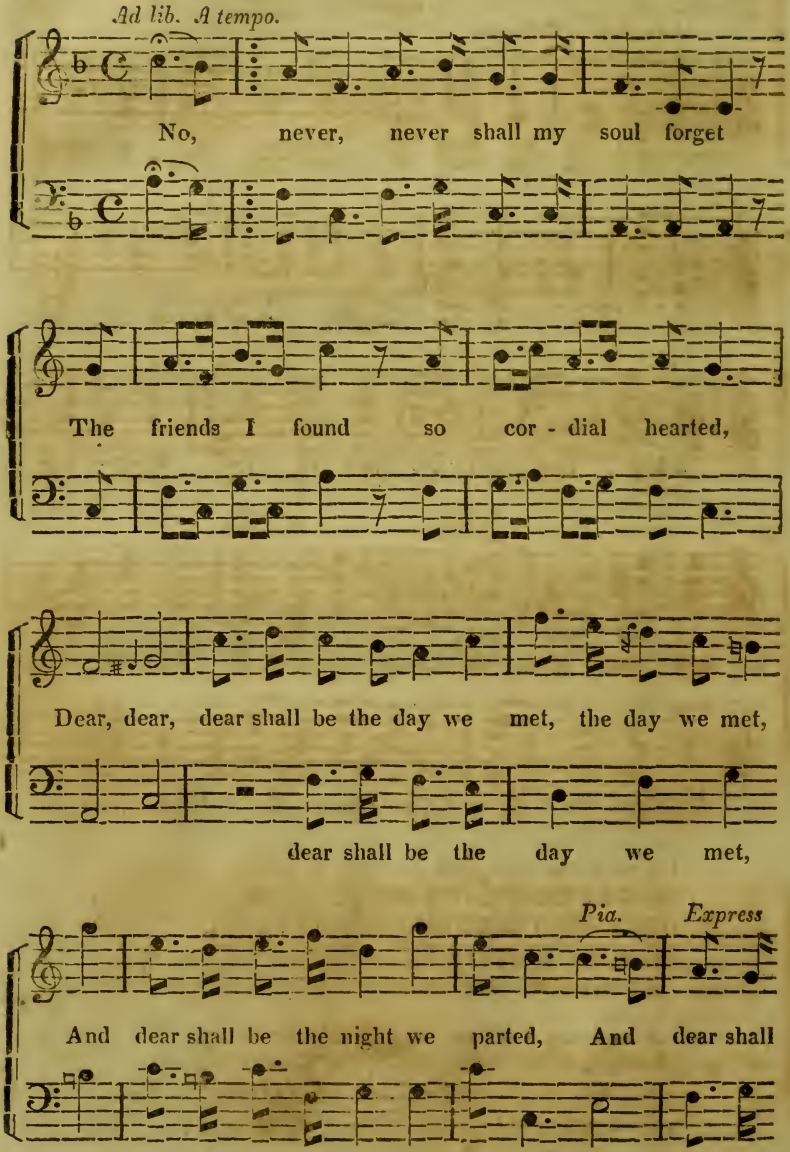
ANDANTE *Affettuoso.*

'Tis the last rose of summer, left blooming
a - - lone, All her lovely companions are
faded and gone; No flow'r of her kindred, no -
Ad lib.
A tempo.
rose - bud is nigh, To re - flect back her
blushes, or give sigh for sigh.

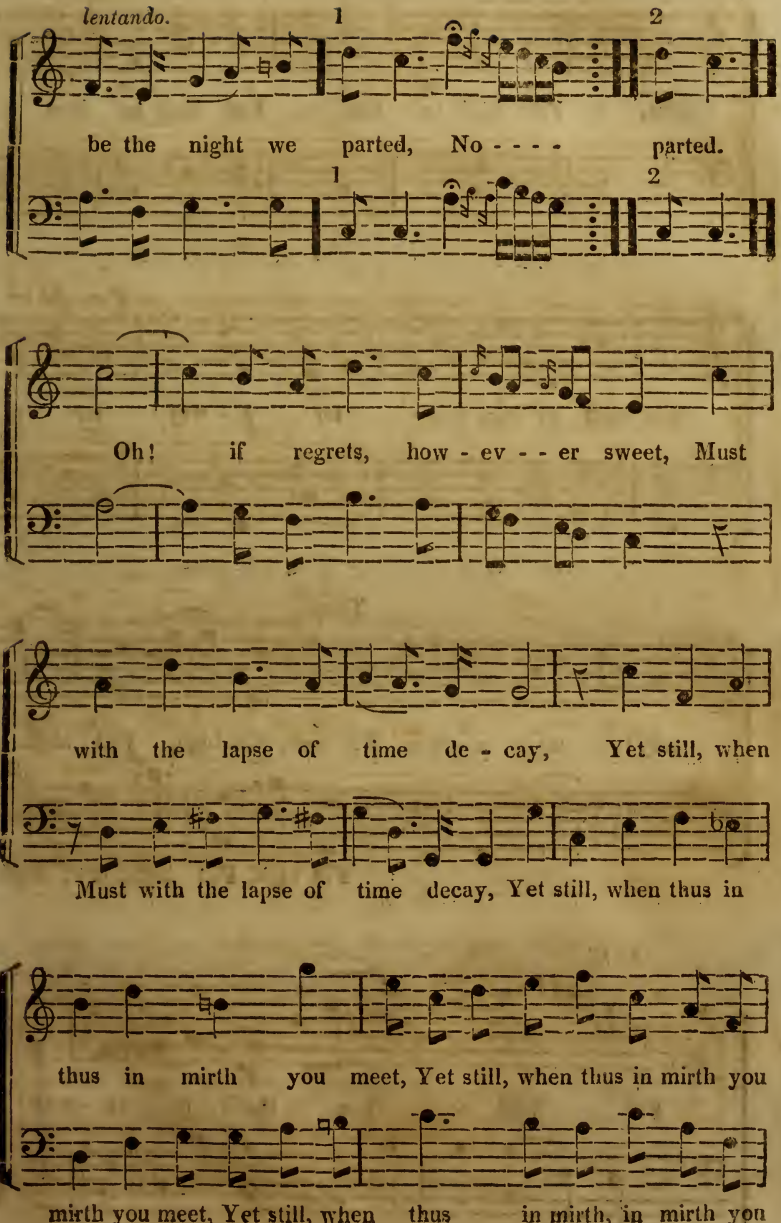
I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem,
Since the lovely are sleeping, go, sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead.

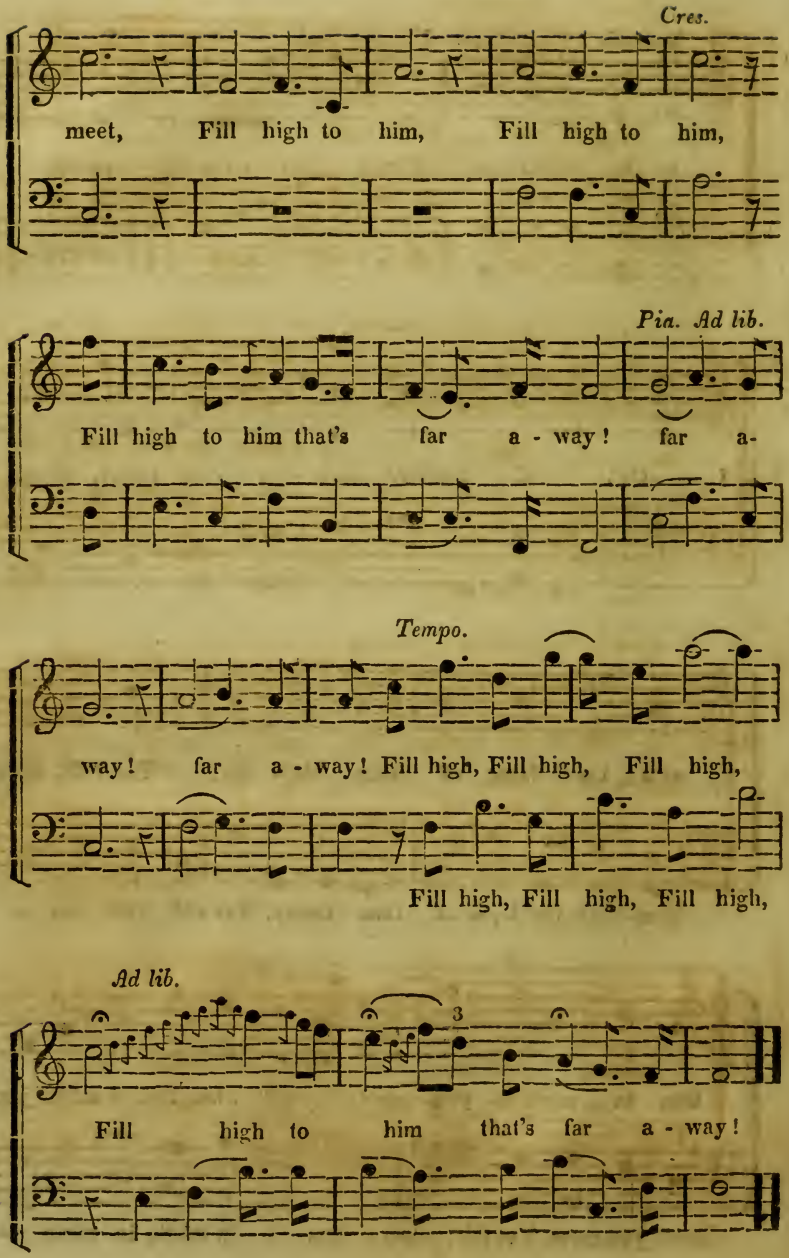
So soon may I follow, when friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle the gems drop away;
When true hearts lie wither'd, and fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone?

## NO, NEVER SHALL MY SOUL FORGET.

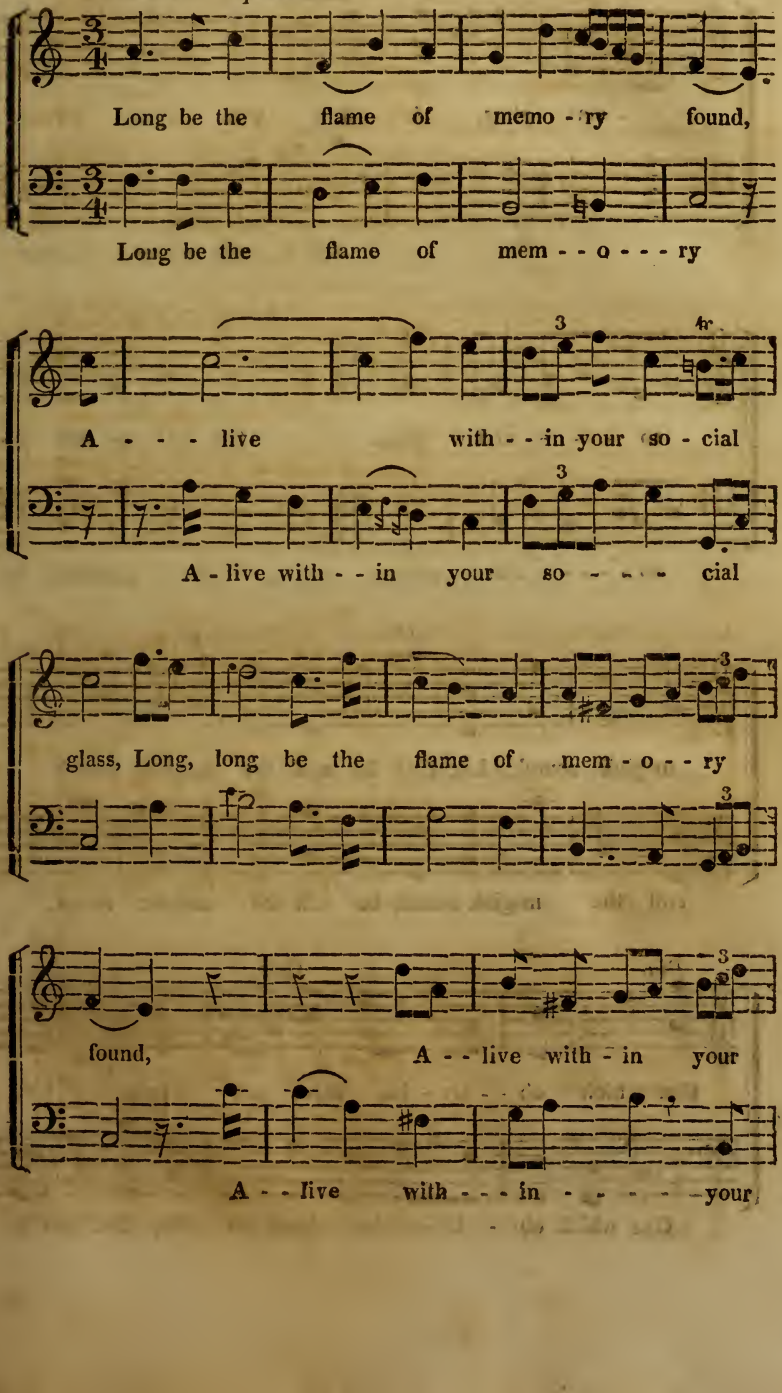
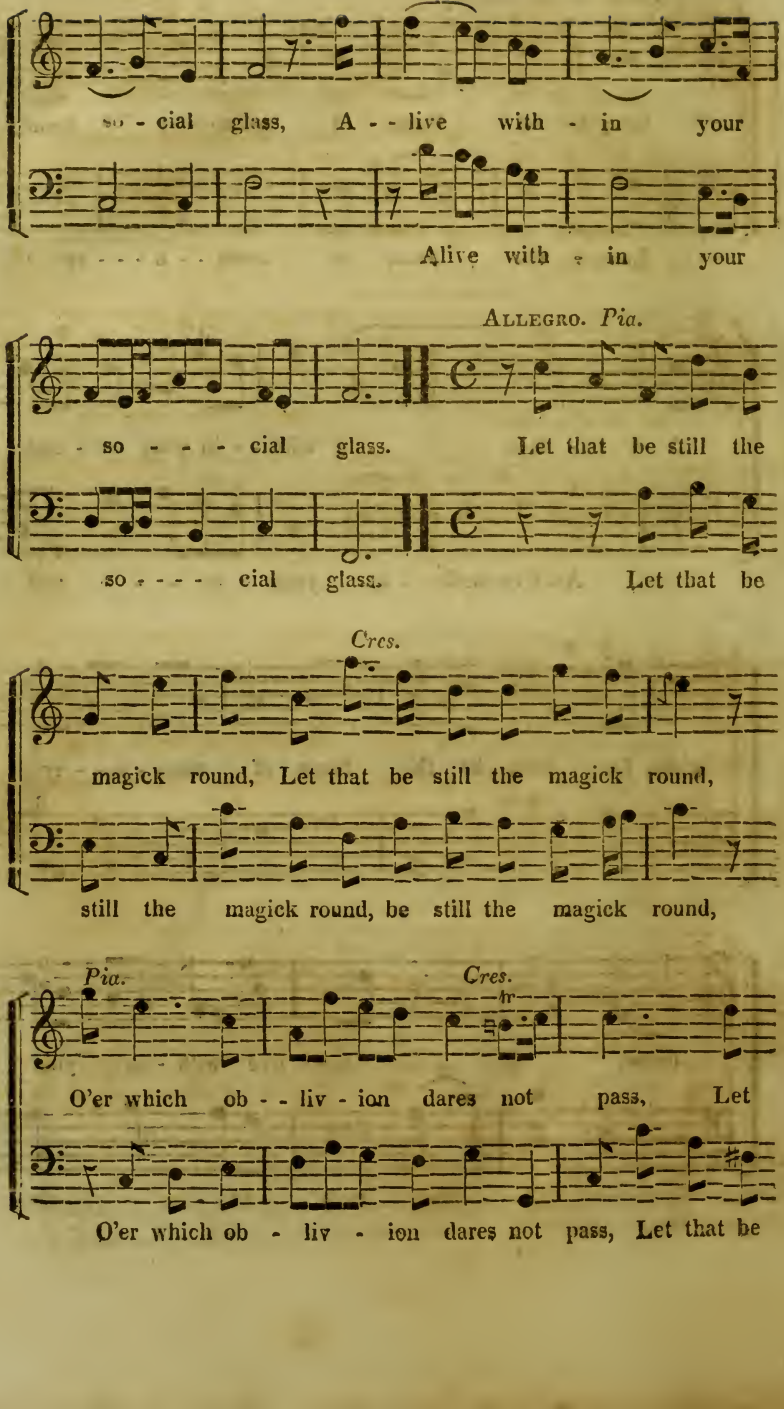
DUET.

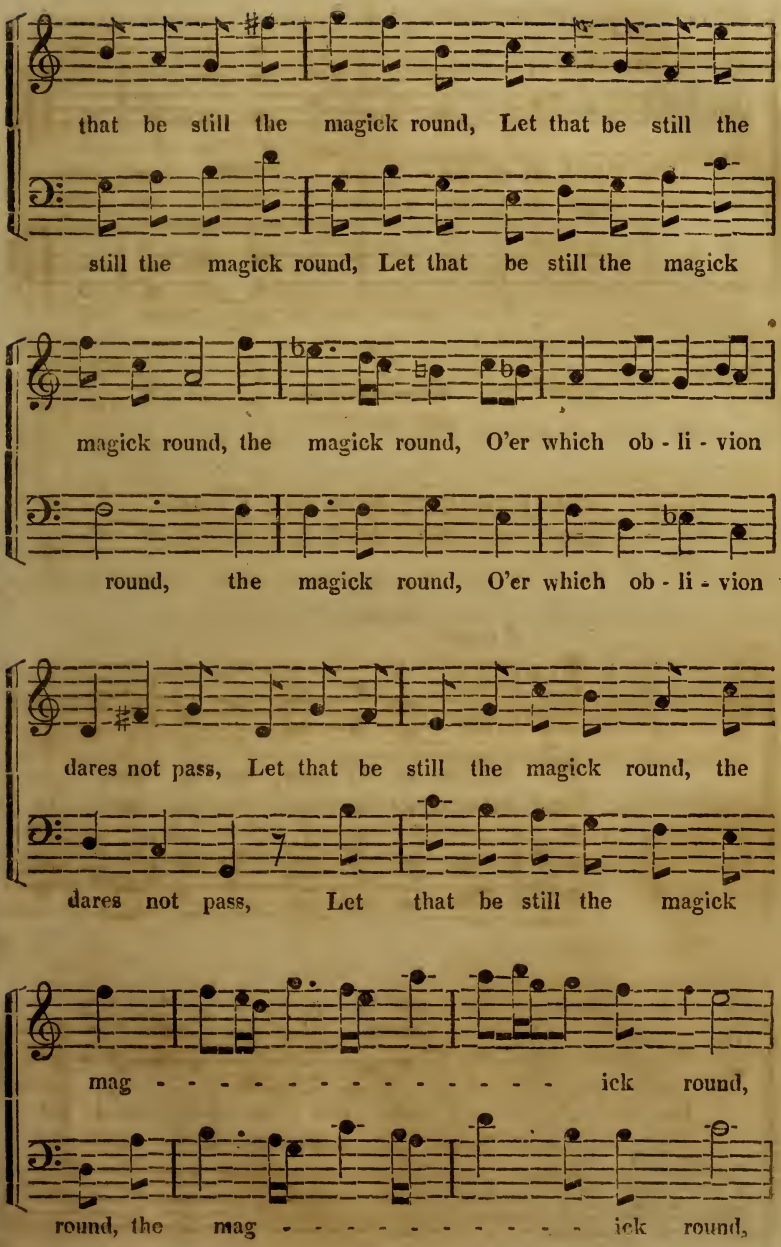

Ad lib. A tempo.
No, never, never shall my soul forget
The friends I found so cor - dial hearted,
Dear, dear, dear shall be the day we met, the day we met,
dear shall be the day we met,
Pia.
Express
And dear shall be the night we parted, And dear shall

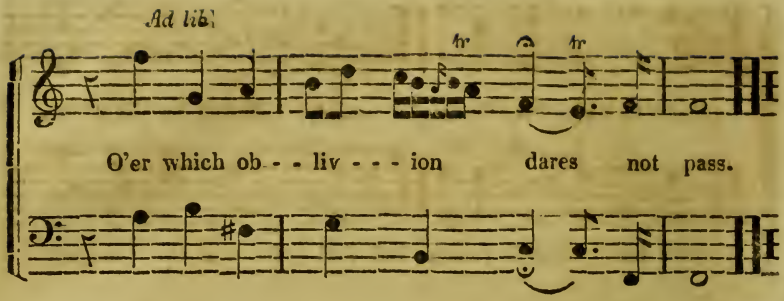

lentando.
1
2
be the night we parted, No - - - - parted.
1
2
Oh! if regrets, how - ev - - er sweet, Must
with the lapse of time de - cay, Yet still, when
Must with the lapse of time decay, Yet still, when thus in
thus in mirth you meet, Yet still, when thus in mirth you
mirth you meet, Yet still, when thus in mirth, in mirth you


Cres.
meet, Fill high to him, Fill high to him,
Pia. Ad lib.
Fill high to him that's far a - way! far a-
Tempo.
way! far a - way! Fill high, Fill high, Fill high,
Fill high, Fill high, Fill high,
Ad lib.
3
Fill high to him that's far a - way!

*Moderato Expressivo.*

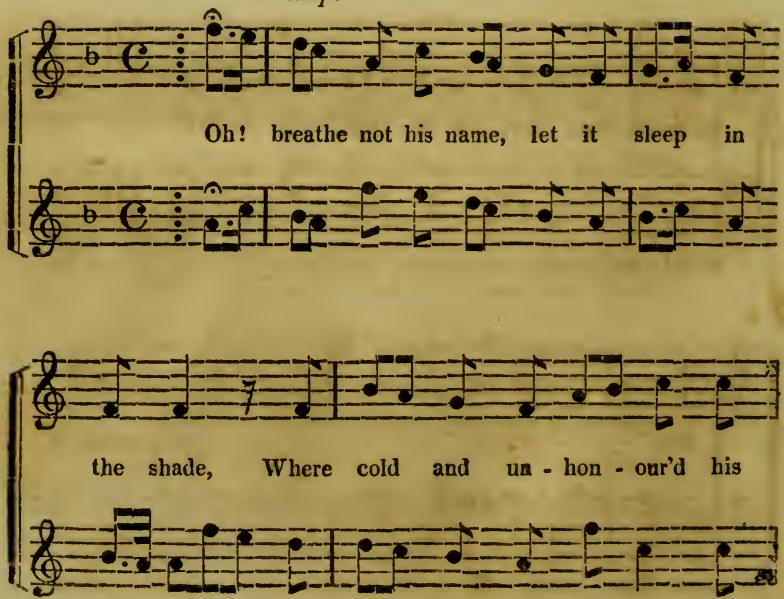

Long be the flame of memo - ry found,
Long be the flame of mem - - o - - - ry
A - - - live with - - in your so - cial
A - live with - - in your so - - - - cial
glass, Long, long be the flame of mem - o - - ry
found, A - - live with - in your
A - - live with - - - in - - - - - your

so - cial glass, A - - live with - in your
Alive with - in your
Allegro. Pia.
- so - - - cial glass. Let that be still the
so - - - - cial glass. Let that be
Cres.
magick round, Let that be still the magick round,
still the magick round, be still the magick round,
Pia.
Cres.
O'er which ob - - liv - ion dares not pass, Let
O'er which ob - liv - ion dares not pass, Let that be

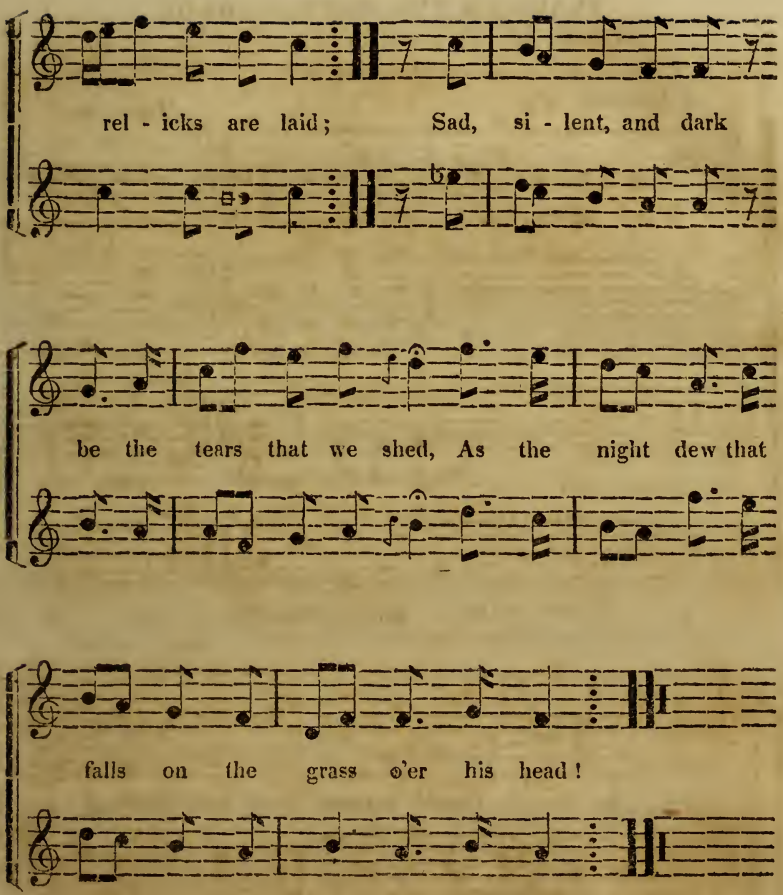

that be still the magick round, Let that be still the
still the magick round, Let that be still the magick
magick round, the magick round, O'er which ob - li - vion
round, the magick round, O'er which ob - li - vion
dares not pass, Let that be still the magick round, the
dares not pass, Let that be still the magick
mag - - - - - - - - - - - - - ick round,
round, the mag - - - - - - - - - - - ick round,




## OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

DUET.

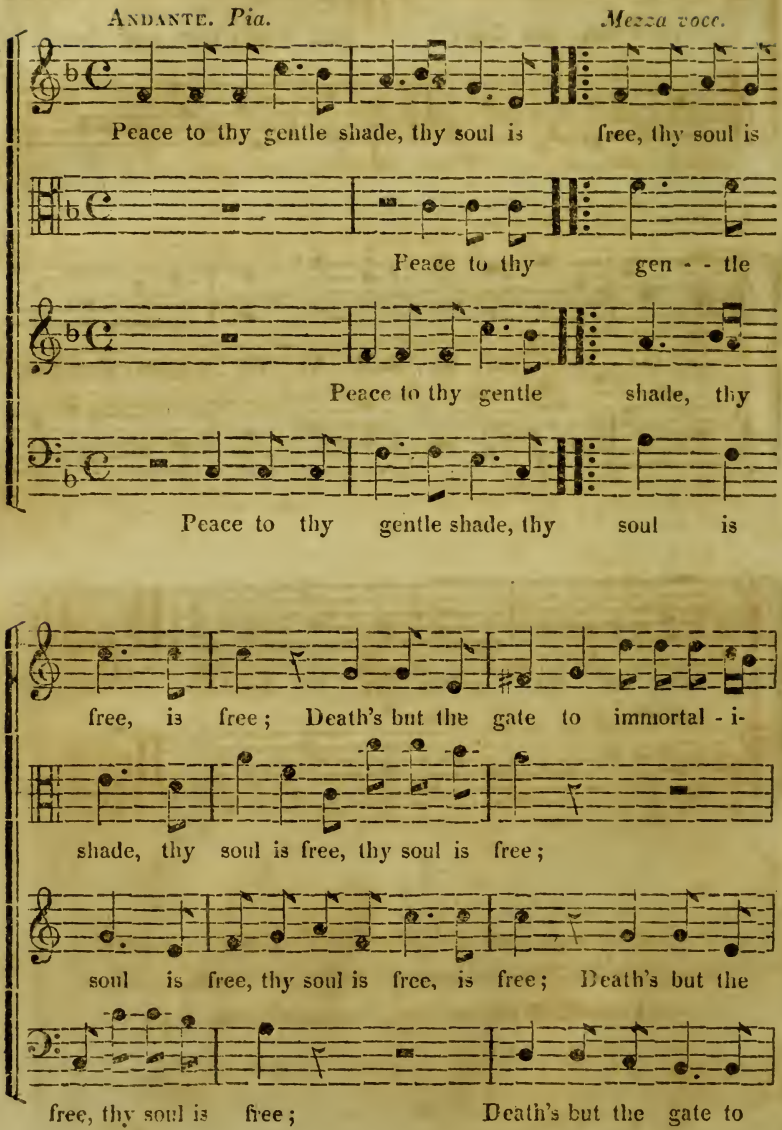
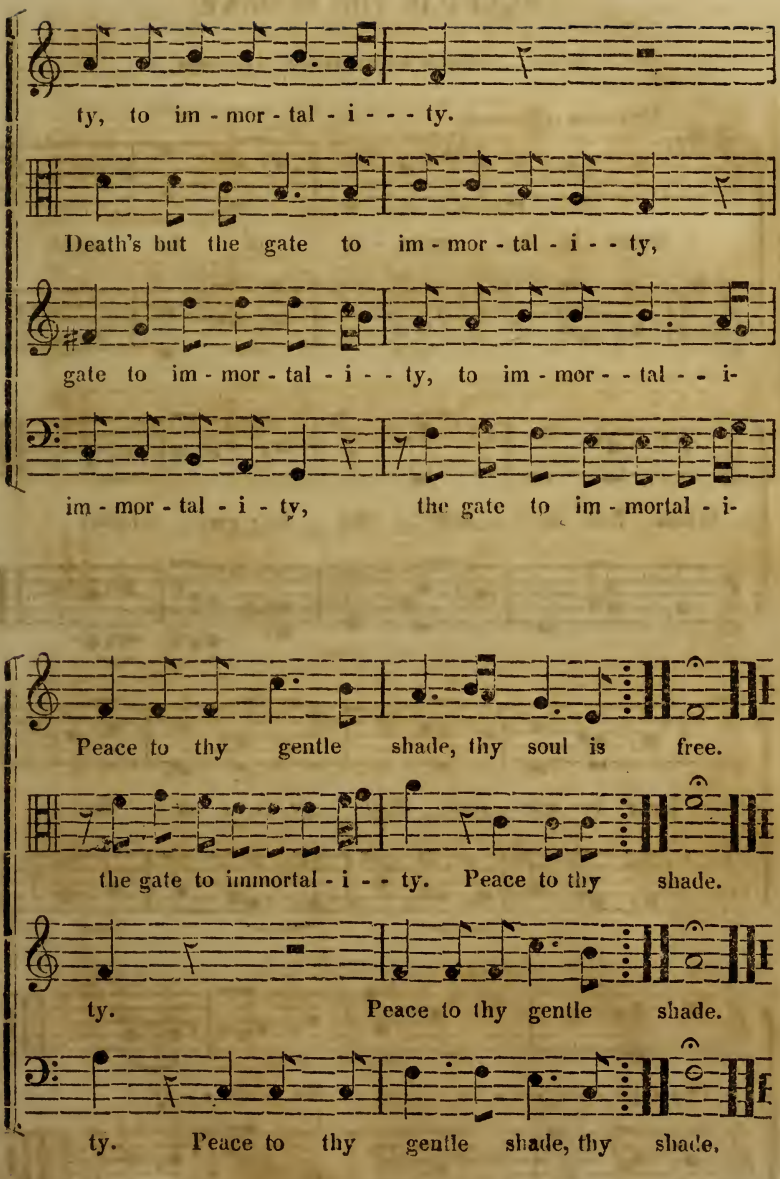




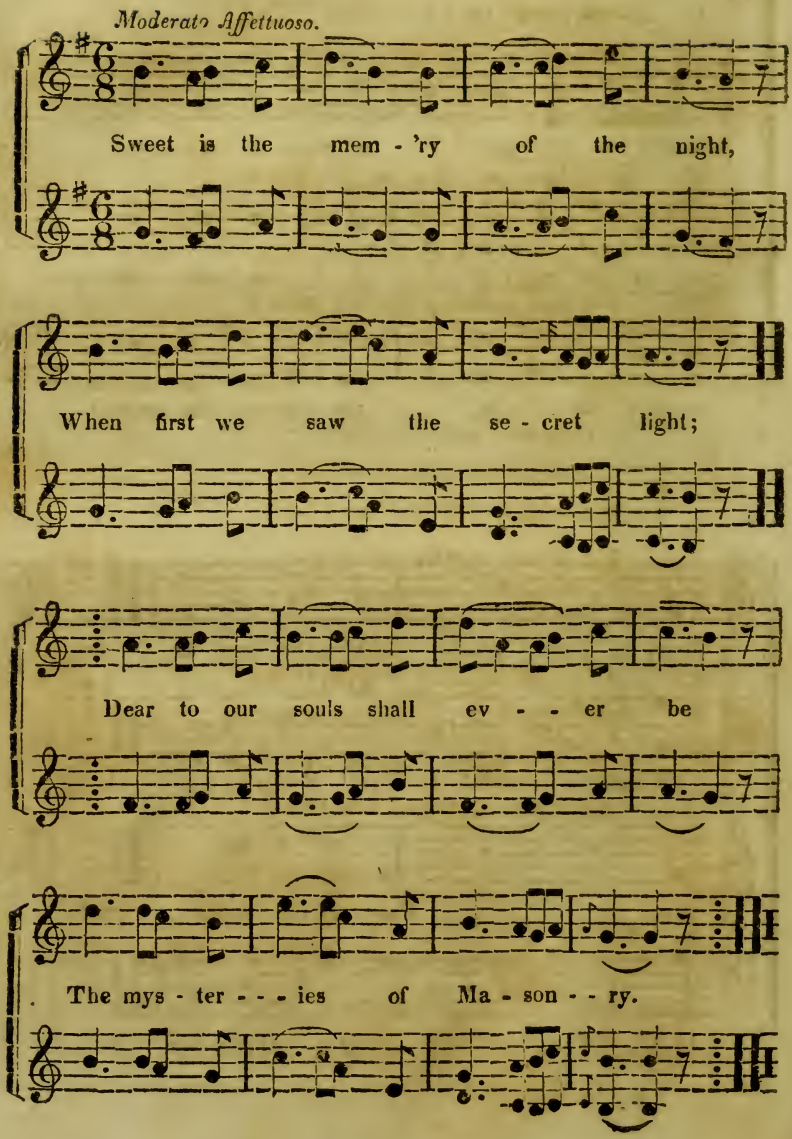

But the night dew that falls, tho' in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, tho' in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

## PEACE TO THY GENTLE SHADE.

CANON, 4 IN 2.


ANDANTE. *Pia.*
*Mezza voce.*
Peace to thy gentle shade, thy soul is free, thy soul is
Peace to thy gen - - tle
Peace to thy gentle shade, thy
Peace to thy gentle shade, thy soul is
free, is free; Death's but the gate to immortal - i-
shade, thy soul is free, thy soul is free;
soul is free, thy soul is free, is free; Death's but the
free, thy soul is free; Death's but the gate to

ty, to im - mor - tal - i - - - ty.
Death's but the gate to im - mor - tal - i - - ty,
gate to im - mor - tal - i - - ty, to im - mor - - tal - - i-
im - mor - tal - i - ty, the gate to im - mortal - i-
Peace to thy gentle shade, thy soul is free.
the gate to immortal - i - - ty. Peace to thy shade.
ty. Peace to thy gentle shade.
ty. Peace to thy gentle shade, thy shade.

## SWEET IS THE MEMORY.

DUET.....WORDS BY BROTHER GARDNER.

Moderato Affettuoso.
Sweet is the mem - 'ry of the night,
When first we saw the se - cret light;
Dear to our souls shall ev - - er be
The mys - ter - - - ies of Ma - son - - ry.

Grateful to thee our hearts we bend,
O Masonry, the poor man's friend;
Dark though the stream of life must flow,
That it still rolls to thee we owe.

O we have try'd thee, try'd thee long,
When hope had fled, when hope was strong,
Brighter than all our fancy dream'd,
Thy true, unfading love has beam'd.

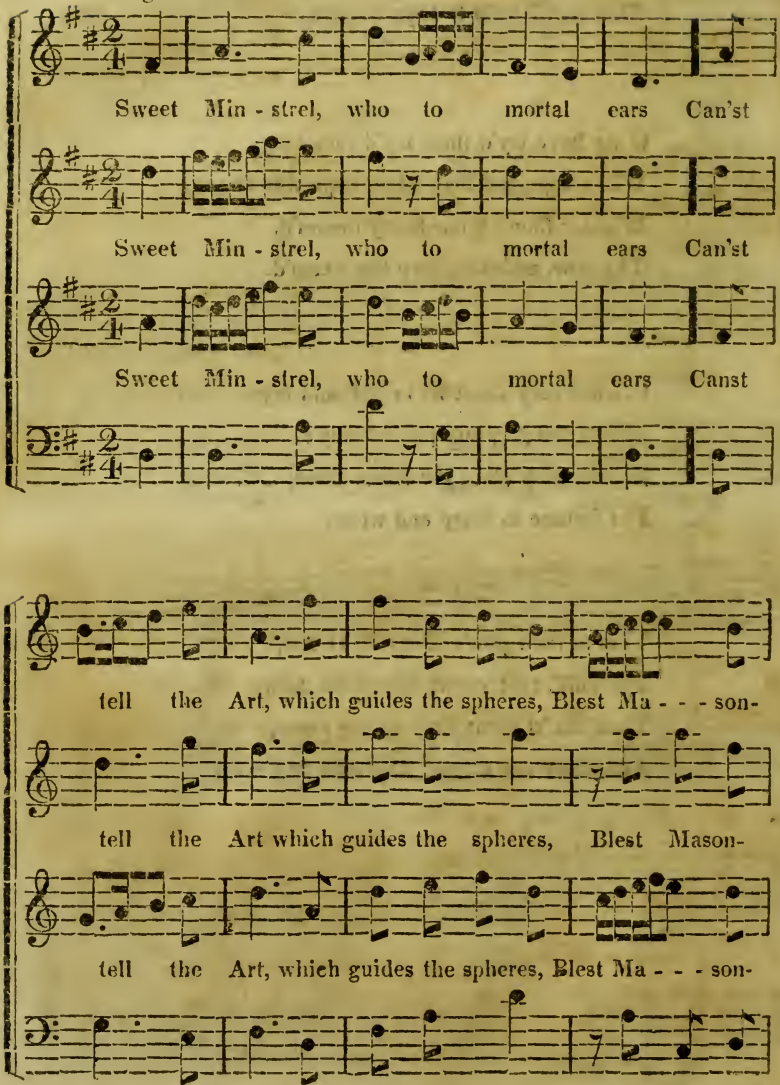
Science may shoot its bright cold ray
Across the pilgrim's painful way;
Honour may plant the laurel there,
For fortune to usurp and wear:

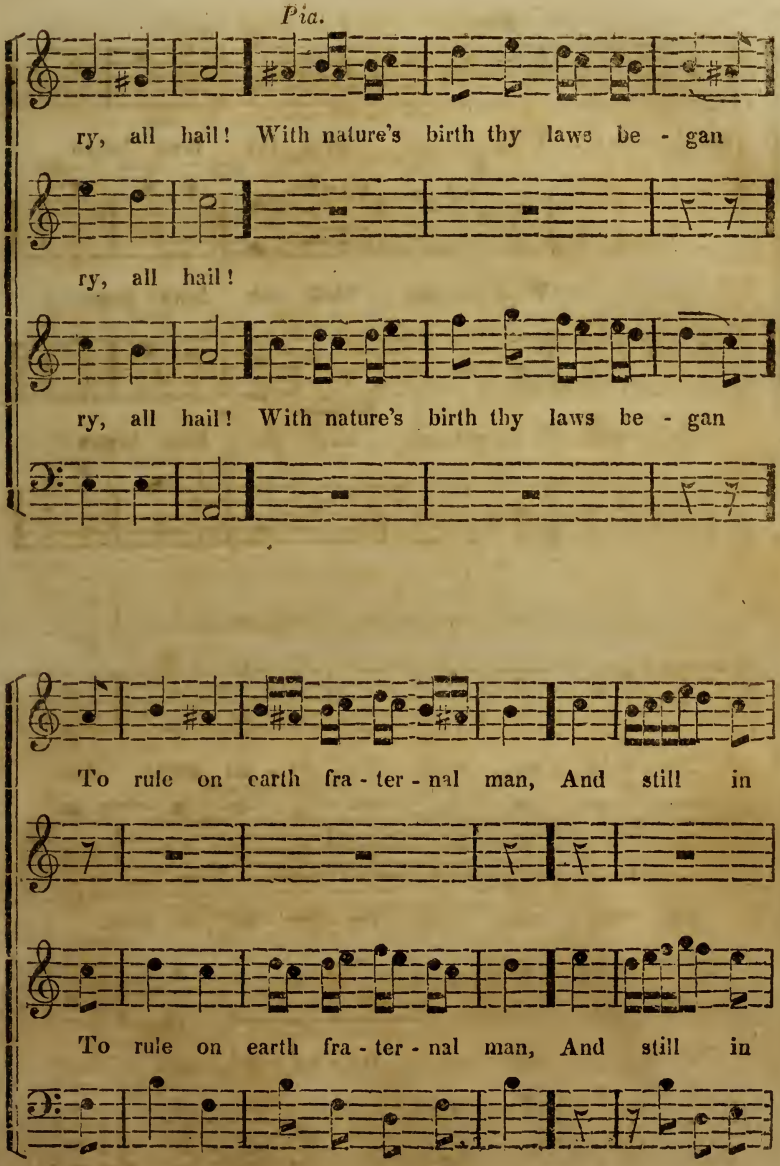
Vain is their pow'r to warm, O Art,
The chill, that settles round the heart;
Thou can'st alone beguile the hours,
And strew our rugged way with flow'rs.

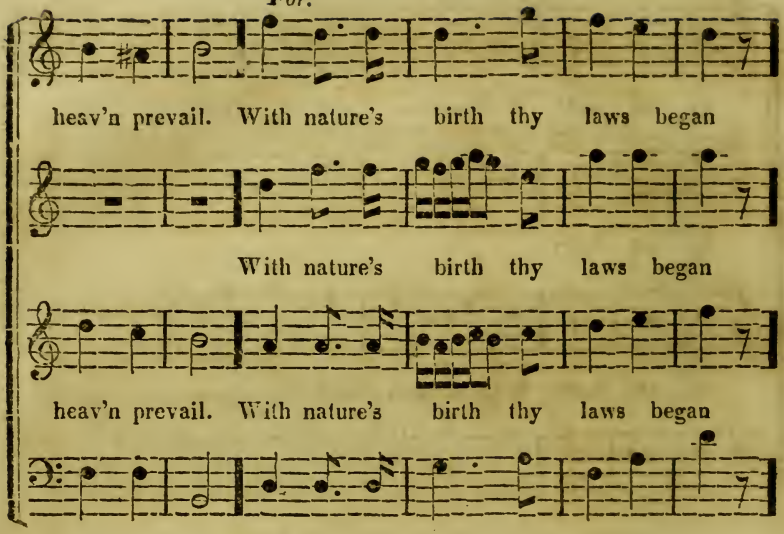
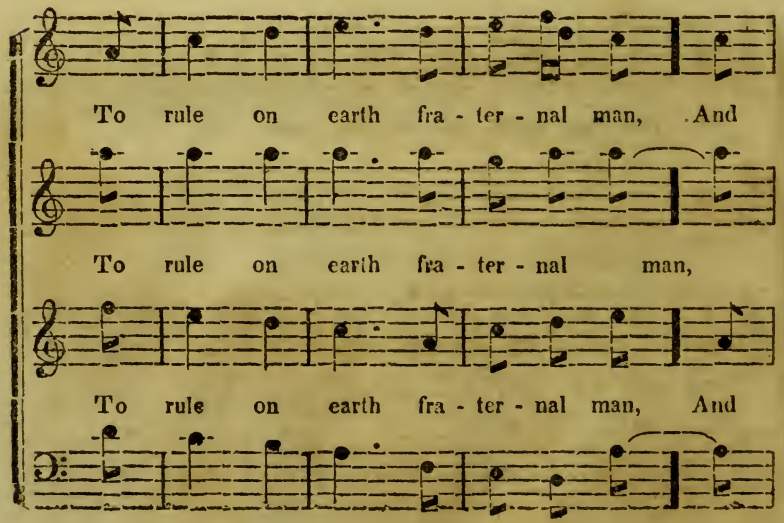
## ODE FOR GRAND VISITATION.

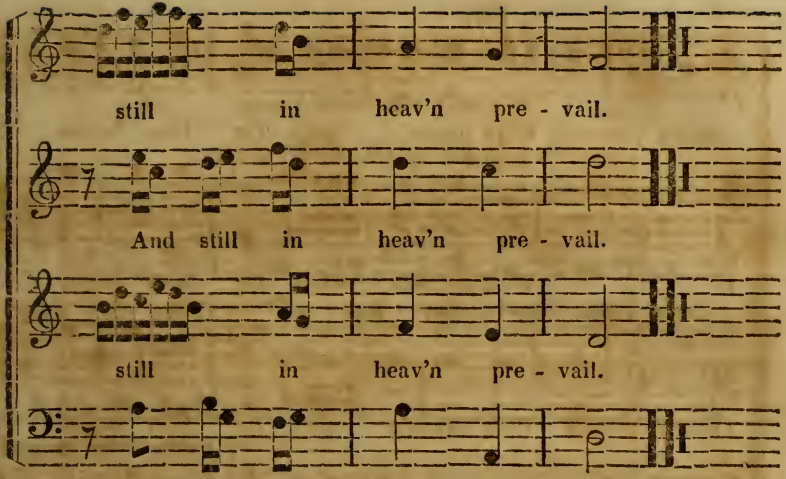
WORDS BY R. T. PAINE, ESQ.

*Allegro ma non Presto.*


Sweet Min - strel, who to mortal ears Can'st
Sweet Min - strel, who to mortal ears Can'st
Sweet Min - strel, who to mortal ears Canst
tell the Art, which guides the spheres, Blest Ma - - - son-
tell the Art which guides the spheres, Blest Mason-
tell the Art, which guides the spheres, Blest Ma - - - son-


Pia.
ry, all hail! With nature's birth thy laws be - gan
ry, all hail!
ry, all hail! With nature's birth thy laws be - gan
To rule on earth fra - ter - nal man, And still in
To rule on earth fra - ter - nal man, And still in


For.
heav'n prevail. With nature's birth thy laws began
With nature's birth thy laws began
heav'n prevail. With nature's birth thy laws began

To rule on earth fra - ter - nal man, And
To rule on earth fra - ter - nal man,
To rule on earth fra - ter - nal man, And



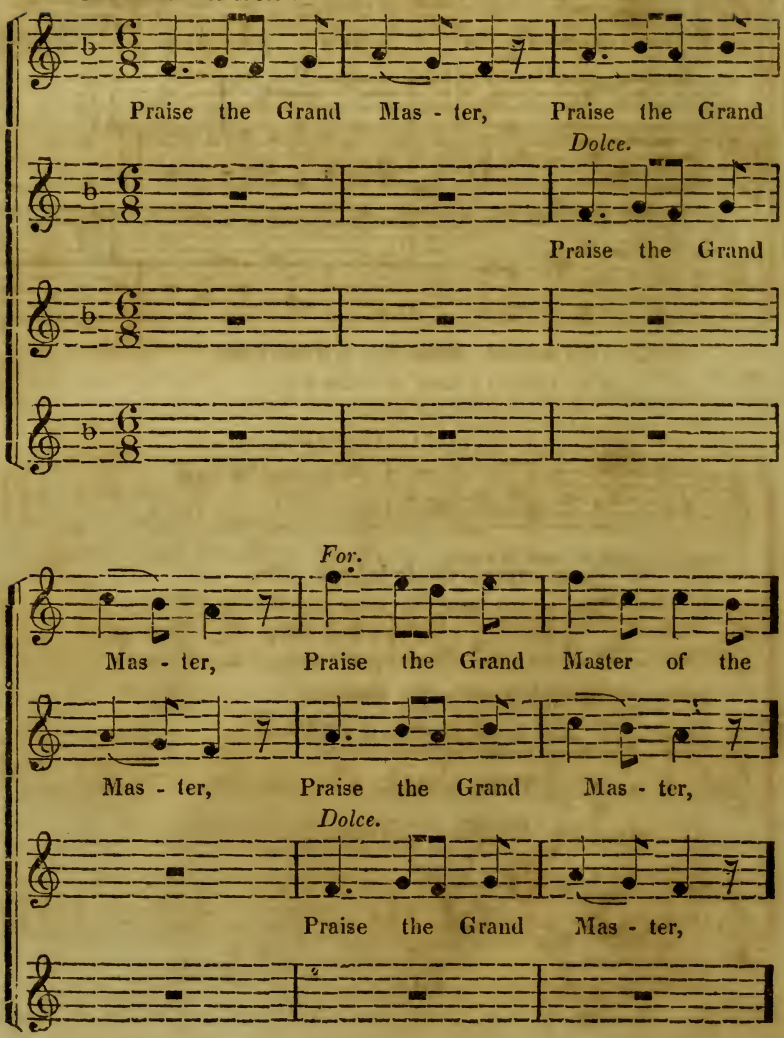

O'er matter's modes thy mystick sway
Can fashion Chaos' devious way,
To order's lucid maze;
Can rear the cloud-assaulting tow'r,
And bid the worm, that breathes its hour,
Its humble palace raise.

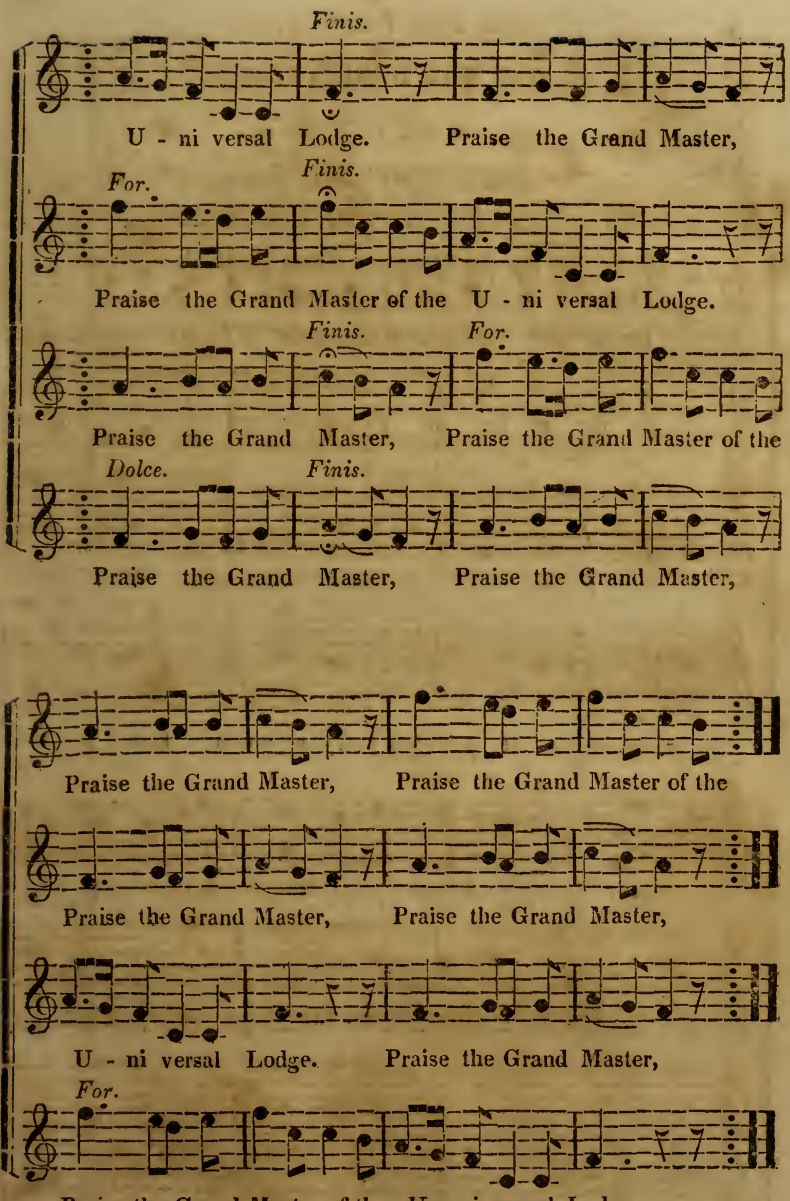
From nascent life to being's pride,
The surest boon thy laws provide,
When wayward fate beguiles;
The tears, thou shed'st for human wo,
In falling shine like Iris' bow,
And beam an arch of smiles.

Come, Priest of Science, truth array'd,
And with thee bring each tuneful maid,
Thou lov'st on Shinar's plains;
Revive Creation's primal plan,
Subdue this wilderness of man,
Bid social *virtue* reign.

## PRAISE THE GRAND MASTER.

CANON FOR FOUR VOICES.

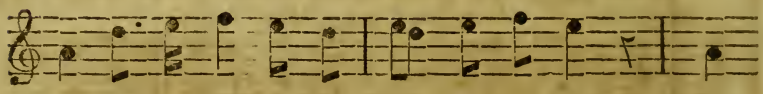
*Composed by Dr. G. K. Jackson.*

ALLEGRETTO. Dolce.
Praise the Grand Mas - ter, Praise the Grand
Dolce.
Praise the Grand
For.
Mas - ter, Praise the Grand Master of the
Mas - ter, Praise the Grand Mas - ter,
Dolce.
Praise the Grand Mas - ter,


Finis.
U - ni versal Lodge. Praise the Grand Master,
For.
Finis.
Praise the Grand Master of the U - ni versal Lodge.
Finis.
For.
Praise the Grand Master, Praise the Grand Master of the
Dolce.
Finis.
Praise the Grand Master, Praise the Grand Master,
Praise the Grand Master, Praise the Grand Master of the
Praise the Grand Master, Praise the Grand Master,
U - ni versal Lodge. Praise the Grand Master,
For.
Praise the Grand Master of the U - ni versal Lodge.

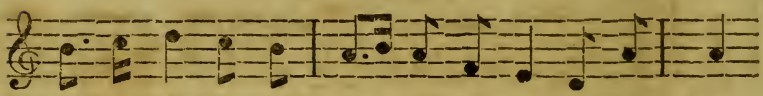
## ODE FOR DEDICATION.

*Tempo di Marcia.*

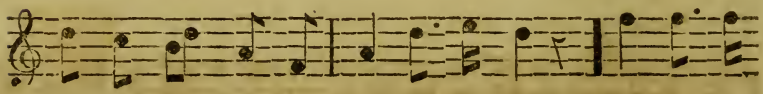
Hail, to the day! when as - sem - bled in Union,



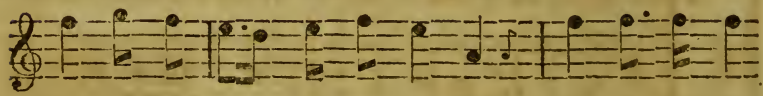
Springs, at the al - tar of Friendship and Truth, Pledge



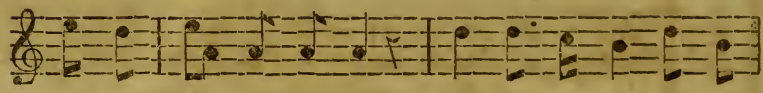
of our fairest, our dearest communion, The flow-



'ret, which blooms in per - en - ni - al youth. Hail, to the



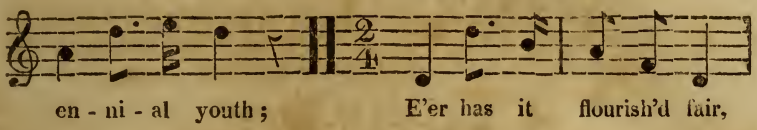
day! when as - sem - bled in Un - ion, Springs, at the al-

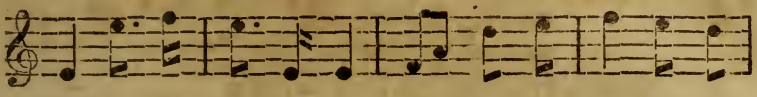


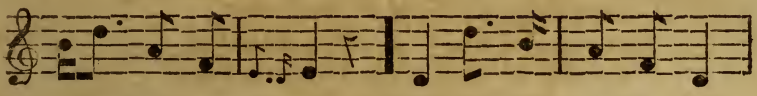
tar of Friendship and Truth, Pledge of our fairest, our

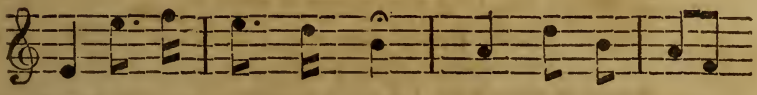
dearest com - mun - ion, The flow'ret, which blooms in per-

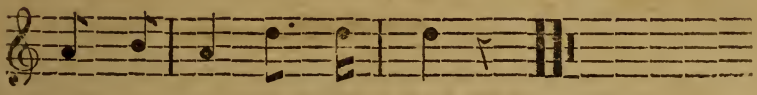
ALLEGRO. *Moderato.*



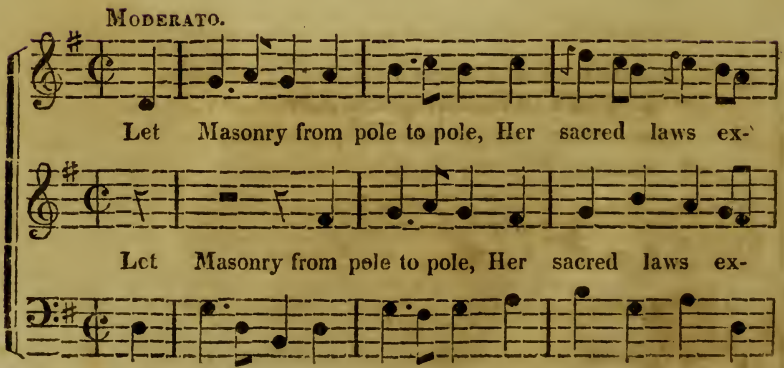



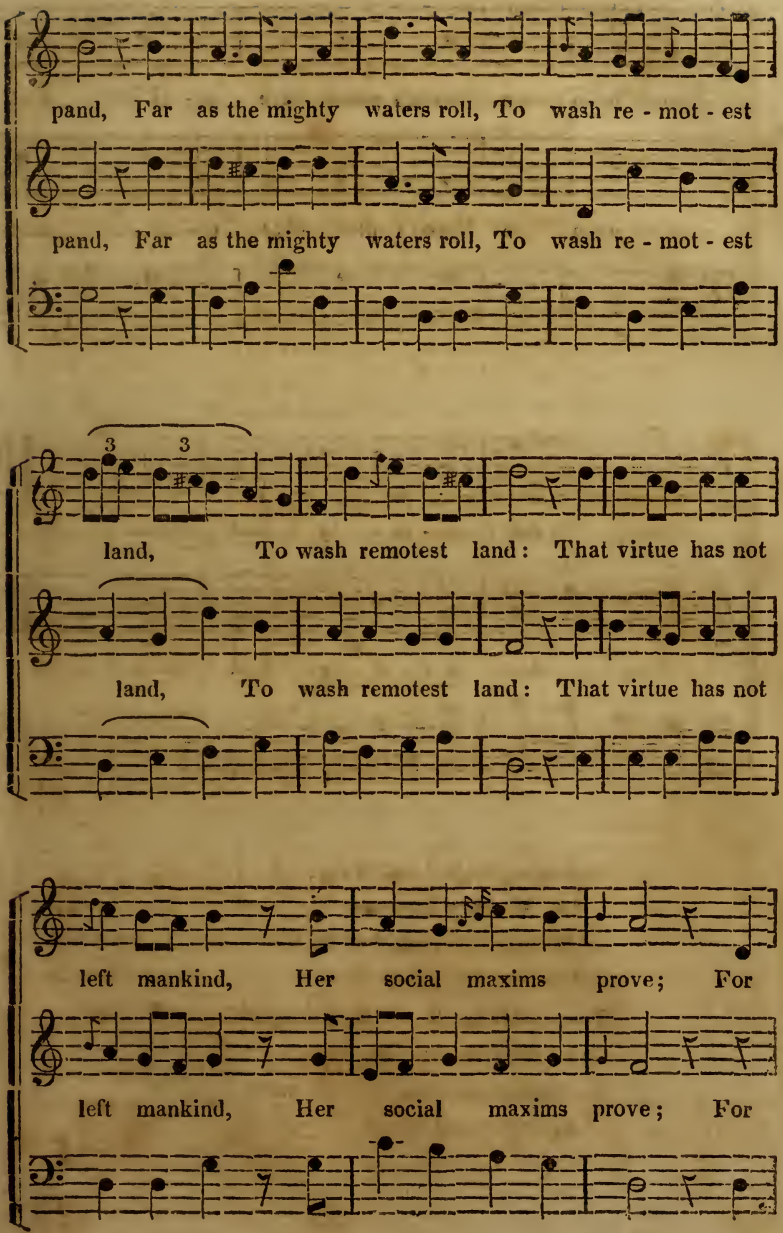
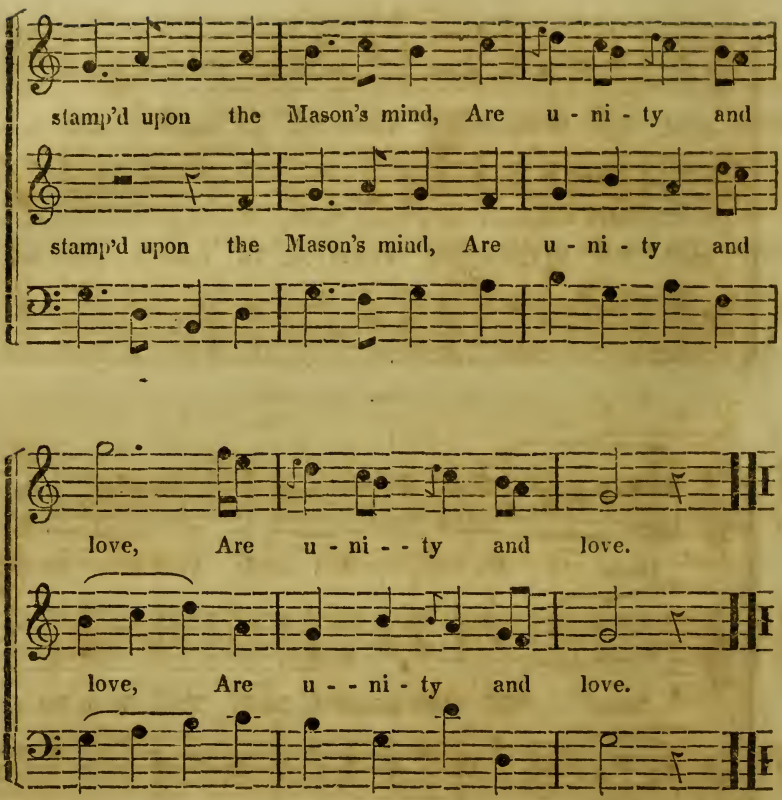

Hail, to the Craft! whose light, broadly beaming,
Streams from the loveliest *Star* of the sky;
O'er sorrow's vale ever cheerfully gleaming,
Guiding to yonder bright temple on high;
Still may that holy ray,
Type of Immortal day,
Light the lone path of the pilgrim along;
'Till the Grand Masters 'hest
Bid all his labours rest,
Attuning his harp to the mystical song.

Long may each mason be firm in his duty,
The grand and the useful in harmony join;
Long in this Temple may Wisdom and Beauty,
Stars of the high arch of Masonry, shine;
Here may we often meet
Each brother true to greet,
Time strewing flow'rs o'er the swift rolling year;
Here may fair Union rise,
Here join the good and wise
Charity, Friendship and Truth to revere.

Now to Creation's Great Builder ascending,
Loud let the Chorus of Gratitude swell;
Here, as before Him we humbly are bending,
O! may He deign in this Temple to dwell:
Here may the social fire
Of Love to Heav'n aspire,
Long from this Altar rise Incense of praise
To the Eternal One,
Our ceaseless shining Sun,
Master of All—Holy, "Antient of Days!"

## GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.



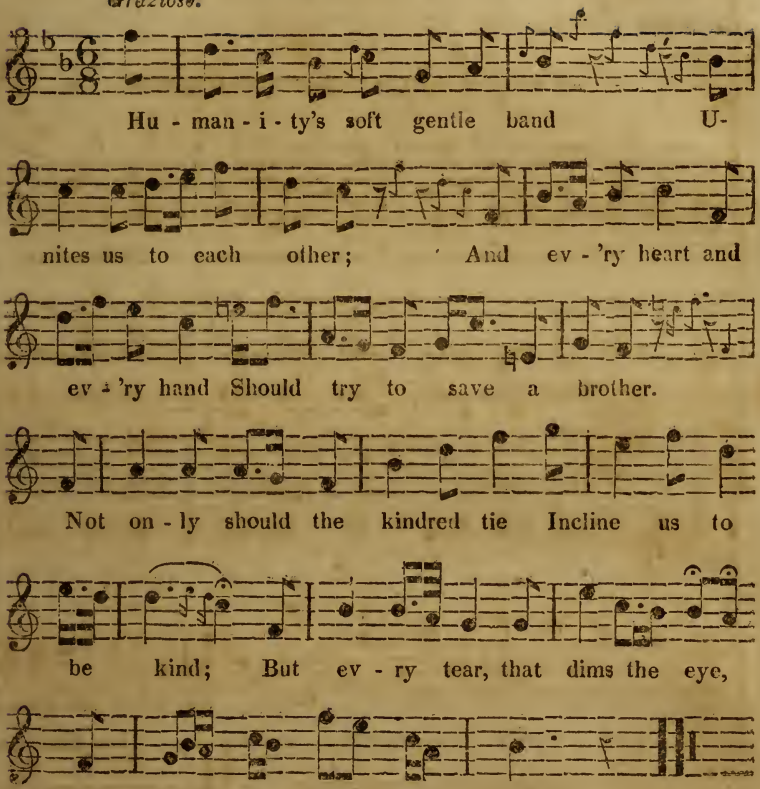

pand, Far as the mighty waters roll, To wash re - mot - est
pand, Far as the mighty waters roll, To wash re - mot - est
3 3
land, To wash remotest land: That virtue has not
land, To wash remotest land: That virtue has not
left mankind, Her social maxims prove; For
left mankind, Her social maxims prove; For

stamp'd upon the Mason's mind, Are u - ni - ty and
stamp'd upon the Mason's mind, Are u - ni - ty and
love, Are u - ni - - ty and love.
love, Are u - - ni - ty and love.

Ascending to her native sky,
Let Masonry increase;
A glorious pillar rais'd on high,
Integrity its base;
Peace adds to olive boughs entwin'd,
An emblematic dove,
As stamp'd upon the Mason's mind,
Are unity and love.

## HUMANITY.

SONG.....BY J. H.

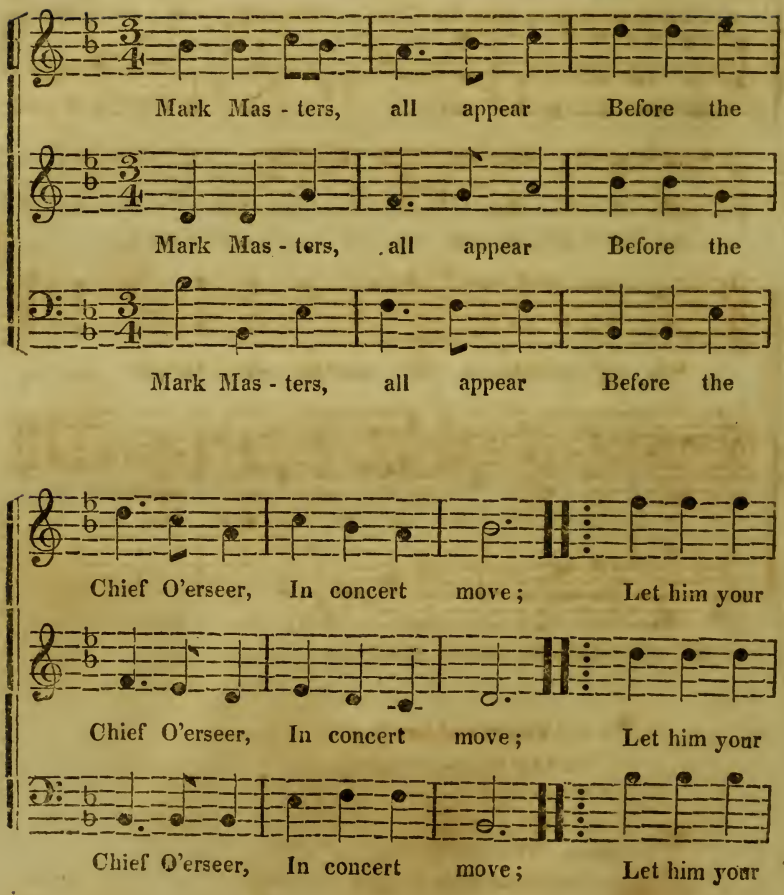
*Graziose.*

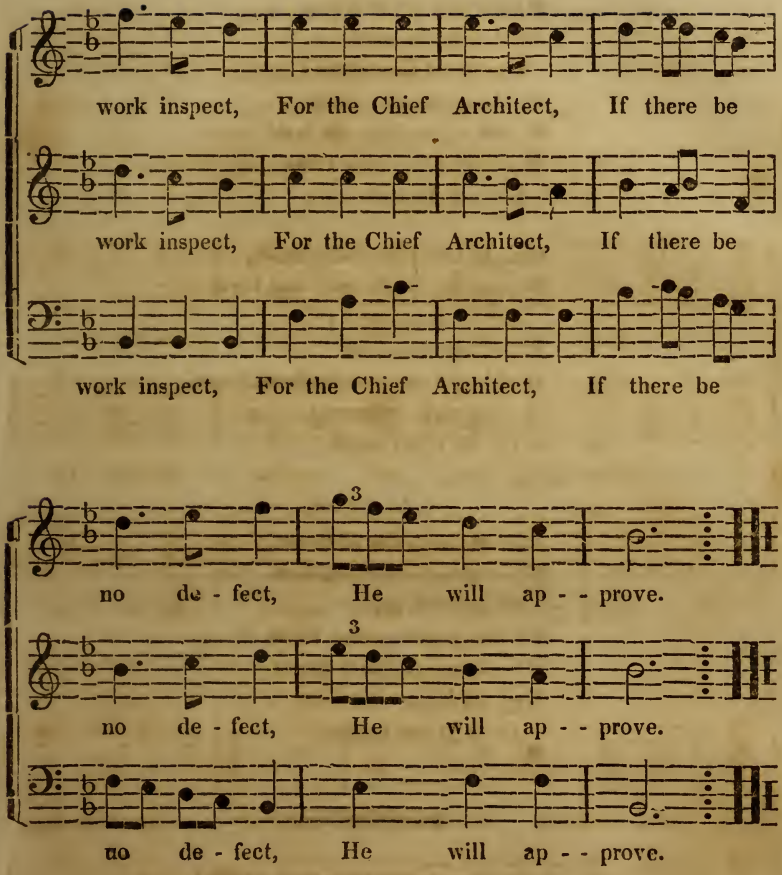

Hu - man - i - ty's soft gentle band U-
nites us to each other; And ev - 'ry heart and
ev - 'ry hand Should try to save a brother.
Not on - ly should the kindred tie Incline us to
be kind; But ev - ry tear, that dims the eye,
Should wound the feel - ing mind.

We're children of one family,
And earth, our common mother;
When sorrow and distress we see,
With joy relieve a brother.
Humanity! thou gift divine,
The mind is cold and dark,
That will not to thy voice incline,
Nor feel the pit'ing spark.

## MARK MASTER'S SONG.

TO BE SUNG DURING THE CLOSING CEREMONY.


Mark Mas - ters, all appear Before the
Mark Mas - ters, all appear Before the
Mark Mas - ters, all appear Before the
Chief O'erseer, In concert move; Let him your
Chief O'erseer, In concert move; Let him your
Chief O'erseer, In concert move; Let him your


work inspect, For the Chief Architect, If there be
work inspect, For the Chief Architect, If there be
work inspect, For the Chief Architect, If there be
3
no de - fect, He will ap - - prove.
3
no de - fect, He will ap - - prove.
no de - fect, He will ap - - prove.

You, who have pass'd the Square,
For your rewards prepare,
Join heart and hand;
*Each with his mark in view,*
March with the just and true,
Wages to you are due,
At your command.

Hiram, the widow's son,
Sent unto Solomon
Our great Key-stone;
On it appears the name,
Which raises high the fame
Of all, to whom the same
Is truly known.

Now to the Westward move,
Where, full of strength and love,
Hiram doth stand;
But if impostors are
Mix'd with the worthy there,
*Caution them to beware*
*Of the right hand.*

CEREMONIES.

Now to the praise of those,
Who triumph o'er the foes
Of mason's art;
To the praiseworthy three,
Who founded this degree;
May all their virtues be
Deep in our hearts.

## KNIGHT TEMPLAR'S SONG.

(*Musick, see* 81*st page.*)

GOD bless the worthy band,
Who grace this happy land
With valiant knights;
May the united Three
Of the blest Trinity
Cement the Unity
Of all great lights.

Twelve once were highly lov'd,
But one a Judas prov'd,
  Put out his fire;
May Simon haunt all fools,
Who vary from our rules,
May the heads of all such tools
  Rest high on spires.

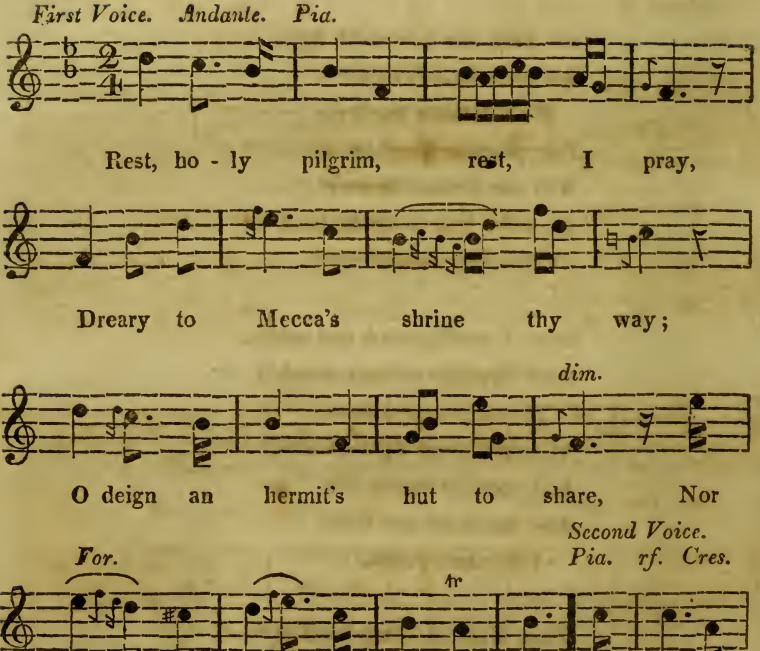
No Turk nor Jew we'll fight,
But in Religion's right
  We'll breathe our last;
Poor pilgrims begging, we
Will our Jerusalem see;
All steps, true Knights, have we
  Gloriously pass'd.

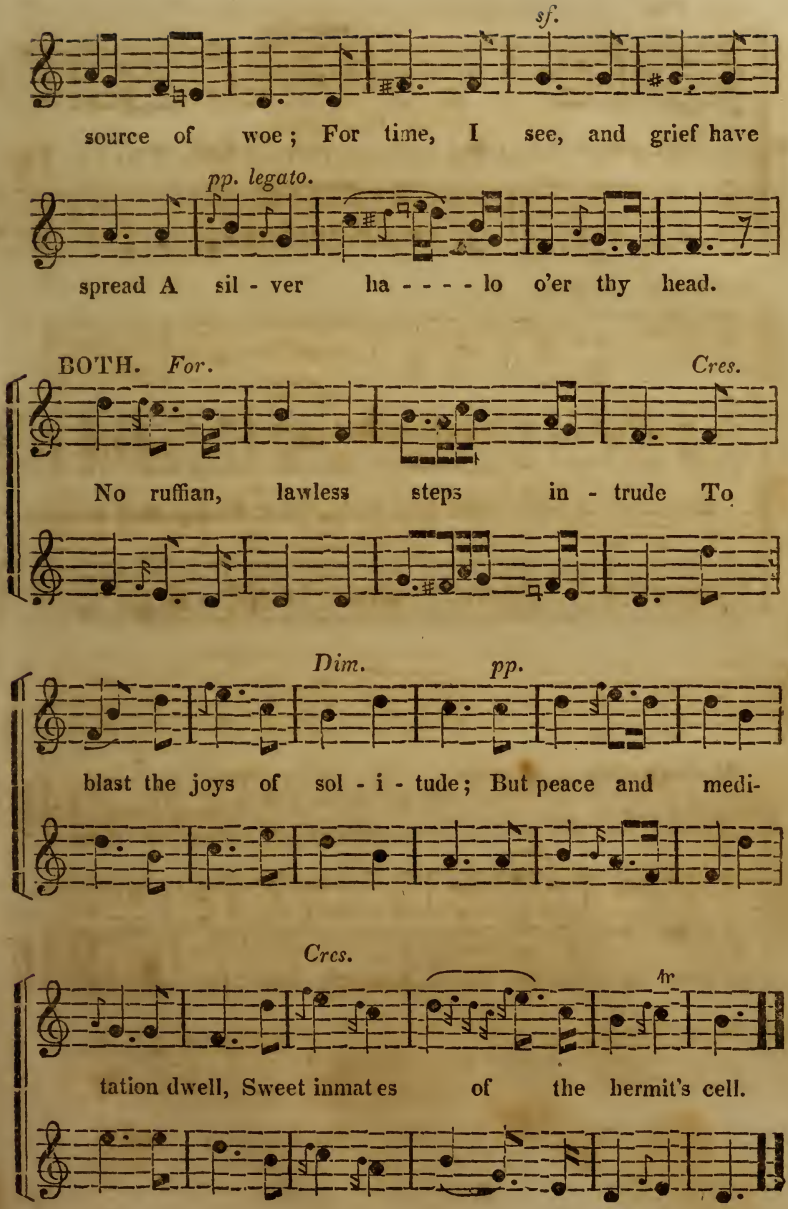
Enter'd, pass'd, rais'd, and arch'd,
And then like princes march'd
  Through rugged ways;
At length great light we saw,
And poor old Simon too,
Also the word and law,
  'Glory and Praise.'

Then Knights, clasp hand in hand,
None but Knights Templars stand
  In circle round;
May we e'er live in love,
And ev'ry blessing prove,
May manna from above
  Fall on this ground.

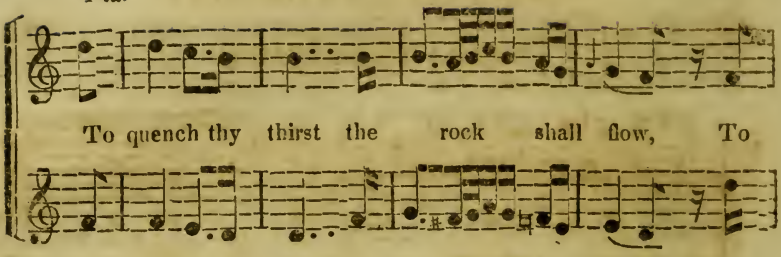
## REST, HOLY PILGRIM.

(DUET-)

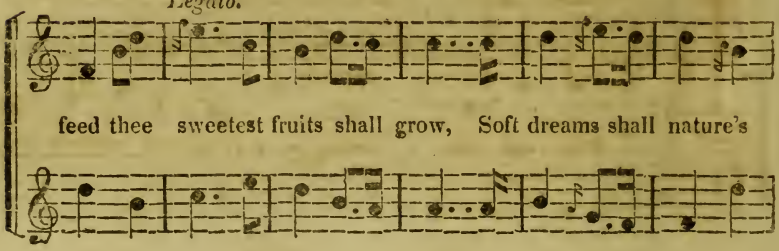

First Voice. Andante. Pia.
Rest, ho - ly pilgrim, rest, I pray,
Dreary to Mecca's shrine thy way;
dim.
O deign an hermit's hut to share, Nor
Second Voice.
For.
Pia. rf. Cres.
proud - ly spurn his homely fare. But say from
whence thy sorrows flow, Impart each secret

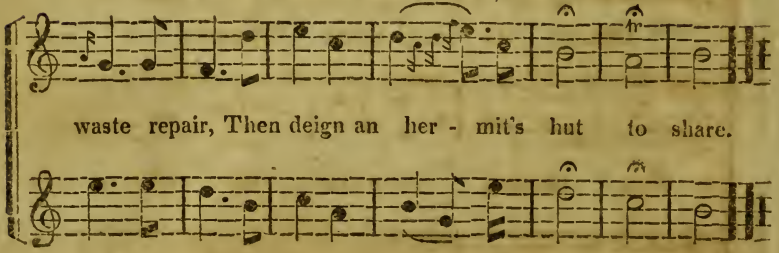

sf.
source of woe; For time, I see, and grief have
pp. legato.
spread A sil - ver ha - - - - lo o'er thy head.
BOTH. For.
Cres.
No ruffian, lawless steps in - trude To
Dim.
pp.
blast the joys of sol - i - tude; But peace and medi-
Cres.
tation dwell, Sweet inmates of the hermit's cell.

*Pia.*


To quench thy thirst the rock shall flow, To

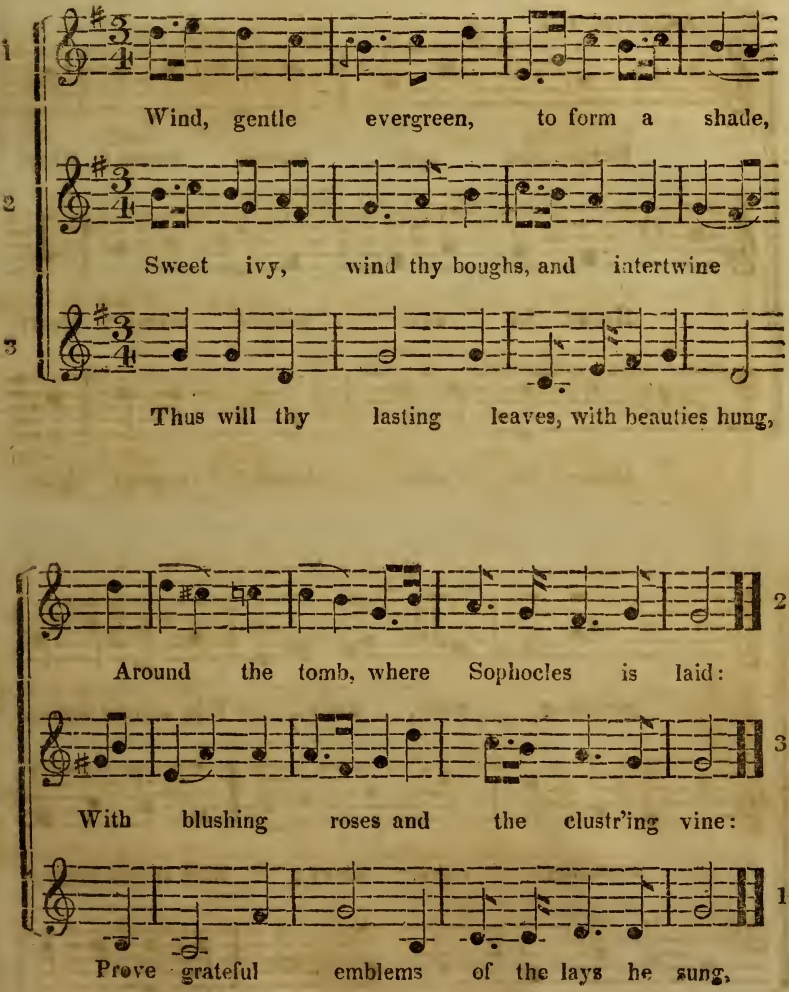
*Legato.*


feed thee sweetest fruits shall grow, Soft dreams shall nature's


waste repair, Then deign an her - mit's hut to share.

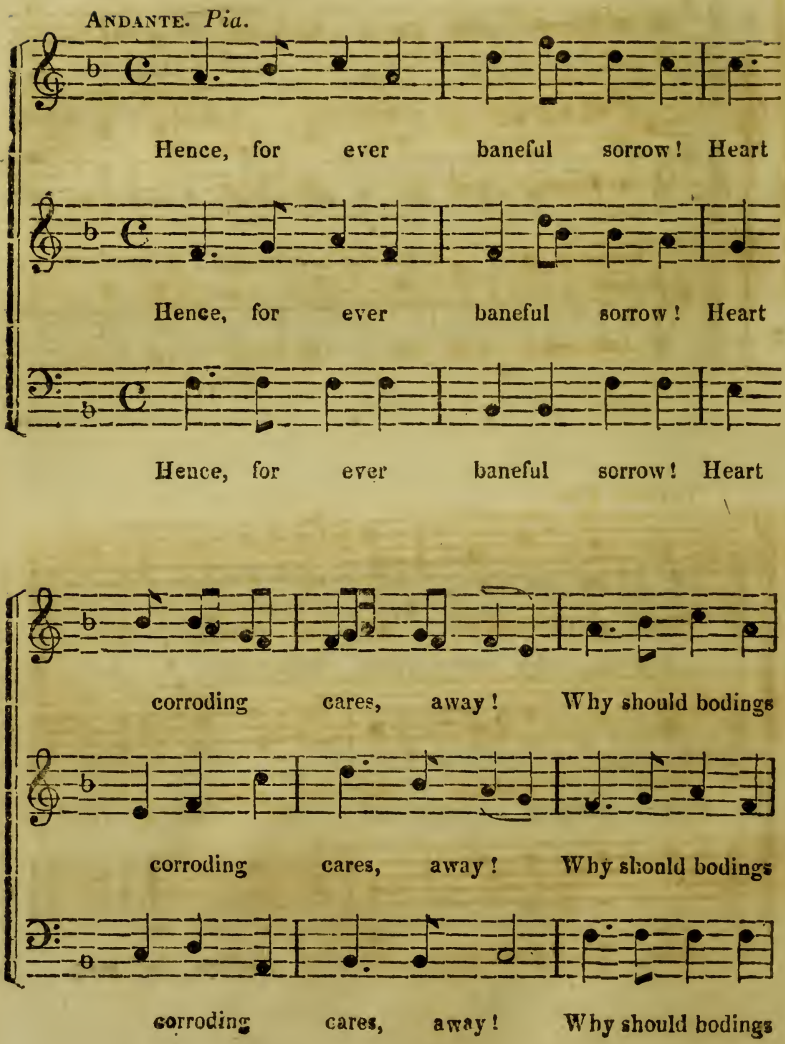
## WIND GENTLE EVERGREEN.

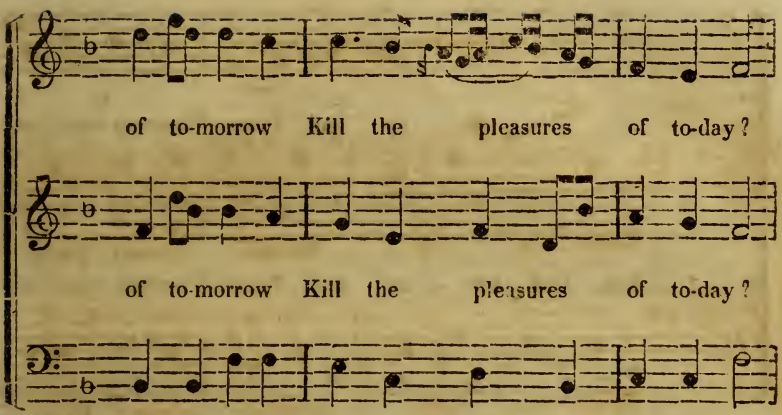
CATCH—FOR THREE VOICES.

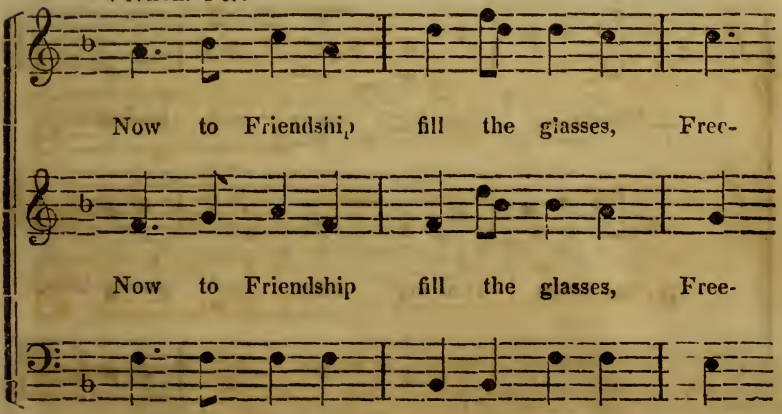

1
Wind, gentle evergreen, to form a shade,
2
Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs, and intertwine
3
Thus will thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung,
2
Around the tomb, where Sophocles is laid:
3
With blushing roses and the clustr'ing vine:
1
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung.

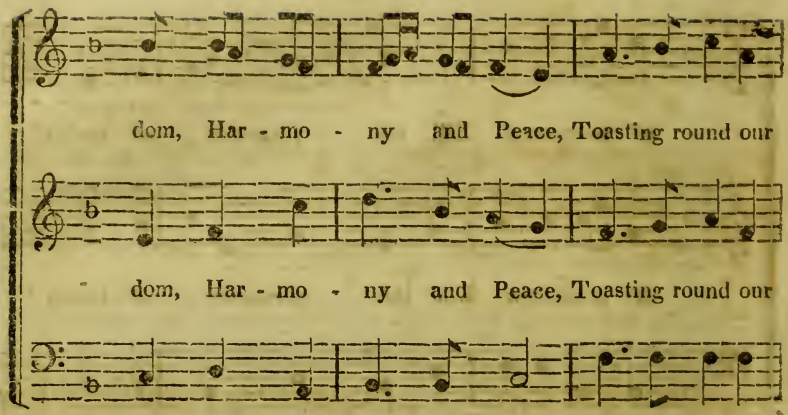
## HENCE FOREVER, BANEFUL SORROW.

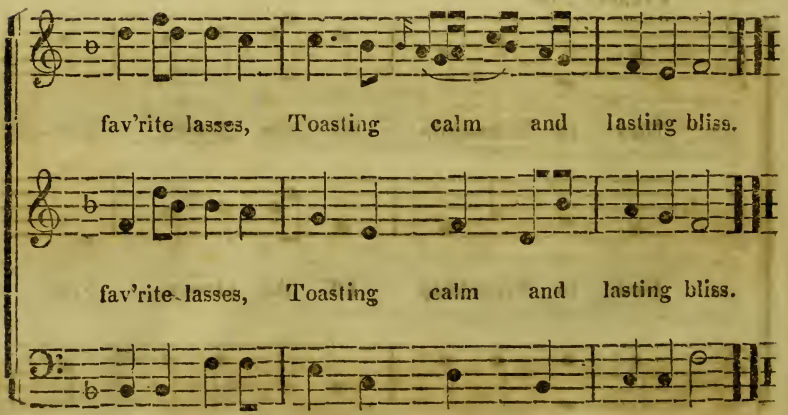
GLEE—FOR THREE VOICES.


ANDANTE. *Pia.*
Hence, for ever baneful sorrow! Heart
Hence, for ever baneful sorrow! Heart
Hence, for ever baneful sorrow! Heart
corroding cares, away! Why should bodings
corroding cares, away! Why should bodings
corroding cares, away! Why should bodings


of to-morrow Kill the pleasures of to-day?
of to-morrow Kill the pleasures of to-day?
of to-morrow Kill the pleasures of to-day?


Vivace. For.
Now to Friendship fill the glasses, Free-
Now to Friendship fill the glasses, Free-
Now to Friendship fill the glasses, Free-

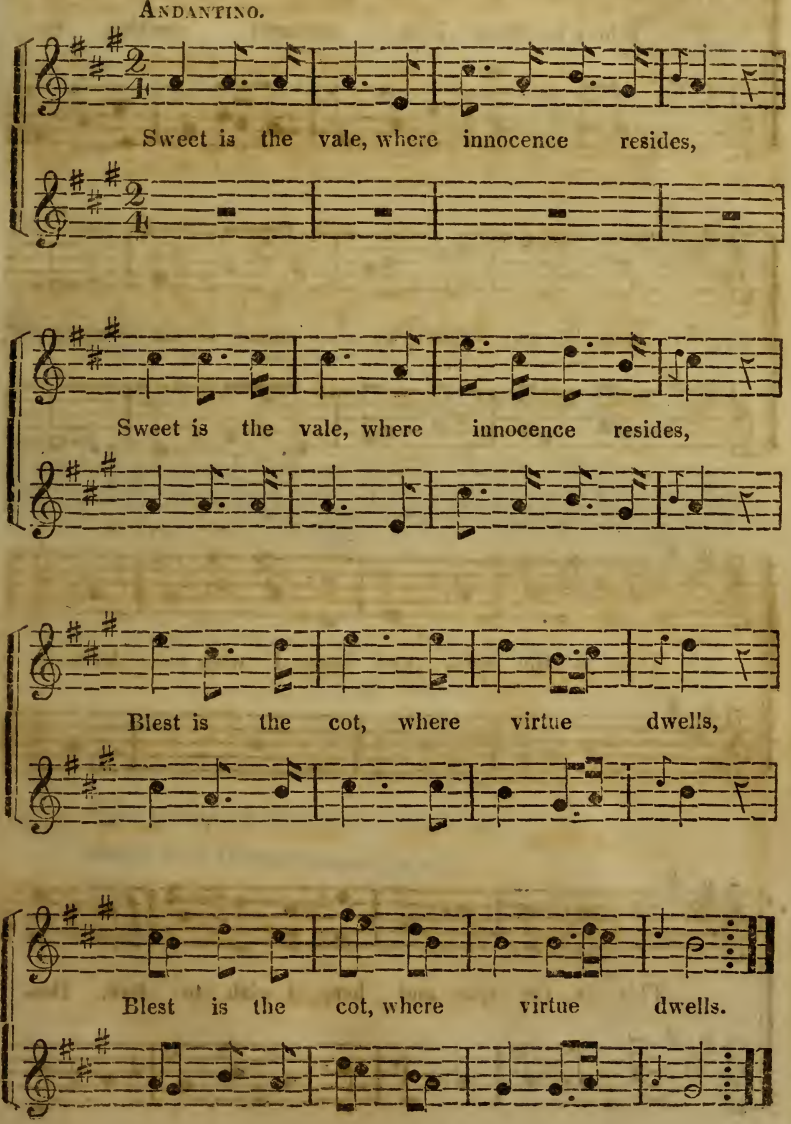

dom, Har - mo - ny and Peace, Toasting round our
dom, Har - mo - ny and Peace, Toasting round our
dom, Har - mo - ny and Peace, Toasting round our

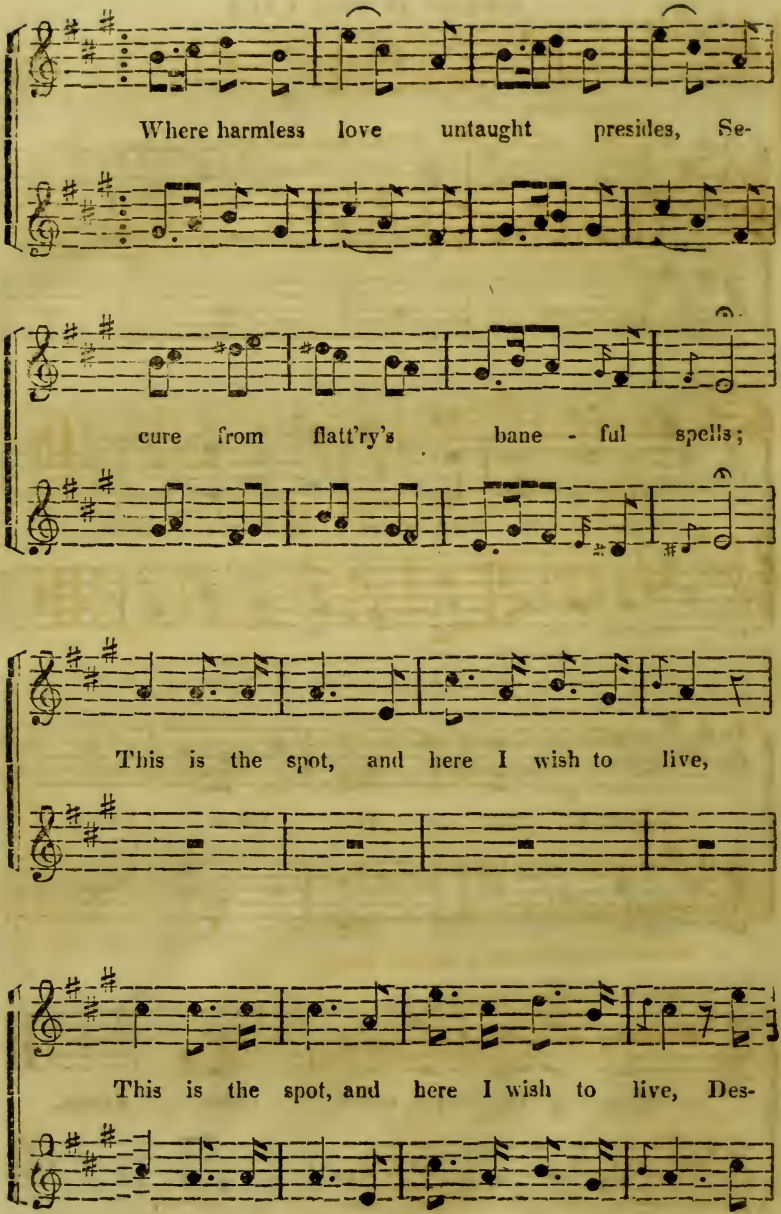

fav'rite lasses, Toasting calm and lasting bliss.
fav'rite lasses, Toasting calm and lasting bliss.
fav'rite lasses, Toasting calm and lasting bliss.

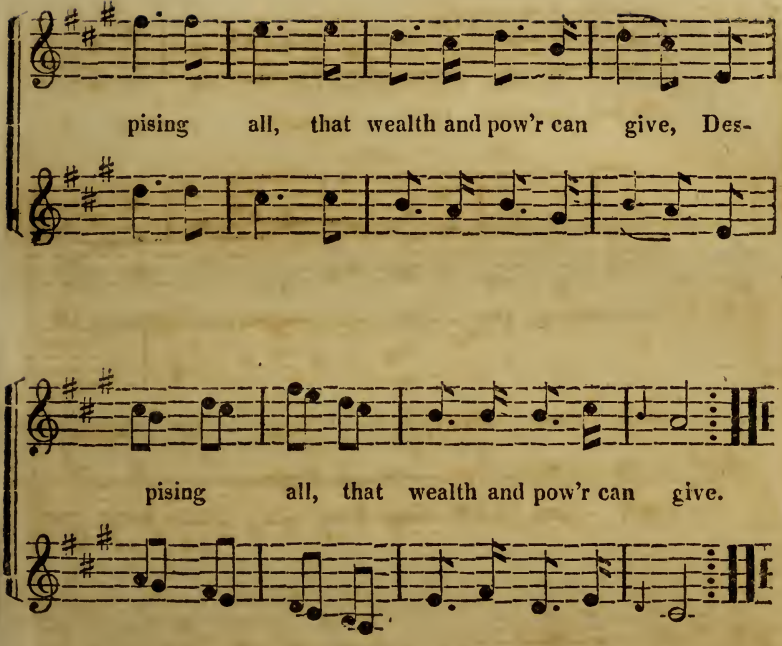
## SWEET IS THE VALE.

DUET.

ANDANTINO.


Sweet is the vale, where innocence resides,
Sweet is the vale, where innocence resides,
Blest is the cot, where virtue dwells,
Blest is the cot, where virtue dwells.

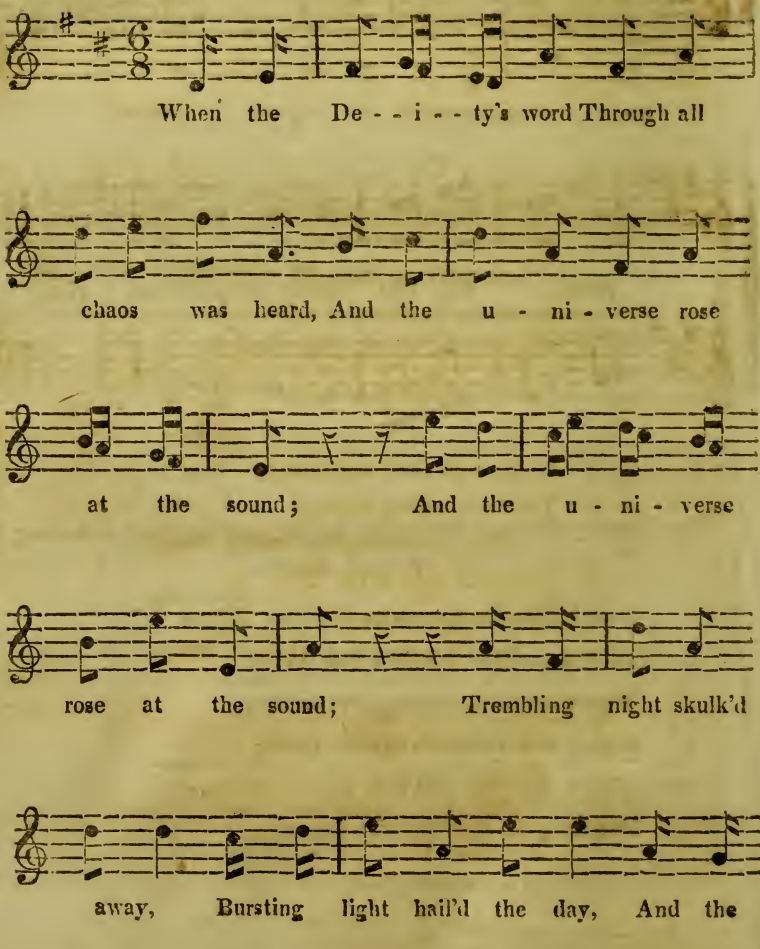

Where harmless love untaught presides, Se-
cure from flatt'ry's bane - ful spells;
This is the spot, and here I wish to live,
This is the spot, and here I wish to live, Des-

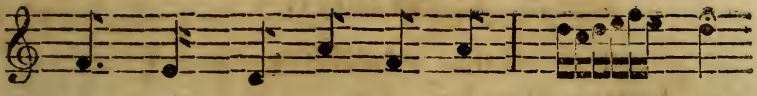


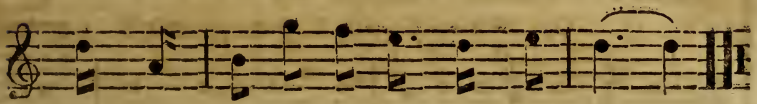

*The following Masonick paraphrase on the preceding lines, to be sung in the same Musick.*

Sweet is the Lodge, where Harmony resides,
Blest is the Hall, where Virtue dwells,
Where blissful Friendship e'er presides,
Secure from Discord's baneful spells;
This is the spot; and here I would improve,
Despising all, that Jealousy can move.

## WHEN THE DEITY'S WORD.

SONG.

When the De - - i - - ty's word Through all
chaos was heard, And the u - ni - verse rose
at the sound; And the u - ni - verse
rose at the sound; Trembling night skulk'd
away, Bursting light hail'd the day, And the



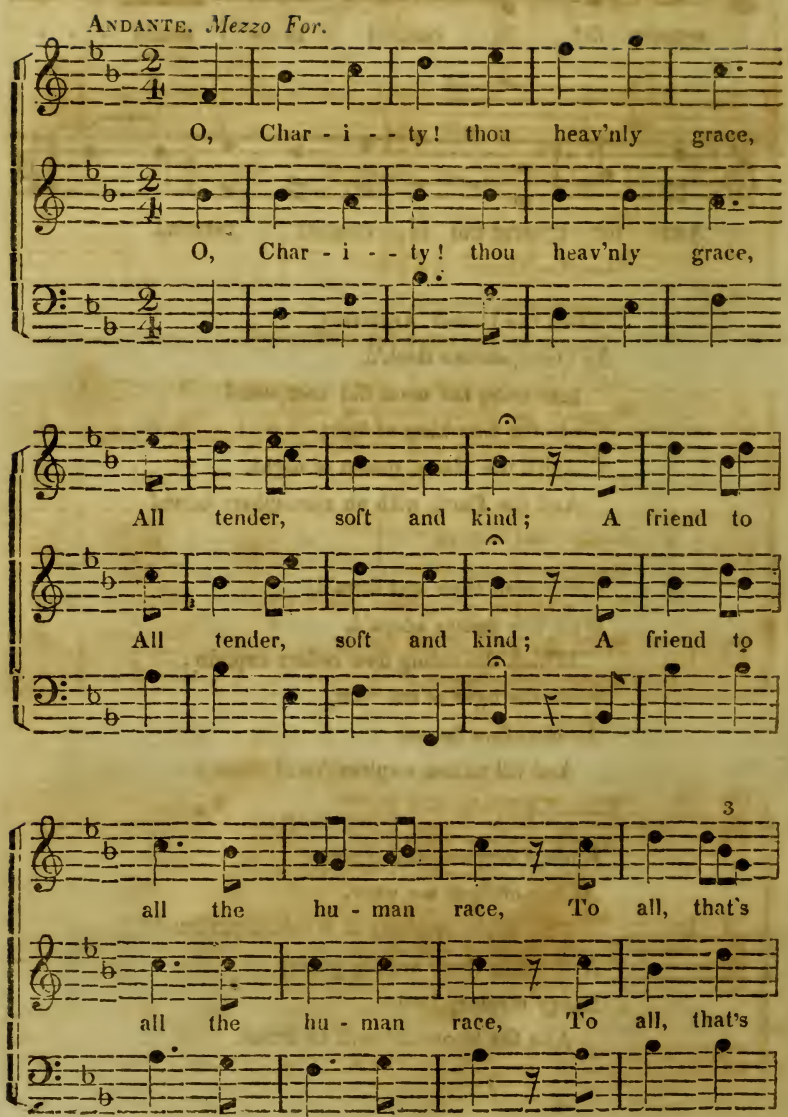




Then the Grand Architect,
In Omnipotence deck'd,
Into order the mass did compound;
Made the Sun king of light,
Crown'd the Moon, queen of night,
And the Earth with an atmosphere bound.

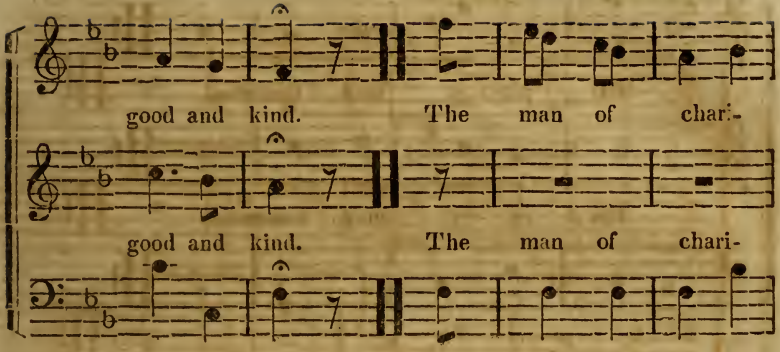
Noble man then was form'd,
With five senses adorn'd,
Which the ruling five orders explain;
With the light of the Sun,
Architecture begun,
And till nature expires, 'twill remain.

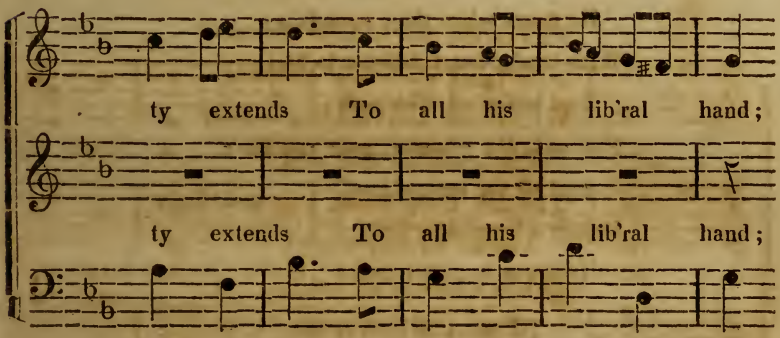
Bible, Compass, and Square,
As our ensigns we wear,
The bright symbols of Wisdom profound;
And while these are our guide,
Every mystery beside,
As a foe to our art will be found.

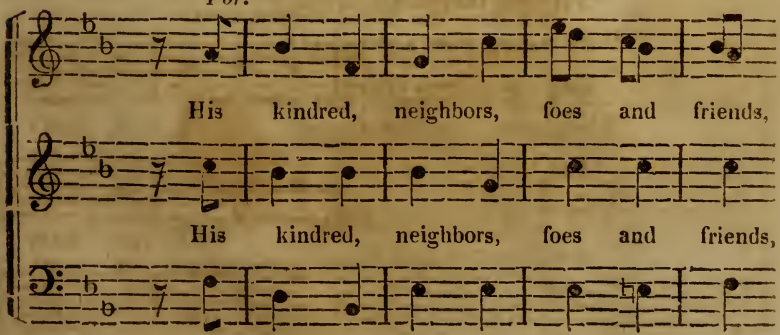
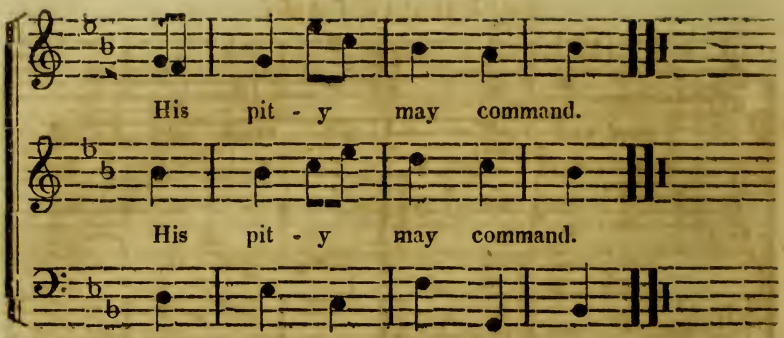
## CHARITY.

A HYMN.

Andante. Mezzo For.
O, Char - i - - ty! thou heav'nly grace,
O, Char - i - - ty! thou heav'nly grace,
All tender, soft and kind; A friend to
All tender, soft and kind; A friend to
3
all the hu - man race, To all, that's
all the hu - man race, To all, that's

*Pia.*


good and kind. The man of chari-
good and kind. The man of chari-

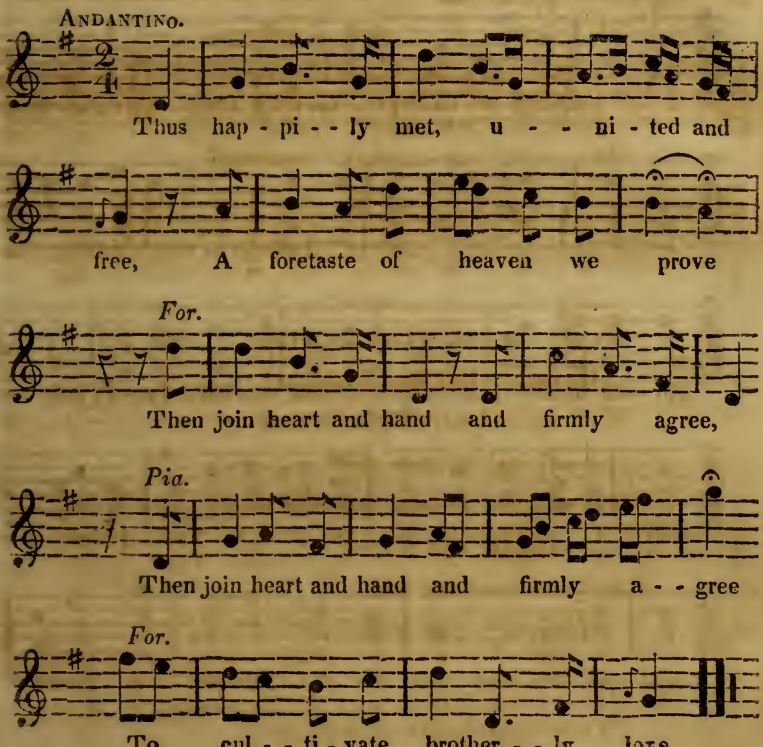

ty extends To all his lib'ral hand;
ty extends To all his lib'ral hand;

*For.*

His kindred, neighbors, foes and friends,
His kindred, neighbors, foes and friends,

He aids the poor in their distress—
He hears when they complain;
With tender heart delights to bless
And lessen all their pain:
The sick, the prisoner, poor and blind,
And all the sons of grief,
In him a benefactor find,
He loves to give relief.

'Tis love, that makes religion sweet,
'Tis love, that makes us rise,
With willing mind and ardent feet,
To yonder happy skies:
Then let us all in love abound,
And Charity pursue;
Thus shall we be with glory crown'd,
And love as angels do.

## THUS HAPPILY MET.

SONG.

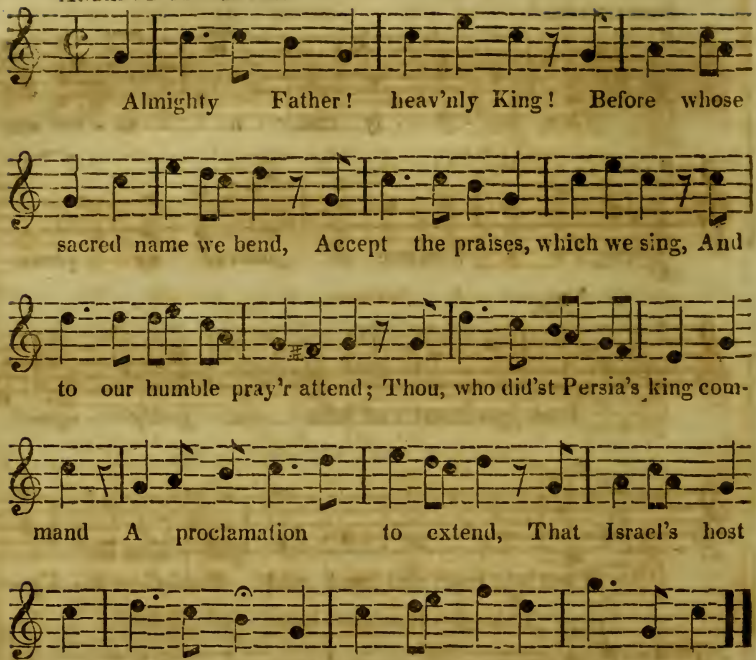

Andantino.
Thus hap - pi - - ly met, u - - ni - ted and
free, A foretaste of heaven we prove
For.
Then join heart and hand and firmly agree,
Pia.
Then join heart and hand and firmly a - - gree
For.
To cul - - ti - vate brother - - ly love.

With corn, wine and oil, our table replete,
The Altar of friendship divine;
Each virtue and grace the circle complete,
With aid of the musical nine.

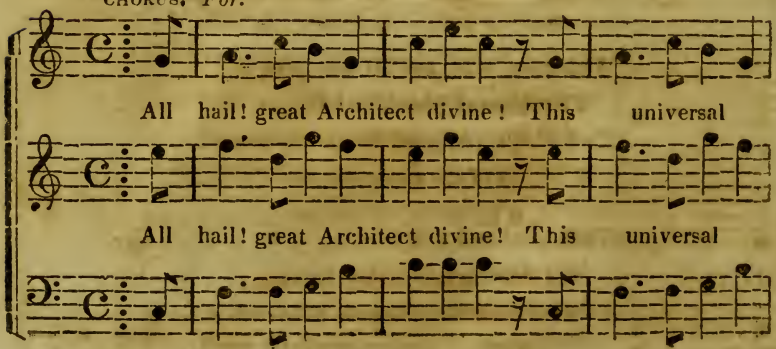
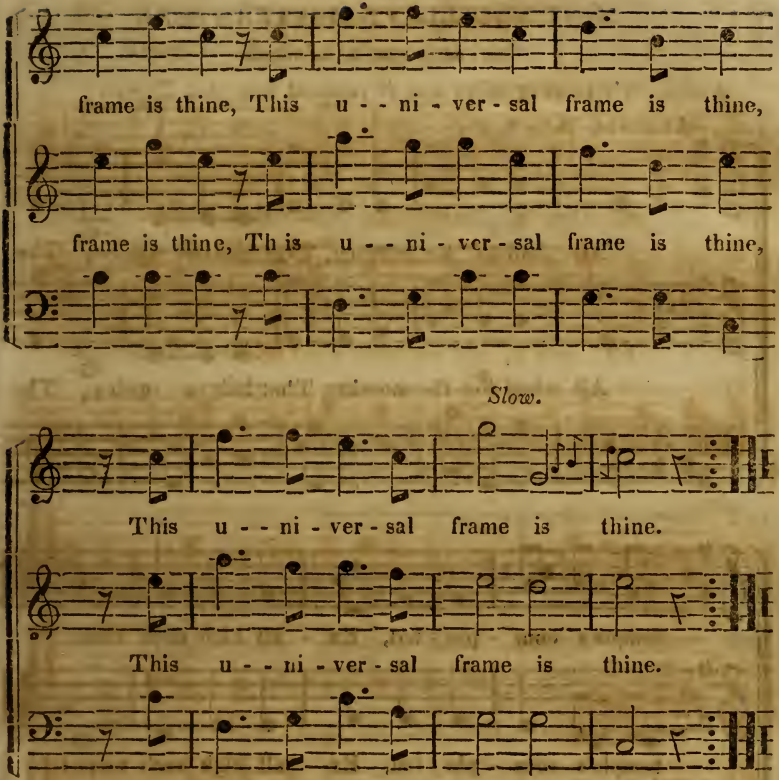
Thus blest and thus blessing in work so supreme,
May Masonry daily increase;
Its grand scheme of morals, our favorite theme,
The source of contentment and peace.

## ROYAL ARCH SONG.

ANDANTE MODERATO.


Almighty Father! heav'nly King! Before whose
sacred name we bend, Accept the praises, which we sing, And
to our humble pray'r attend; Thou, who did'st Persia's king com-
mand A proclamation to extend, That Israel's host
might quit his land Their ho - ly Temple to attend;

CHORUS. *For.*



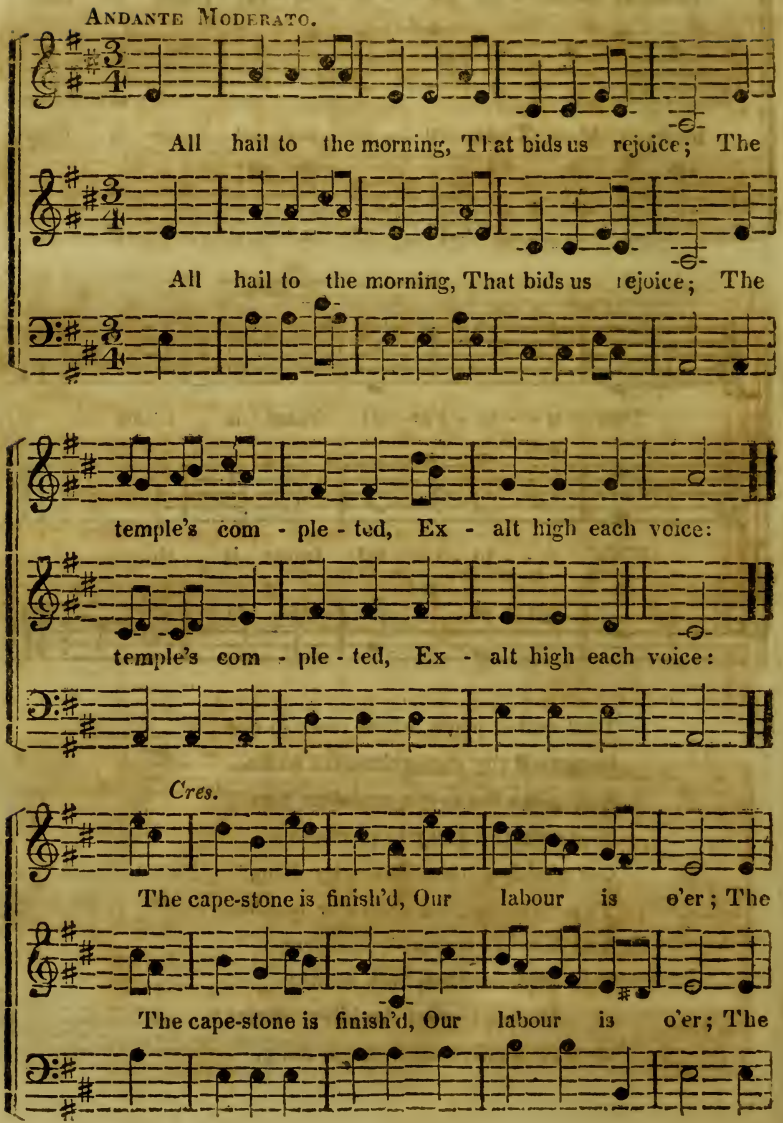
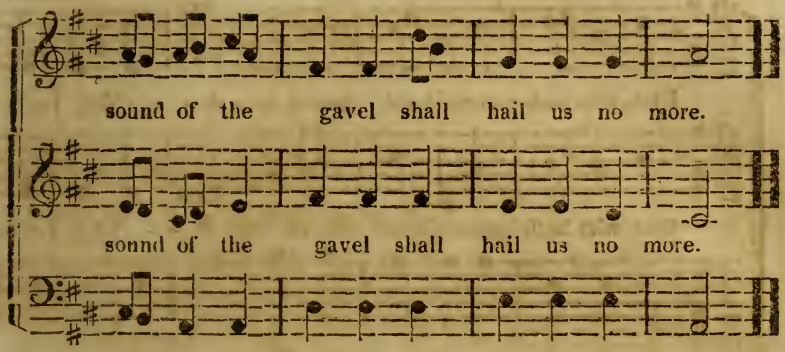
frame is thine, This u - - ni - ver - sal frame is thine,
frame is thine, Th is u - - ni - ver - sal frame is thine,
Slow.
This u - - ni - ver - sal frame is thine.
This u - - ni - ver - sal frame is thine.

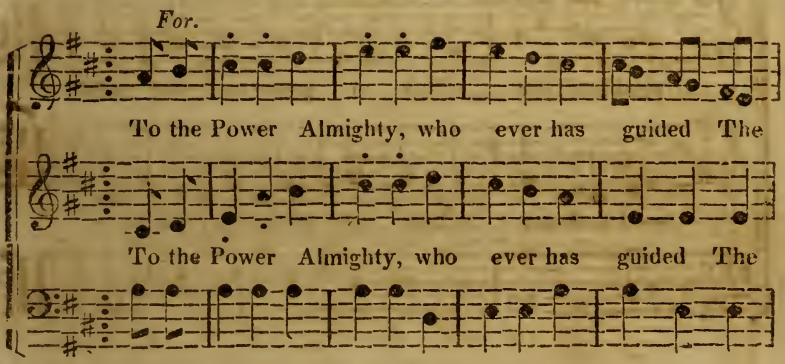
That sacred place, where three in one
Compris'd thy comprehensive name,
And when the bright meridian Sun
Was soon thy glory to proclaim;
Our glad hosannas, Sovereign King!
Thy welcome here shall e'er proclaim,
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy revealed, holy name;
All hail! great Architect divine!
This universal frame is thine,

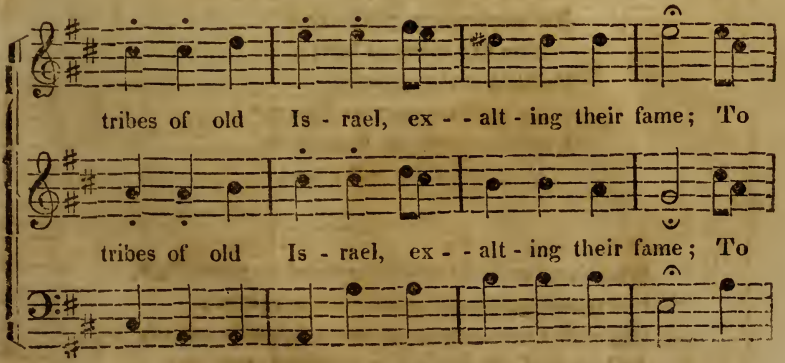
## MOST EXCELLENT MASTER'S SONG.

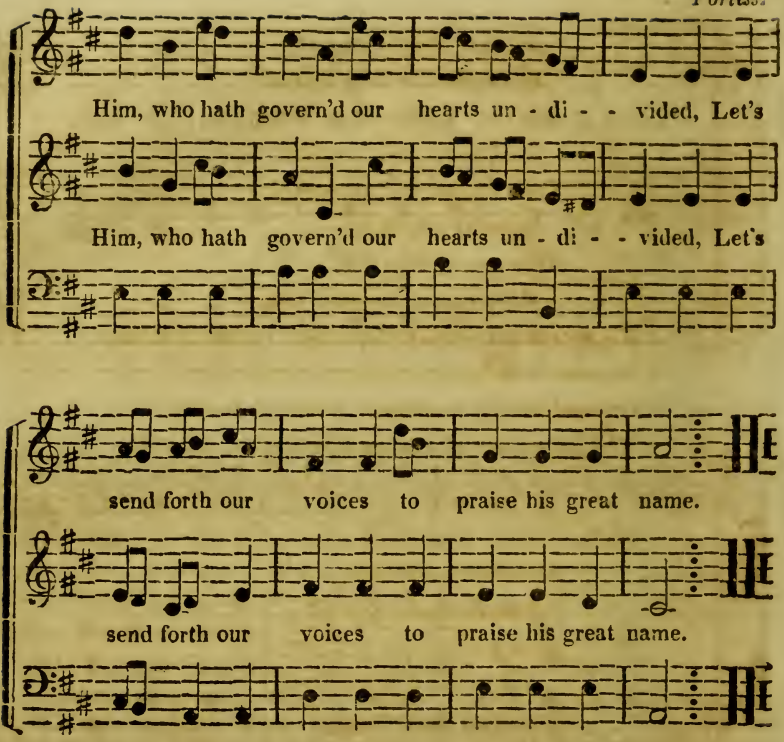
BY BROTHER T. S. WEBB.

*To be sung when one is received into that Degree.*


ANDANTE MODERATO.
All hail to the morning, That bids us rejoice; The
All hail to the morning, That bids us rejoice; The
temple's com - ple - ted, Ex - alt high each voice:
temple's com - ple - ted, Ex - alt high each voice:
Cres.
The cape-stone is finish'd, Our labour is o'er; The
The cape-stone is finish'd, Our labour is o'er; The

sound of the gavel shall hail us no more.
sound of the gavel shall hail us no more.


For.
To the Power Almighty, who ever has guided The
To the Power Almighty, who ever has guided The


tribes of old Is - rael, ex - - alt - ing their fame; To
tribes of old Is - rael, ex - - alt - ing their fame; To


Fortiss.
Him, who hath govern'd our hearts un - di - - vided, Let's
Him, who hath govern'd our hearts un - di - - vided, Let's
send forth our voices to praise his great name.
send forth our voices to praise his great name.

Companions assemble
On this joyful day,
Th' occasion is glorious,
The key-stone to lay;
Fulfill'd is the promise
By the ANCIENT OF DAYS,
To bring forth the cape-stone.
With shouting and praise.

*Ceremonies.*

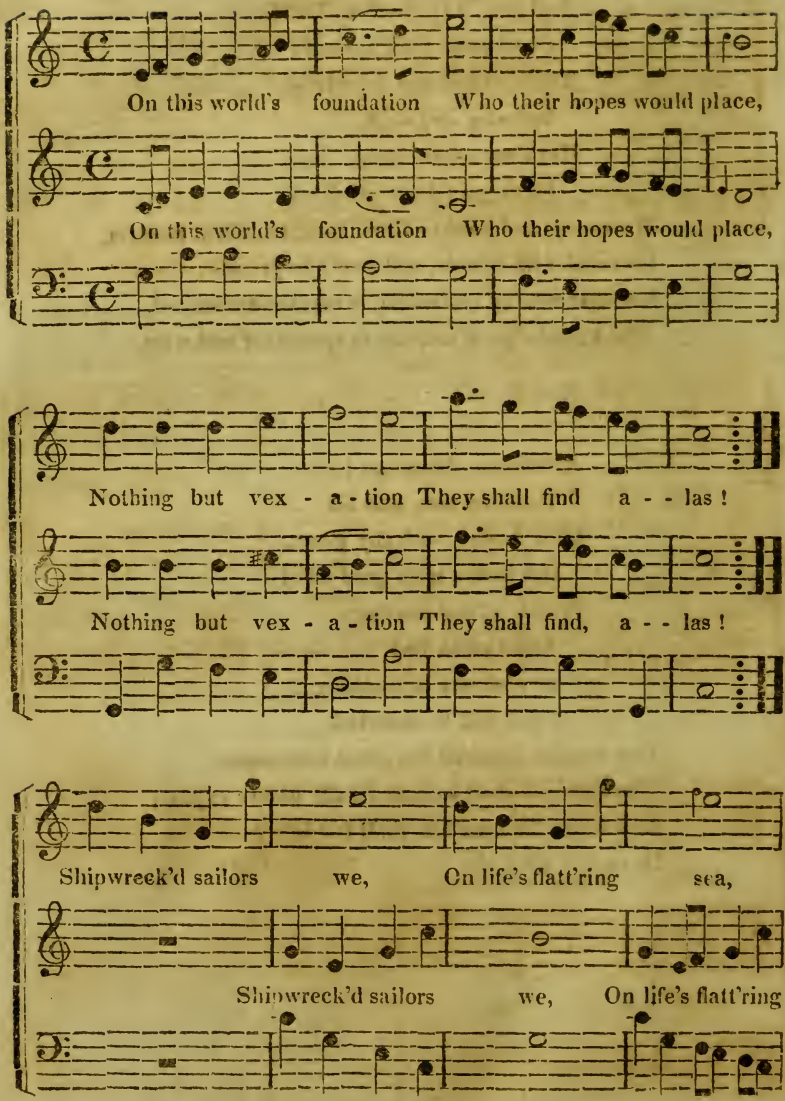
There's no more occasion for level or plumb-line,
For trowel or gavel, for compass or square;
Our works are completed, the Ark, safely seated,
And we shall be greeted as workmen most rare.

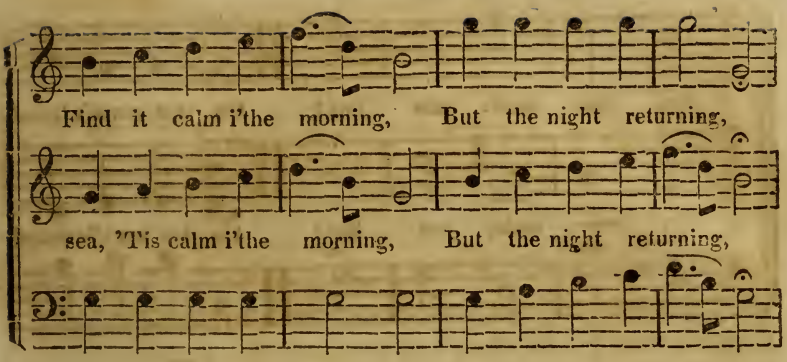
Now those, that are worthy,
Our toils who have shar'd,
And prov'd themselves faithful,
Shall meet their reward;
Their virtue and knowledge,
Industry and skill,
Have our approbation,
Have gain'd our good will.
We accept and receive them, most excellent masters,
Invested with honors, and pow'r to preside;
Amongst worthy craftsmen, wherever assembled,
The knowledge of masons to spread far and wide.

Almighty Jehovah!
Descend now, and fill
This Lodge with thy glory,
Our hearts with good will!
Preside at our meetings,
Assist us to find
True pleasure in teaching
Good will to mankind.
Thy wisdom inspired the great institution,
Thy strength shall support it, till nature expire;
And when the creation shall fall into ruin,
Its beauty shall rise through the midst of the fire!

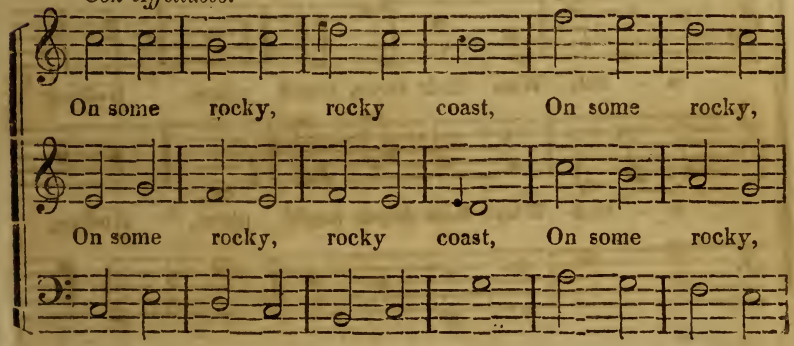
## ON THIS WORLD'S FOUNDATION.

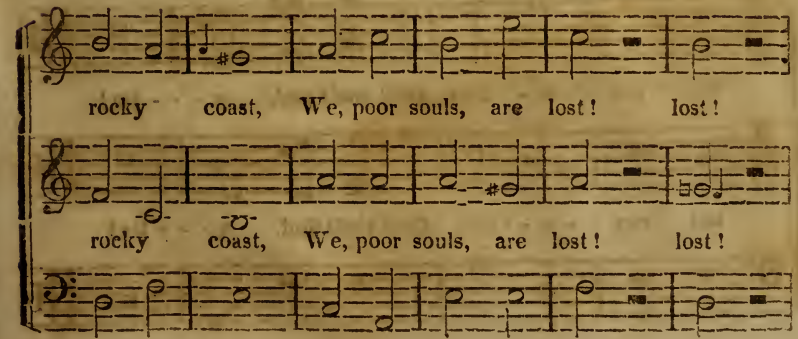
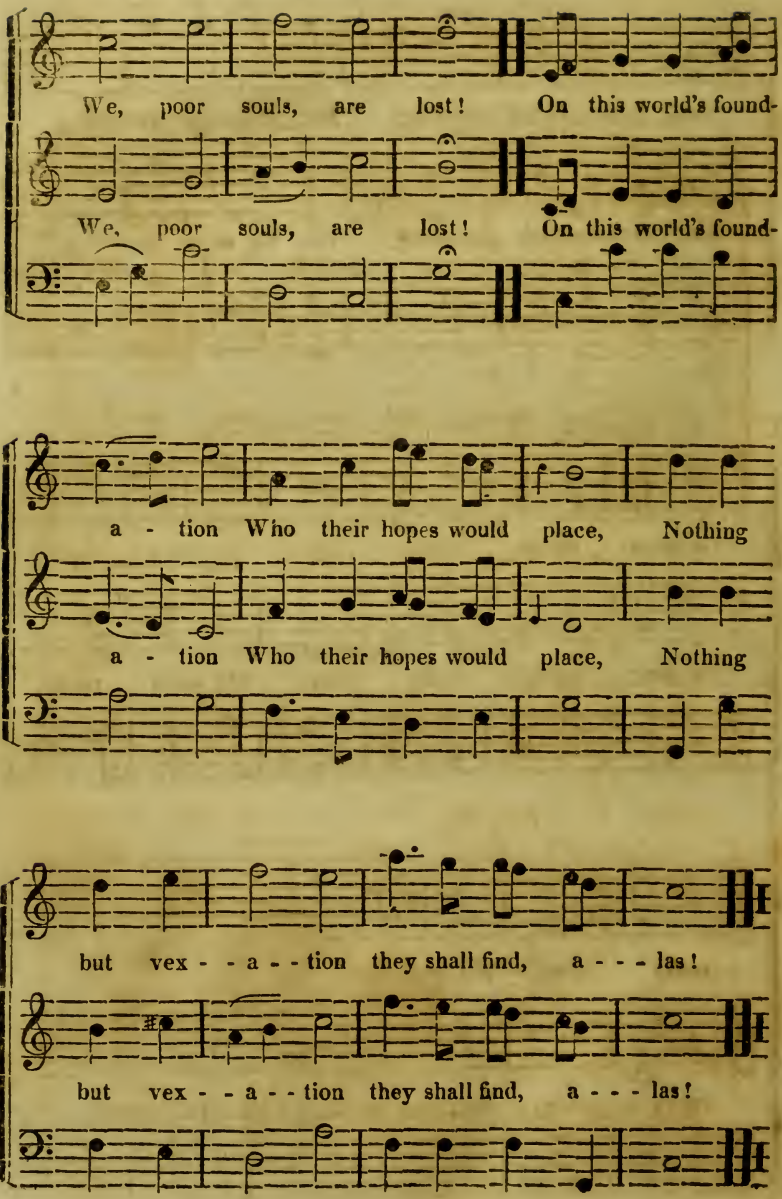
GLEE.....FOR THREE VOICES.


On this world's foundation Who their hopes would place,
On this world's foundation Who their hopes would place,
Nothing but vex - a - tion They shall find a - - las !
Nothing but vex - a - tion They shall find, a - - las !
Shipwreck'd sailors we, On life's flatt'ring sea,
Shipwreck'd sailors we, On life's flatt'ring



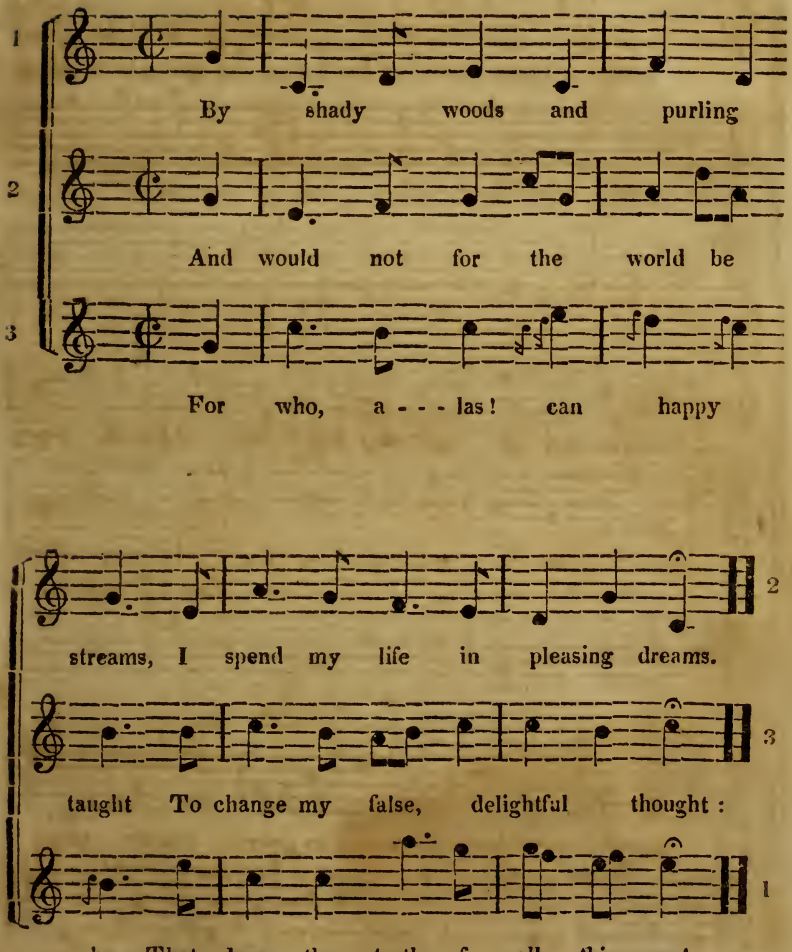

*Con Affettuoso.*



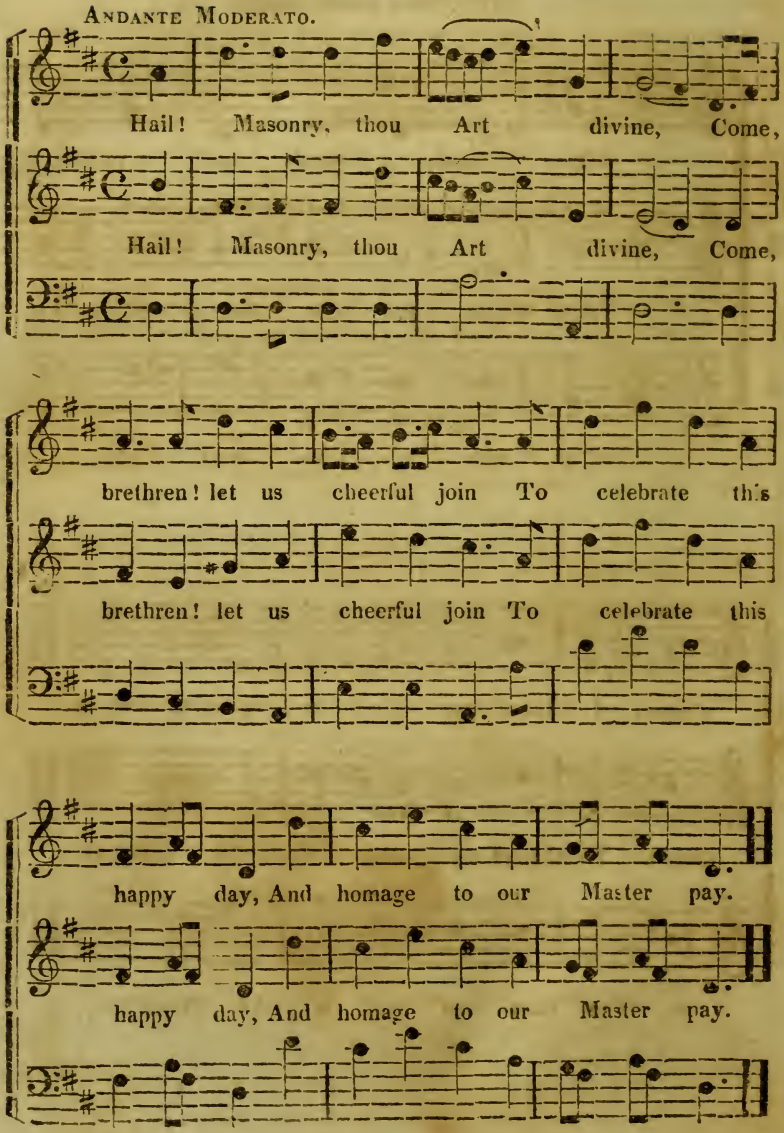
We, poor souls, are lost! On this world's found-
We, poor souls, are lost! On this world's found-
a - tion Who their hopes would place, Nothing
a - tion Who their hopes would place, Nothing
but vex - - a - - tion they shall find, a - - - las!
but vex - - a - - tion they shall find, a - - - las!

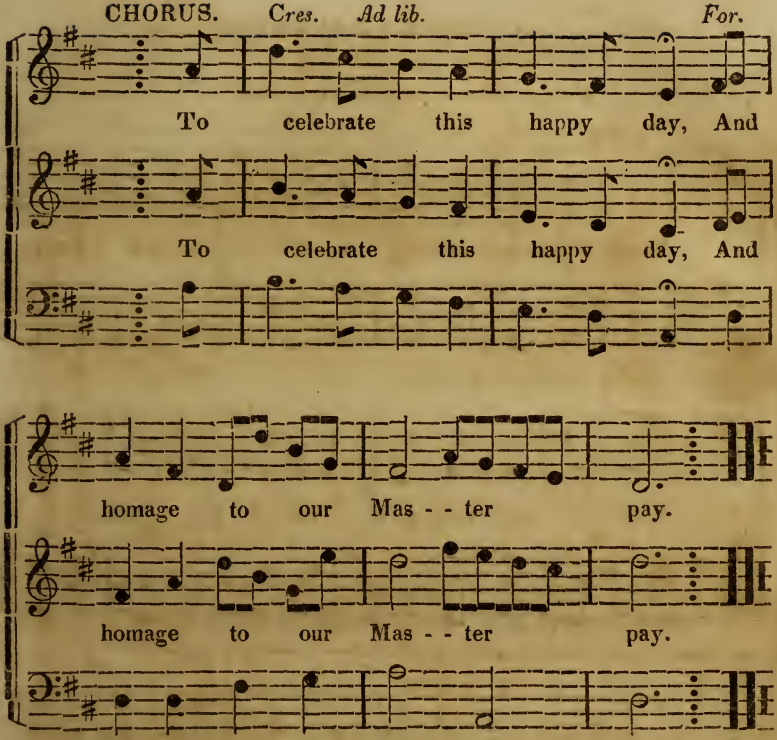
## BY SHADY WOODS.

CATCH—FOR THREE VOICES.

1
By shady woods and purling
2
And would not for the world be
3
For who, a - - - las! can happy
streams, I spend my life in pleasing dreams.
2
taught To change my false, delightful thought:
3
be, That does the truth of all things see!
1

## GLEE—FOR THREE VOICES.

MUSICK BY BROTHER O. SHAW.


Andante Moderato.
Hail! Masonry, thou Art divine, Come,
Hail! Masonry, thou Art divine, Come,
brethren! let us cheerful join To celebrate this
brethren! let us cheerful join To celebrate this
happy day, And homage to our Master pay.
happy day, And homage to our Master pay.


CHORUS. Cres. Ad lib. For.
To celebrate this happy day, And
To celebrate this happy day, And
homage to our Mas - - ter pay.
homage to our Mas - - ter pay.

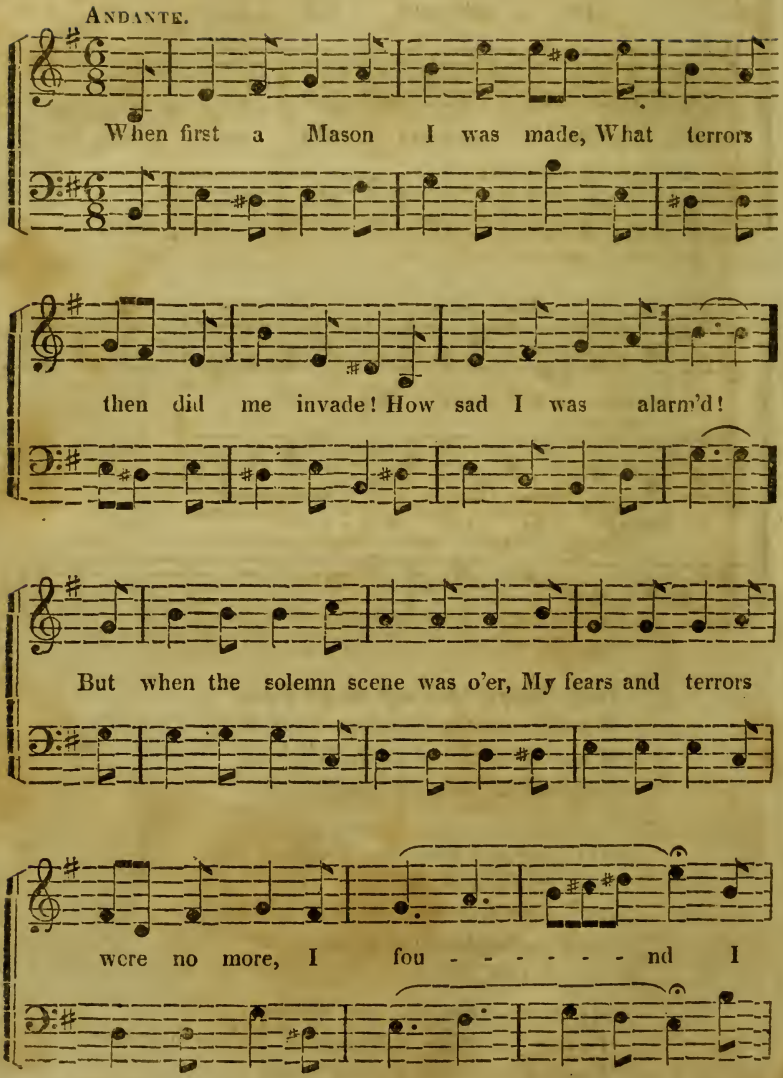
Hail! happy, blest and sacred place!
Where friendship brightens every face,
Where mystick Art adorns the chair,
Resplendent with his upright square.

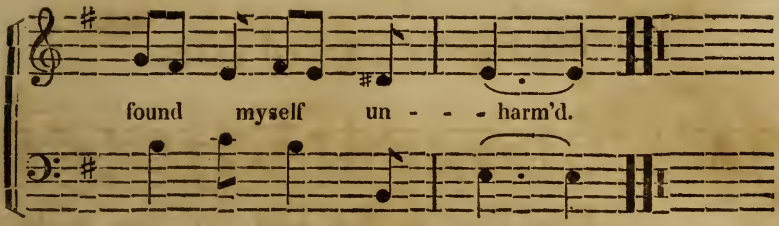
Next sing, my muse, our Warden's praise,
With chorus loud, in tuneful lays;
Oh! may these columns ne'er decay,
Until the world dissolves away.

My brethren cheerful, join with me,
To sing the praise of Masonry:
The noble, faithful, and the brave,
Whose art shall live beyond the grave.

## A MASON'S DAUGHTER.

SONG.


ANDANTE.
When first a Mason I was made, What terrors
then did me invade! How sad I was alarm'd!
But when the solemn scene was o'er, My fears and terrors
were no more, I fou - - - - - - nd I

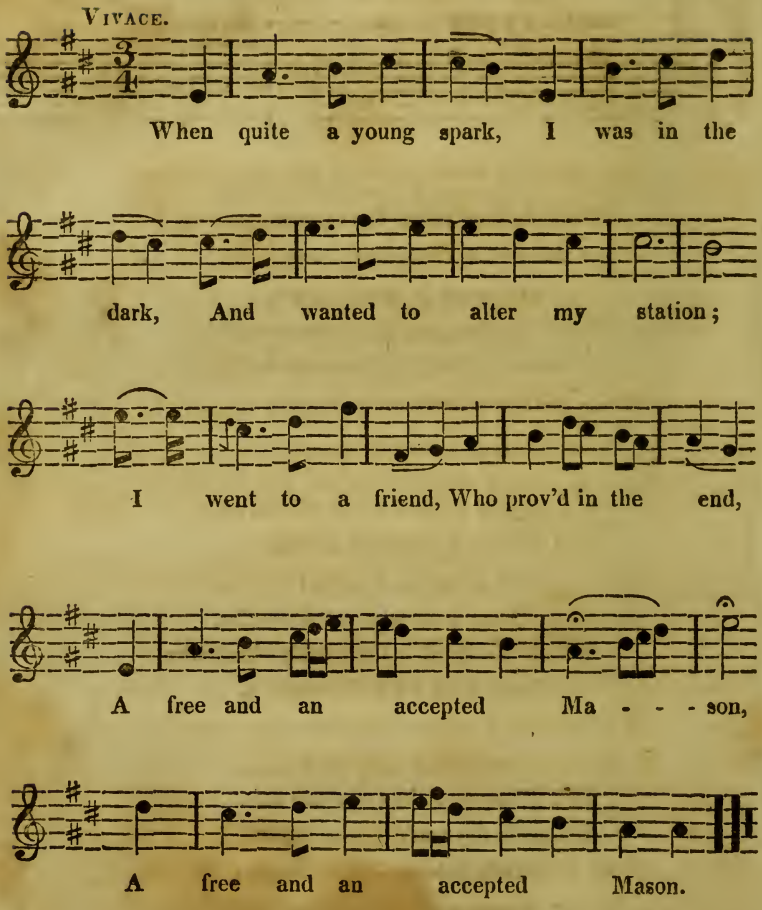



For since a Brother I'm become,
A member of the sacred room,
The scene is alter'd quite;
With pleasure now my hours do glide,
With social Brethren by my side,
I spend the cheerful night.

My grateful thanks I now return,
And with sweet emulation burn
Such favors to deserve:
From Mason's ancient mystick rites,
Which Truth with Friendship e'er unites,
From such I'll never swerve.

Hail Masonry! thou glorious art!
Which to thy vot'ries dost impart
Truth, Honor, Justice, Love;
Thy sacred name rever'd shall stand,
In foreign climes and distant land,
Which Slander ne'er shall move.

## WHEN QUITE A YOUNG SPARK.


VIVACE.
When quite a young spark, I was in the
dark, And wanted to alter my station;
I went to a friend, Who prov'd in the end,
A free and an accepted Ma - - - son,
A free and an accepted Mason.

At a door then I knock'd, which quickly unlock'd,
When he bid me to put a good face on;
And not be afraid, for I should be made
A free and an accepted Mason.

My wishes were crown'd, soon a Master I found,
Who made a most solemn Oration;
Then shew'd me the light, and gave me the right
Sign, token, and word of a Mason.

How great my amaze, when I first saw the blaze
And how struck with the mystick occasion!
Astonish'd I found, tho' free I was bound
To a free and an accepted Mason.

When clothed in white, I took great delight
In the work of this noble vocation:
And knowledge I gain'd, when the Lodge he explain'd
Of a free and an accepted Mason.

I was bound, it appears, for seven long years,
Which to me is of trifling duration:
With freedom I serve, and devote every nerve
To acquit myself like a good Mason.

Then join heart and hand, in order we'll stand,
To our Master we'll pay veneration,
Who taught us the Art, we will never impart,
Unless to an accepted Mason.

## SONG FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF ST. JOHN.

*Musick—See Page* 116.

Let each brother sincere, th' occasion revere,
Which to day bids us greet one another;
May the holy St. John, though to rest he is gone,
Still live in the heart of each brother.

He shew'd us the light, that shines ever bright,
Oh! 'twas a divine revelation;
That light of mankind, which gave sight to the blind;
The lamp of each people and nation.

Let the love he inspir'd, by the Craft still admir'd,
Our actions fore'er put a grace on:
While his mem'ry goes round, let due order be found,
And no honors withheld by a Mason.

No cause we'll espouse, which may virtue abuse,
But like pillars support one another;
Any soul in distress, may its sorrows express,
Unreveal'd, yet reliev'd by a brother.

Superior's we own, yet we bow to no throne,
Degrading our worthy vocation;
In Columbia's domain, freedom ever shall reign,
Inspir'd and maintain'd by each Mason.

## HYMN.

*Tune—See Page* 120.

Genius of Masonry descend,
And with thee bring thy spotless train;
Constant our sacred rites attend,
While we adore thy peaceful reign.

Bring with thee Virtue, brightest maid;
Bring Love, bring Truth, and Friendship here;
While social mirth shall lend her aid,
To smooth the wrinkled brow of care.

Come Charity, with goodness crown'd,
Encircled in thy heav'nly robe!
Diffuse thy blessings all around,
To ev'ry corner of the globe.

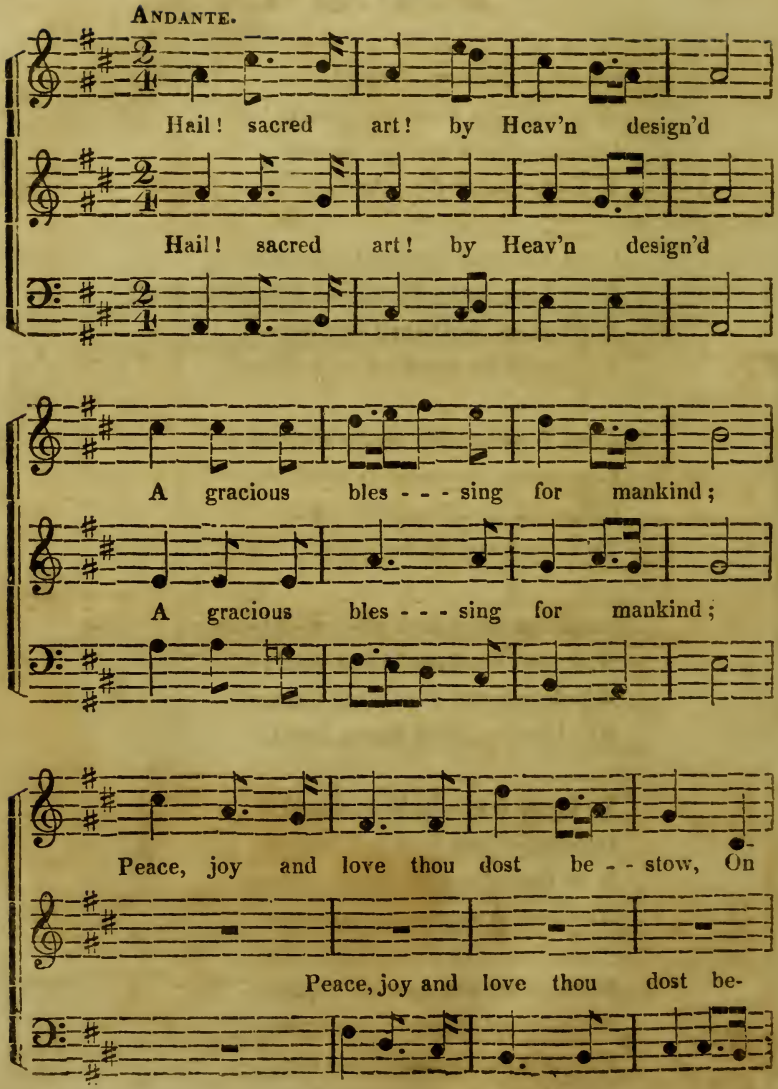
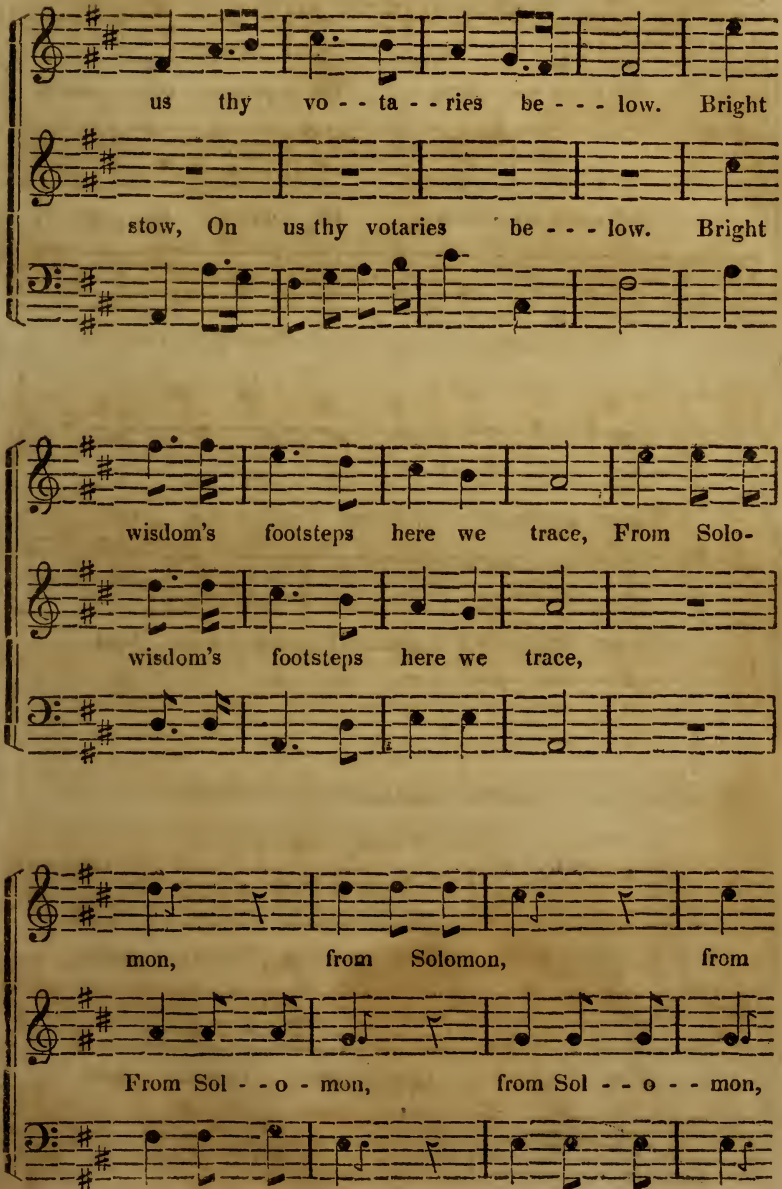
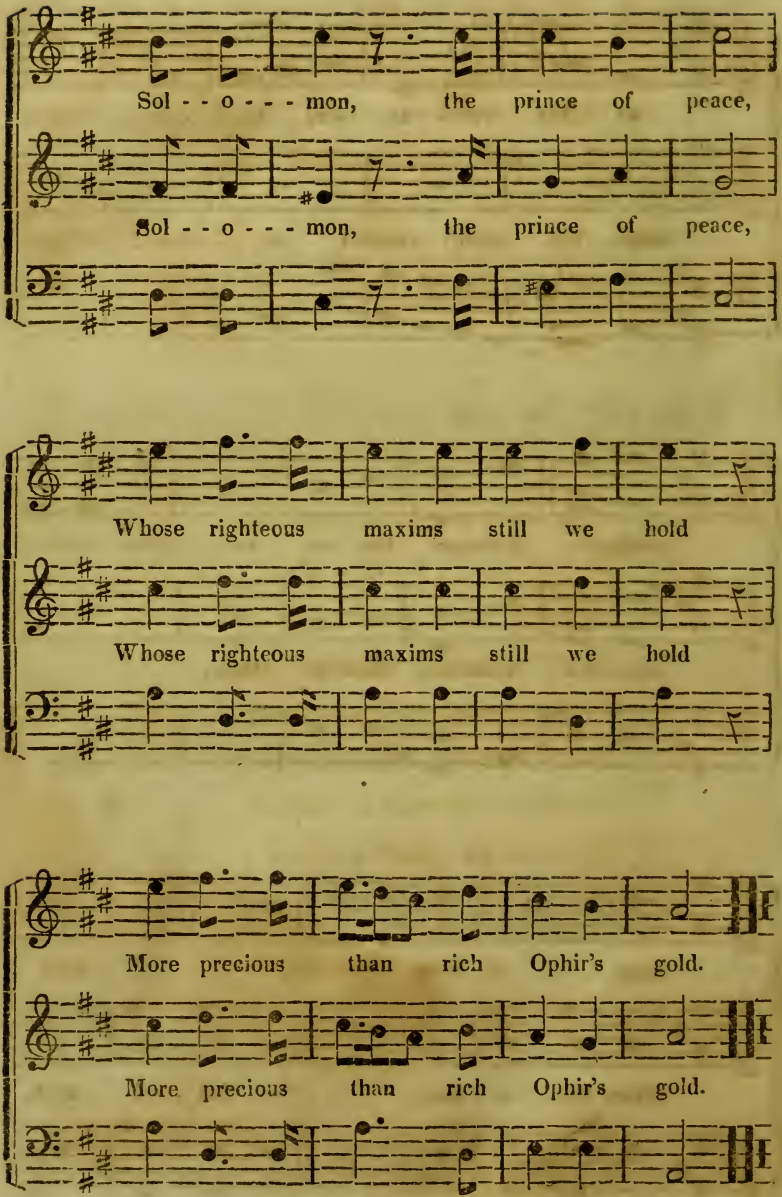
See where she comes, with pow'r to bless,
With open hand and tender heart;
Which wounded is at man's distress,
And bleeds at ev'ry human smart.

Ye happy few, who here extend
In peaceful lines from east to west;
With fervent zeal the Lodge defend,
And lock its secrets in your breast.

Since ye are met upon the Square,
Bid love and friendship jointly reign;
Be peace and harmony your care,
They form an adamantine chain.

## HAIL SACRED ART.

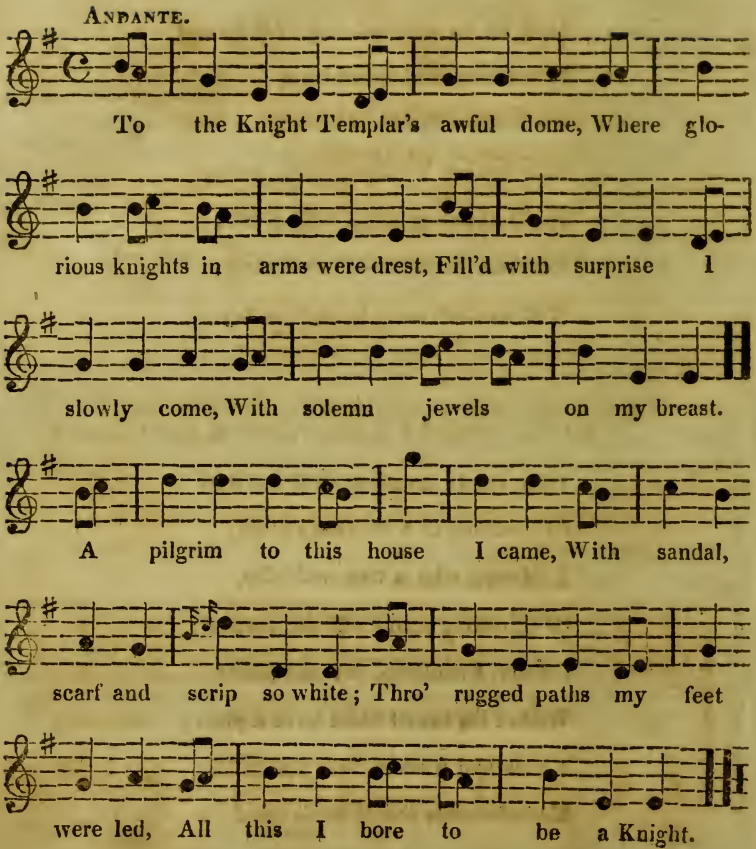
HYMN.


ANDANTE.
Hail! sacred art! by Heav'n design'd
Hail! sacred art! by Heav'n design'd
A gracious bles - - - sing for mankind;
A gracious bles - - - sing for mankind;
Peace, joy and love thou dost be - - stow, On
Peace, joy and love thou dost be-

us thy vo - - ta - - ries be - - - low. Bright
stow, On us thy votaries be - - - low. Bright
wisdom's footsteps here we trace, From Solo-
wisdom's footsteps here we trace,
mon, from Solomon, from
From Sol - - o - mon, from Sol - - o - - mon,

Sol - - o - - - mon, the prince of peace,
Sol - - o - - - mon, the prince of peace,
Whose righteous maxims still we hold
Whose righteous maxims still we hold
More precious than rich Ophir's gold.
More precious than rich Ophir's gold.

His heav'nly proverbs to us tell,
How we on earth should ever dwell;
In harmony and social love,
To emulate the blest above;
Now having Wisdom for our guide,
By its sweet precepts we'll abide;
Nor from its path we'll ever stray,
'Till we shall meet in endless day.

Vain, empty grandeur shall not find
Its dwelling in a Brother's mind;
A Mason, who is true and wise,
Its glittering pomp will e'er despise;
Candor, friendship, joy and peace,
Within his breast shall have a place;
Virtue and wisdom, thus combin'd,
Shall decorate the Mason's mind.

## KNIGHT TEMPLAR'S SONG.

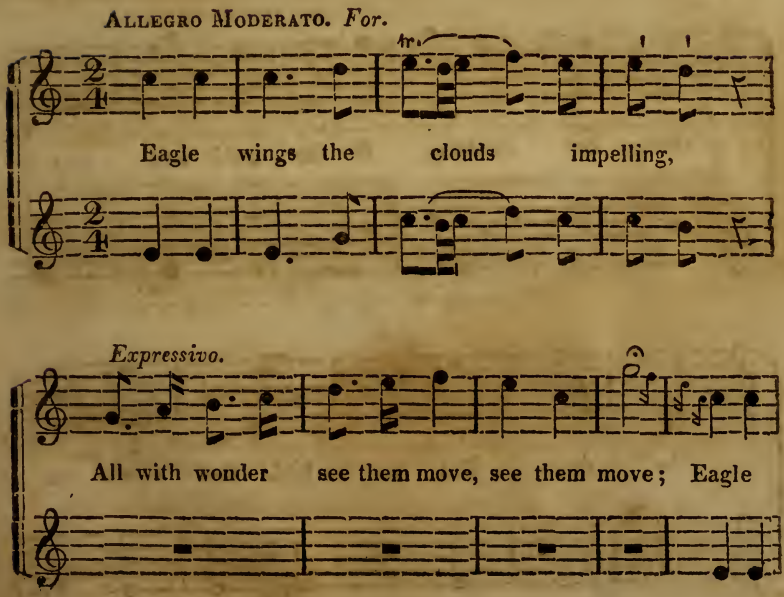

Andante.
To the Knight Templar's awful dome, Where glo-
rious knights in arms were drest, Fill'd with surprise I
slowly come, With solemn jewels on my breast.
A pilgrim to this house I came, With sandal,
scarf and scrip so white; Thro' rugged paths my feet
were led, All this I bore to be a Knight.

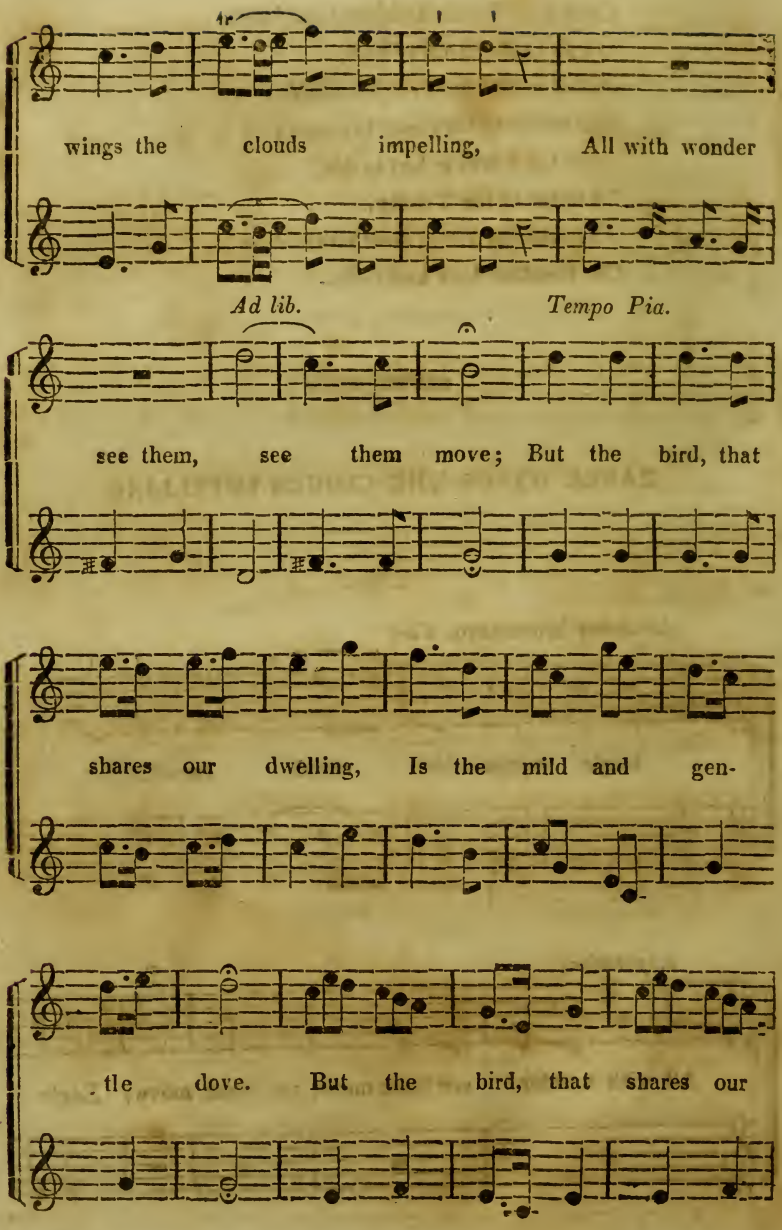
With feeble arm I gently smote,
At the Knight Templar's mercy gate;
What I beheld, when it was op'd,
Was splendid, elegant, and great.
Twelve dazzling lights I quickly saw,
All chosen for the cross to fight;
In one of them I found a flaw,
And speedily put out that light.

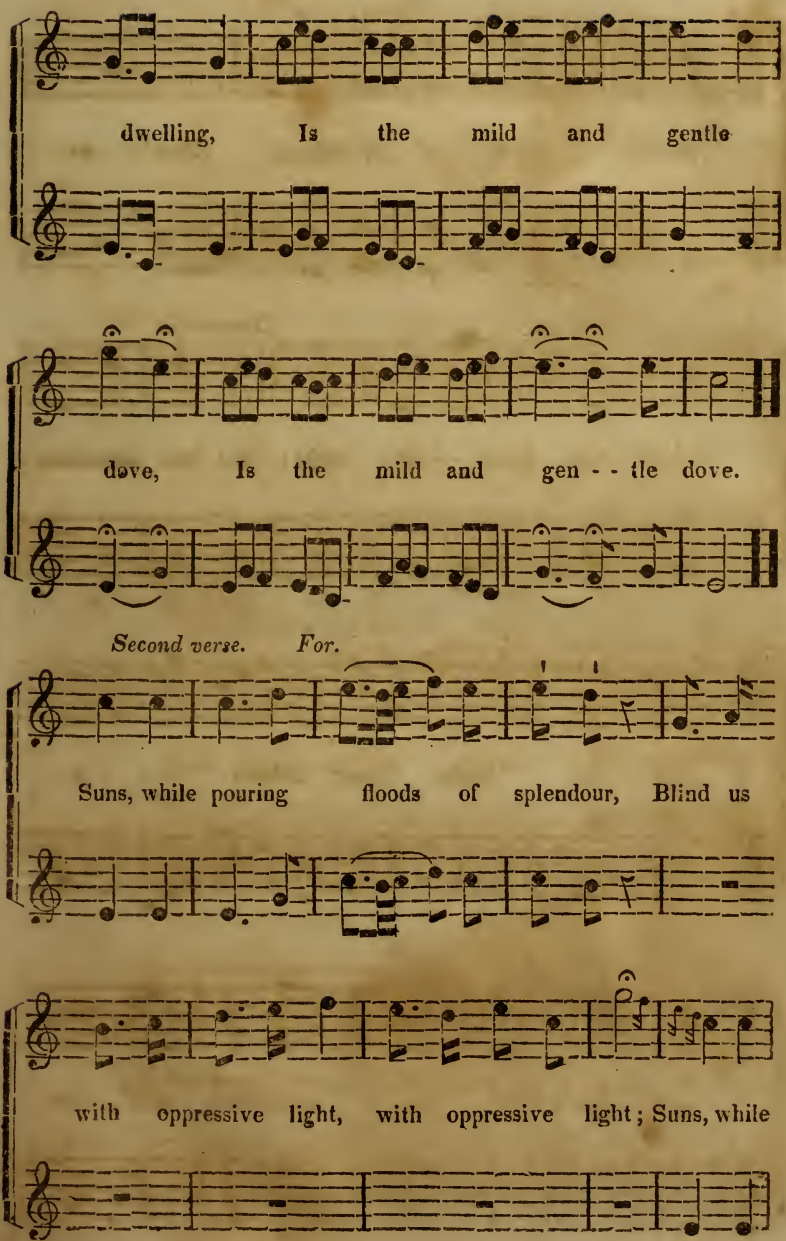
Unite your hearts and join your hands,
In ev'ry solemn tie of love,
United each firm Templar stands
The virtue of his cause to prove ;
Until the world is lost in fire,
By order of the Trinity,
The amazing world shall still admire
Our steadfast love and unity.

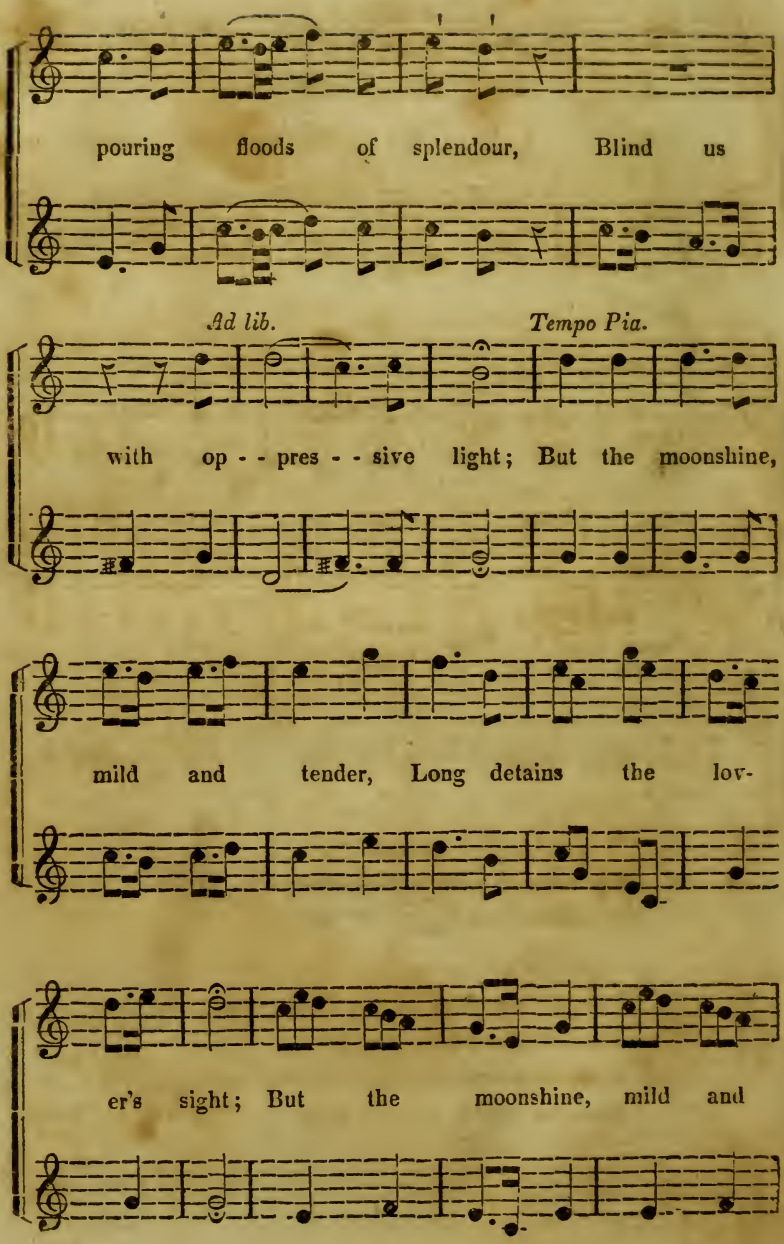
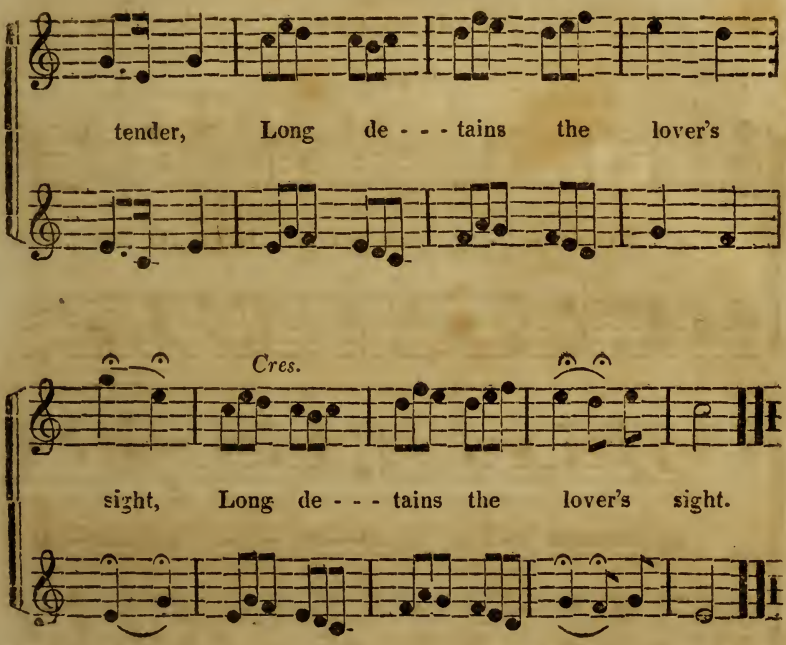
## EAGLE WINGS THE CLOUDS IMPELLING.

DUET.




wings the clouds impelling, All with wonder
Ad lib.
Tempo Pia.
see them, see them move; But the bird, that
shares our dwelling, Is the mild and gen-
tle dove. But the bird, that shares our


dwelling, Is the mild and gentle
dove, Is the mild and gen - - tle dove.
Second verse. For.
Suns, while pouring floods of splendour, Blind us
with oppressive light, with oppressive light; Suns, while


pouring floods of splendour, Blind us
Ad lib.
Tempo Pia.
with op - - pres - - sive light; But the moonshine,
mild and tender, Long detains the lov-
er's sight; But the moonshine, mild and

*The following Masonick lines, to be sung in the preceding Musick.*

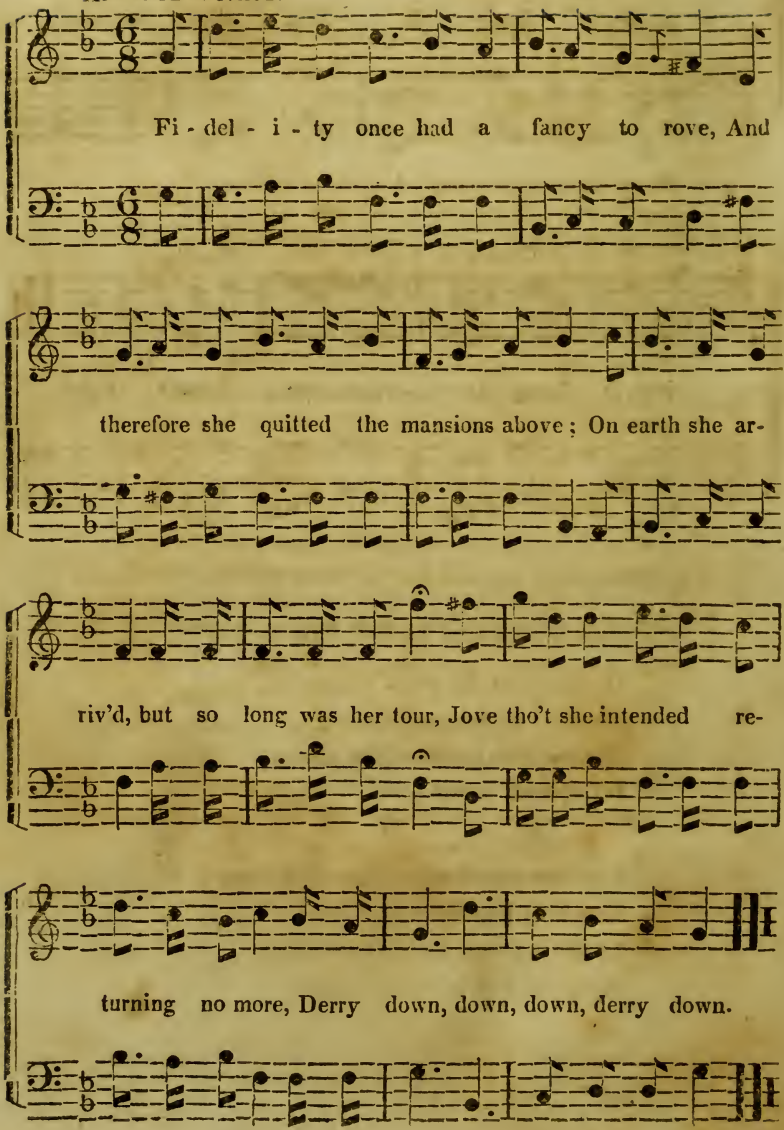
Hatred gives the world commotion,
Thro' all nations see it rove;
But our mild soul-soothing passion
Is fraternal, tender love.

Pure, the joys from Friendship flowing,
Checking passion's angry tide;
Constant peace, delight bestowing,
Make our days in pleasure glide.

## FIDELITY.

SONG.

ANDANTE VIVACE.


Fi - del - i - ty once had a fancy to rove, And
therefore she quitted the mansions above; On earth she ar-
riv'd, but so long was her tour, Jove tho't she intended re-
turning no more, Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Then Merc'ry was hasten'd in quest of the dame,
And soon to this world of confusion he came;
At Paris he stopp'd, and enquir'd by chance,
But heard that Fidelity ne'er was in France.

The god then to Portugal next took his rout,
In hopes that in Lisbon he might find her out;
But there he was told she had mock'd superstition,
And left it for fear of the grand inquisition.

Being thus disappointed, to Holland he flew,
And strictly enquired of an eminent Jew;
When Mordecai readily told him thus much,
Fidelity never was lik'd by the Dutch.

Arriving in London, he hasten'd to court,
Where numbers of little great men do resort;
Who all stood amaz'd, when he ask'd for the dame,
And swore they had scarce ever heard of the name.

To Westminster Hall did the god next repair,
In hopes with dame Justice she might be found there;
For both he enquired; when the court answer'd thus,
"The persons you mention, sir, ne'er trouble us."

Then bending his course to the Cyprian grove,
He civilly ask'd of the young god of love;
The urchin reply'd, "Cou'd you think here to find her,
"When I and my mother, you know, never mind her?

"In one only place you can find her on earth,
"The seat of true friendship, love, freedom, and mirth:
"To a lodge of Freemasons then quickly repair,
"And you need not to doubt but you'll meet with her there."

## SONG.

*Musick, see page* 130.

As poverty once, in a fit of despair,
Sat weeping with sorrow, and press'd down with care;
Smiling Hope came to ask, what her countenance told,
That she was expiring with hunger and cold.
Derry down, &c.

Come, rise, said the sweet smiling cherub of joy,
The anguish you suffer, I'll quickly destroy;
Take me by the hand; and your sorrows dispel,
I'll lead you for succor to Charity's cell.

Then poverty rose; Hope soften'd her pain;
Though long did they search for the goddess in vain;
Towns, cities, and countries they travers'd around,
For Charity's bounty was hard to be found.

At length at the door of a Lodge they arriv'd,
Where their spirits, exhausted, the Tyler reviv'd,
Who, when ask'd, as 'twas late, if the dame had gone home?
Said "No, for kind Charity was last in the room."

The door being open'd, in Poverty came,
Was cherish'd, reliev'd, and caress'd by the dame;
Whilst each brother present, the vot'ry to save,
Obey'd his own feelings and cheerfully gave.

How poor is the man, who Freemas'nry derides,
Where this lovely virtue forever presides,
In the scriptural maxim let's ever accord,
"What we give to the poor, we but lend to the Lord."

## ODE.

WRITTEN BY N. H. WRIGHT.

*Musick, see page* 134.

How blest is he, whose gen'rous soul
Will, to the needy, joy impart;
Who bids the streams of pity roll,
To cheer the helpless wand'rer's heart.

The houseless orphan, doom'd to roam,
Shall oft repeat the good man's name,
And when he leaves his shelt'ring dome,
Through ev'ry wand'ring tell his fame.

Nor shall the widow's fervent prayer
For him, unheeded, rise above,
But soar to heav'nly regions fair,
And reach th' Eternal Throne of Love.

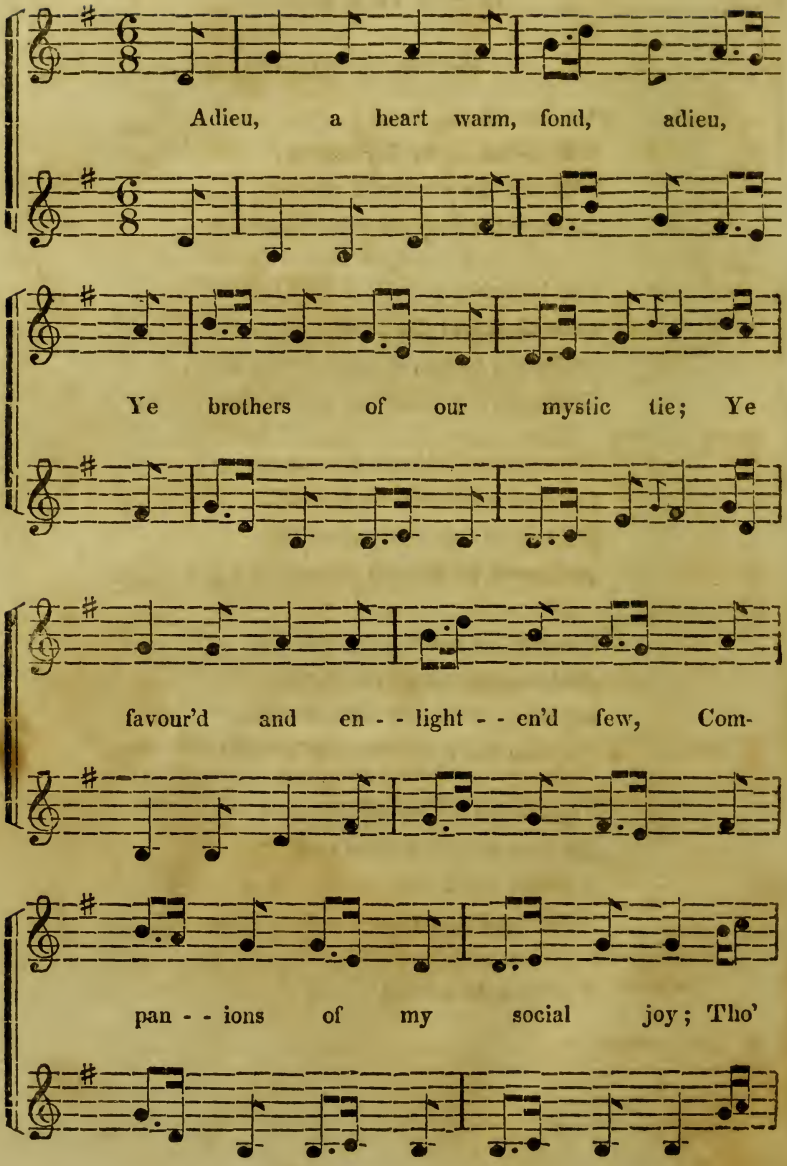
For him the matin-song shall rise,
And evening-vesper soft ascend,
Imploring GOD, who rules the skies,
To bless the child of sorrow's friend.

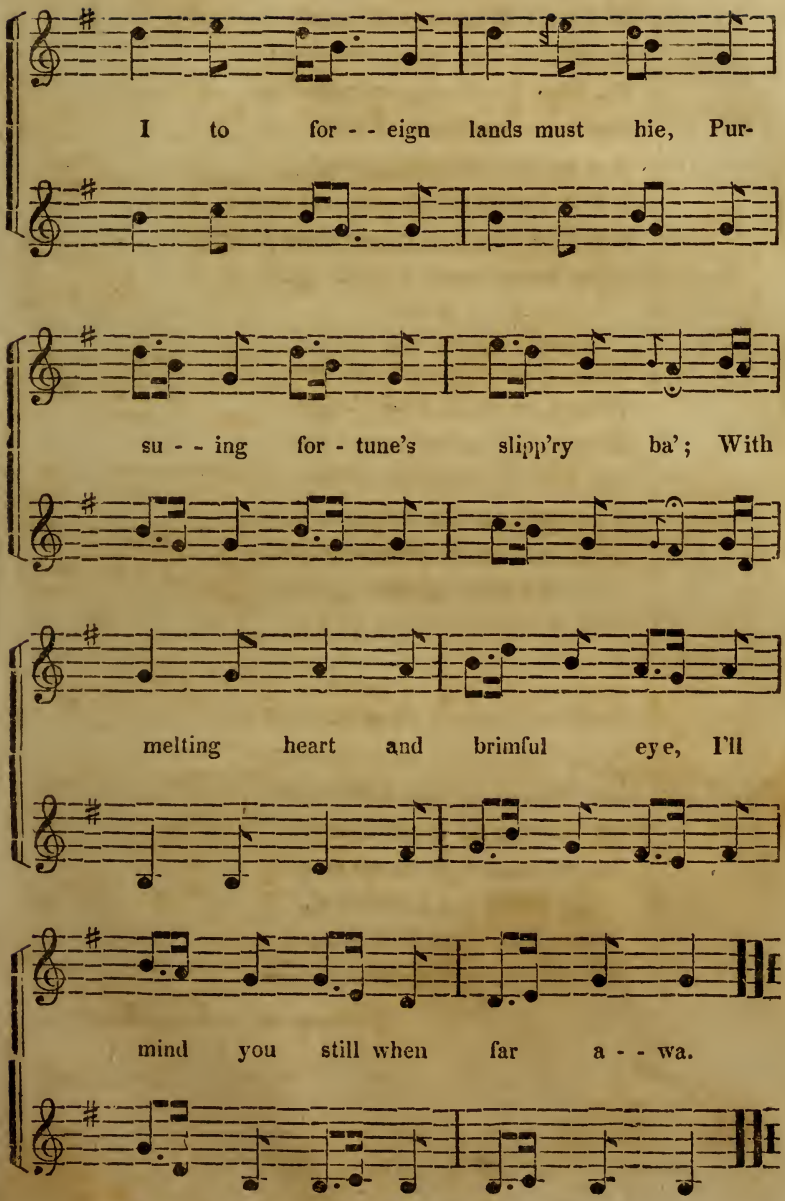
*And when his earthly course is run,
His path of duty faithful trod,
A better world shall view his Sun
Shine with his SAVIOUR and his GOD.

* *Repeat the last half of the Musick.*

## MASON'S ADIEU.

WORDS BY BURNS.




I to for - - eign lands must hie, Pur-
su - - ing for - tune's slipp'ry ba'; With
melting heart and brimful eye, I'll
mind you still when far a - - wa.

Oft have I met your social band
To spend a cheerful, festive night;
Oft, honor'd with supreme command,
Presiding o'er the sons of light:
And by that hieroglphic bright,
Which none but craftsmen ever saw,
Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write,
Those happy scenes when far awa.

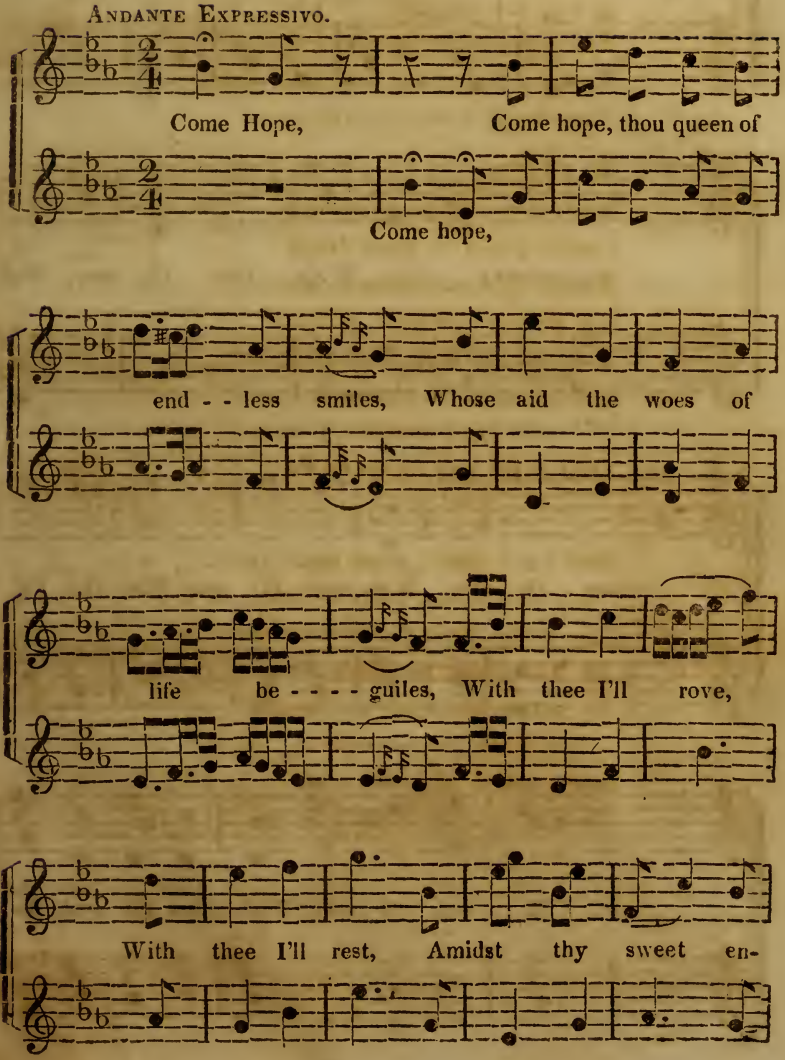
May freedom, harmony and love,
Cement you in the grand design;
Beneath th' Omniscient eye above,
The glorious Architect, divine;
That you may keep th' unerring line,
Still guided by the plummet's law,
'Till order bright completely shine,
Shall be my pray'r when far awa.

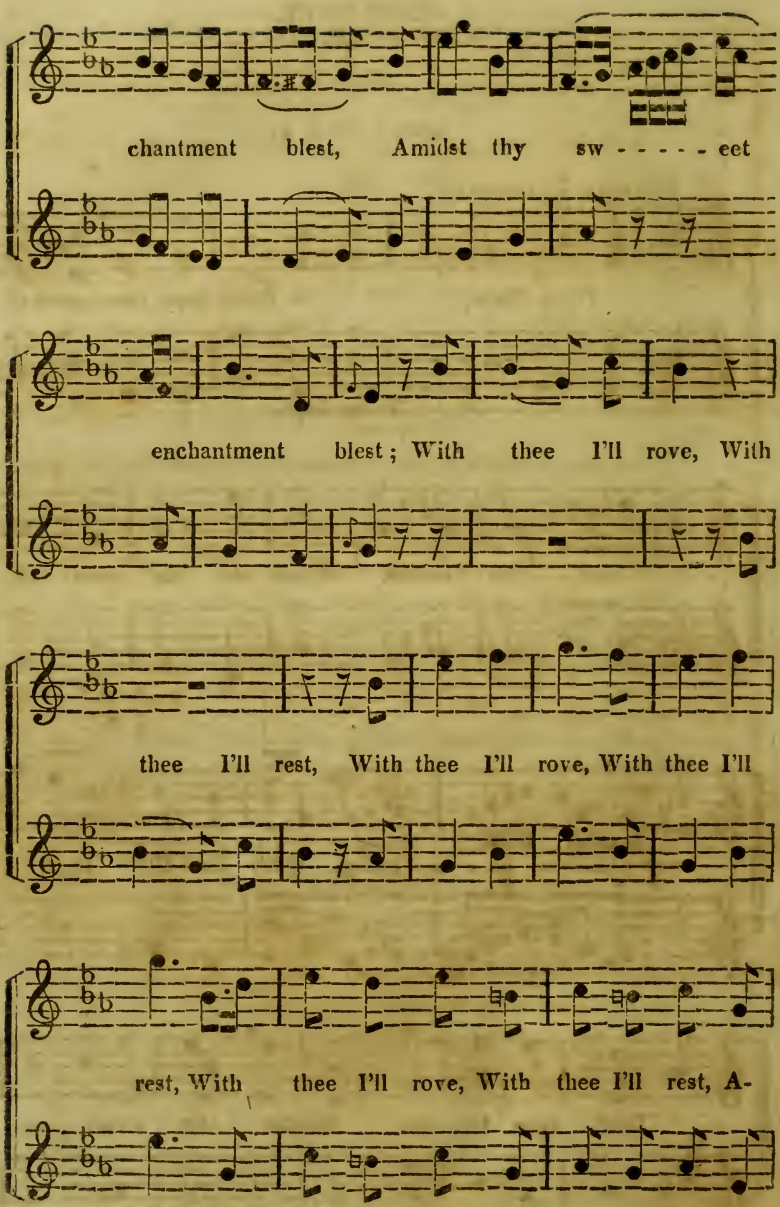
And you, farewell, whose merits claim
Justly that highest badge to wear,
May heaven bless your noble name,
To Masonry and friendship dear;
My last request permit me then,
When yearly you assemble a',
One round, I ask it with a tear;
To him, your friend, that's far awa.

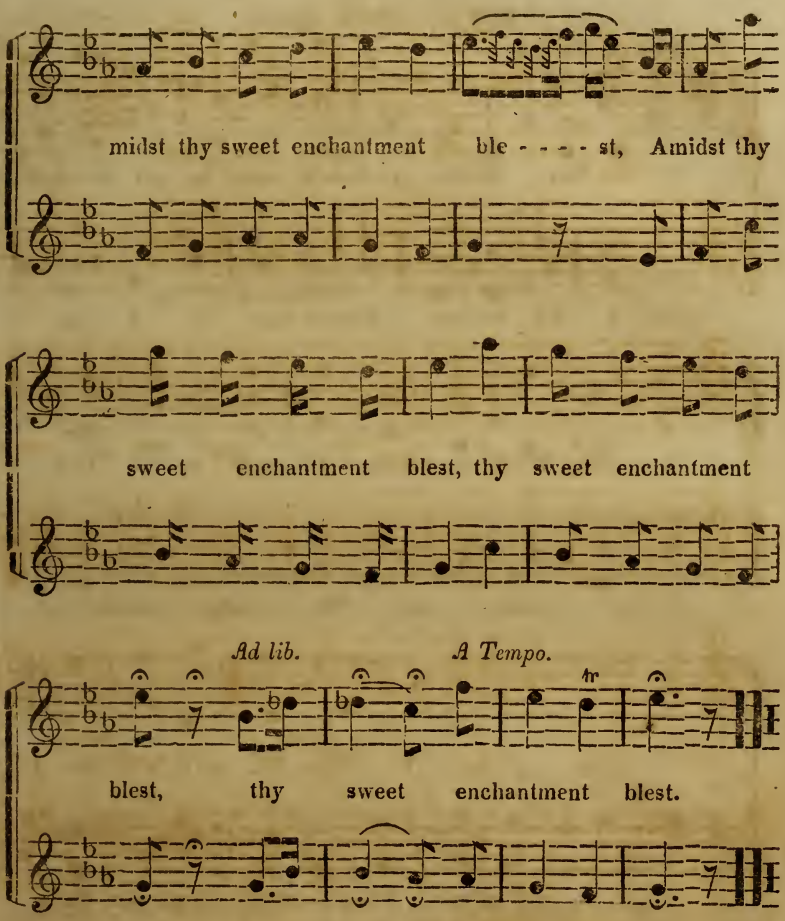
## COME HOPE.

DUET.

MUSICK BY J. H.


Andante Expressivo.
Come Hope, Come hope, thou queen of
Come hope,
end - - less smiles, Whose aid the woes of
life be - - - - guiles, With thee I'll rove,
With thee I'll rest, Amidst thy sweet en-

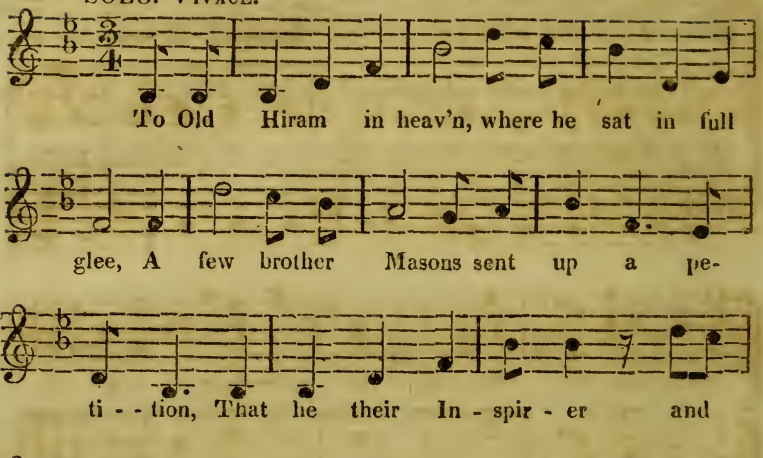

chantment blest, Amidst thy sw - - - - - eet
enchantment blest; With thee I'll rove, With
thee I'll rest, With thee I'll rove, With thee I'll
rest, With thee I'll rove, With thee I'll rest, A-


midst thy sweet enchantment ble - - - - st, Amidst thy
sweet enchantment blest, thy sweet enchantment
Ad lib.
A Tempo.
tr
blest, thy sweet enchantment blest.

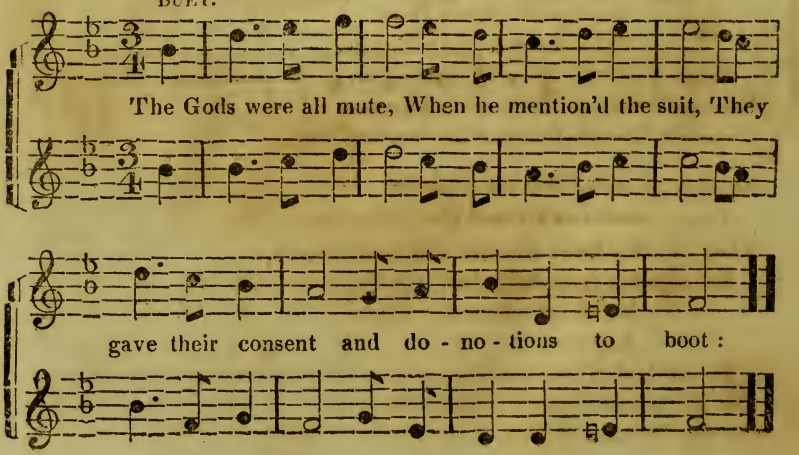
I feel, I feel thy gladsome ray
Dawn on my soul like rising day;
My heart no more shall feel its care,
For joyful HOPE inhabits there.

## ROYAL ARCH SONG.

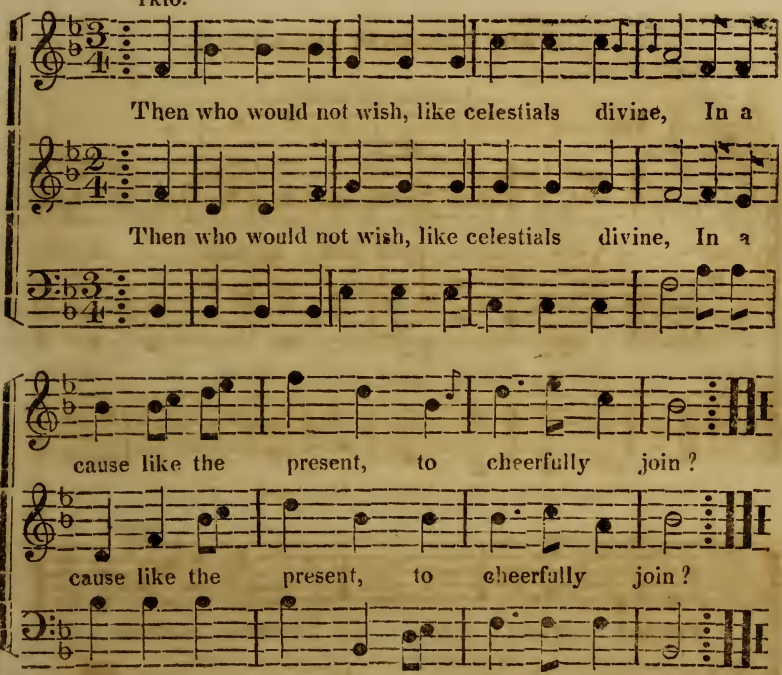
SOLO. VIVACE.


To Old Hiram in heav'n, where he sat in full
glee, A few brother Masons sent up a pe-
ti - - tion, That he their In - spir - er and
Patron would be, To help Mason's
Orphans, and mend their con - - di - - tion.

DUET.



TRIO.

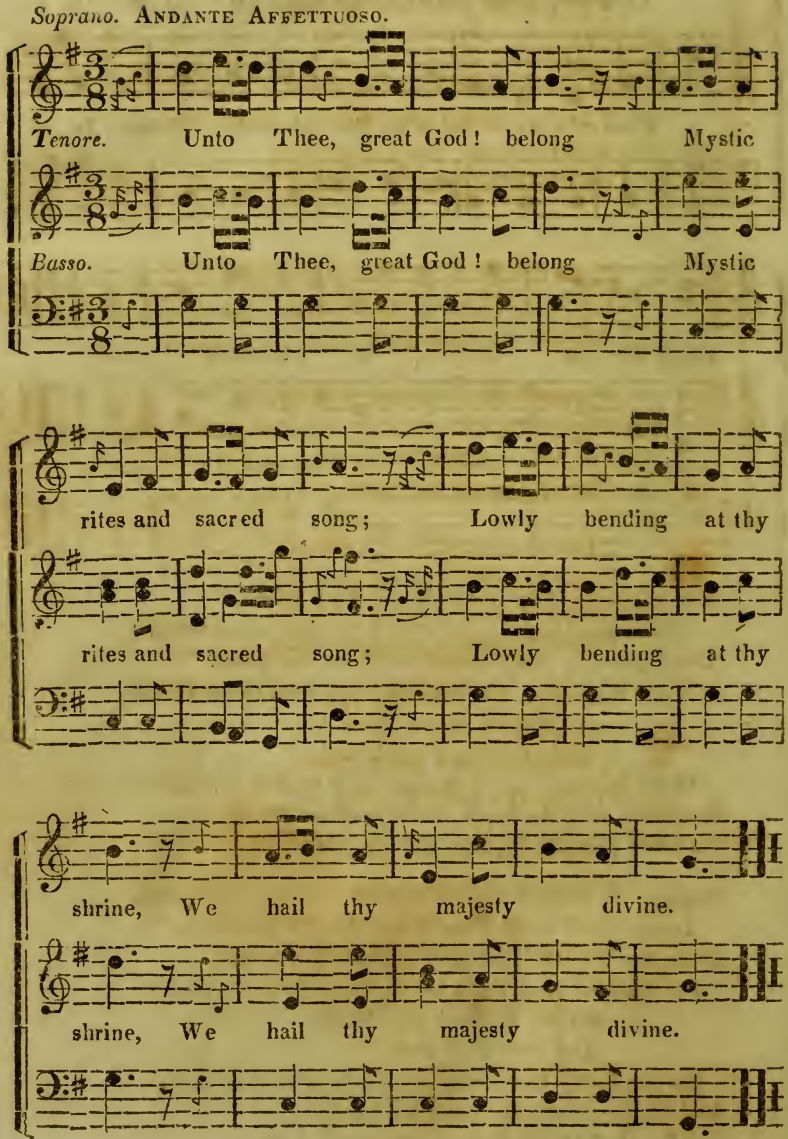

Then who would not wish, like celestials divine, In a
Then who would not wish, like celestials divine, In a
cause like the present, to cheerfully join?
cause like the present, to cheerfully join?

The messenger flew to our Royal Arch Dome,
Where the Masons were seated, in great expectation—
The Tyler was ready—announc'd he was come,
When the Lodge was resum'd, ev'ry man in his station.
Our Grand Master there,
Fill'd the Royal Arch chair;
When he read—ev'ry Brother with rapture did stare;
Rejoiced! that the Gods, with donations divine,
To assist Mason's Orphans did cheerfully join.

Straight the news was made publick, the brotherhood ran
To announce to all Masons old Hiram's direction;
They bow'd to the summons, and all, to a man,
Put together their mites for the orphan's protection.
Wives, Widows, and Maids,
And men of all trades,
To our Lodge they came running to offer their aids;
And all, to contribute donations who join,
For the Orphans of Masons, are surely divine!

## HYMN FOR INSTALLATION.

MUSICK BY J. H.


Soprano. ANDANTE AFFETTUOSO.
Tenore. Unto Thee, great God! belong Mystic
Basso. Unto Thee, great God! belong Mystic
rites and sacred song; Lowly bending at thy
rites and sacred song; Lowly bending at thy
shrine, We hail thy majesty divine.
shrine, We hail thy majesty divine.

Glorious Architect above,
Source of light and source of love;
Here thy light and love prevail,
Hail! Almighty Master hail!

Whilst in yonder regions bright,
The Sun by day, the Moon by night;
And the Stars, that gild the sky,
Blazon forth thy praise on high.

Join Oh Earth; and as you roll
From East to West, from pole to pole
Lift to HIM your grateful lays,
Join the universal praise.

Warm'd by thy benignant grace,
Sweet Friendship link'd the human race;
Pity lodg'd within the breast,
Charity became her guest.

There the naked, raiment found;
Sickness, balsam for its wound;
Sorrow, comfort; hunger, bread
Strangers, there a welcome shed.

Still to us, O God! dispense
Thy divine benevolence;
Teach the tender tear to flow,
Melting at a Brother's woe.

Like Samaria's son, that we,
Blest with boundless chariry,
To th' admiring world may prove,
They dwell in God, who dwell in love.

## HYMN FOR CONSECRATION.

* *Musick—See Page* 142.

Master Supreme, accept our praise,
Still bless this consecrated band;
Parent of Light, illume our ways,
And guide us by thy sov'reign hand.

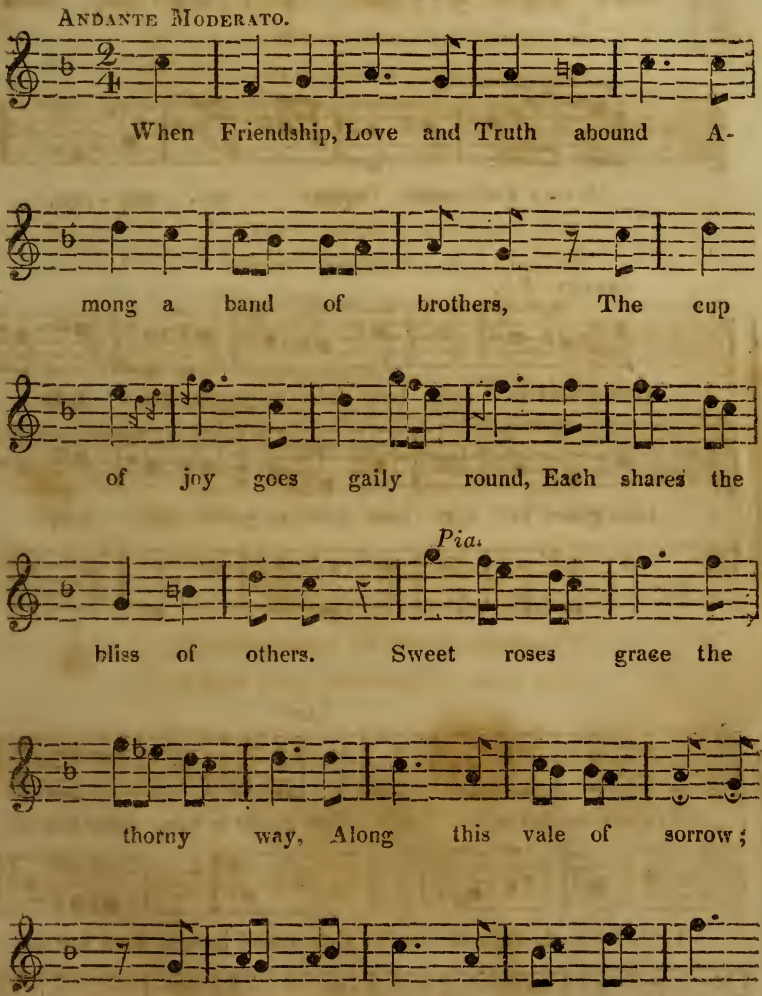
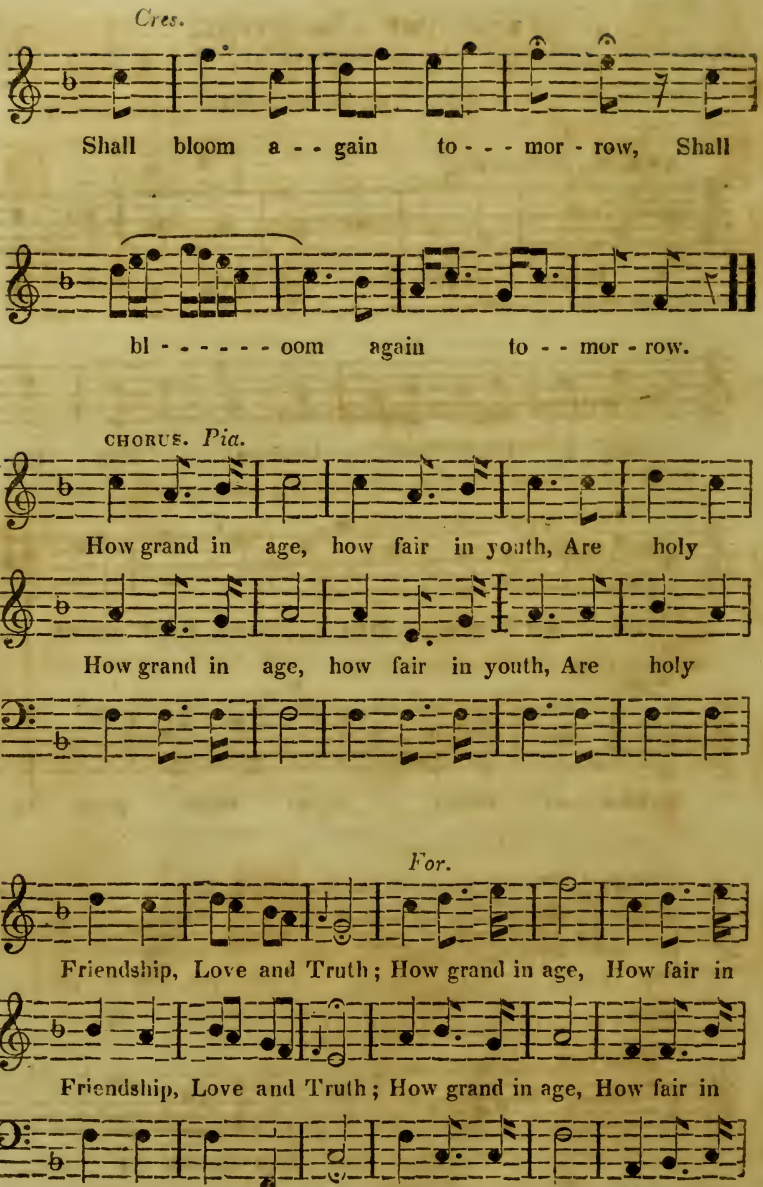
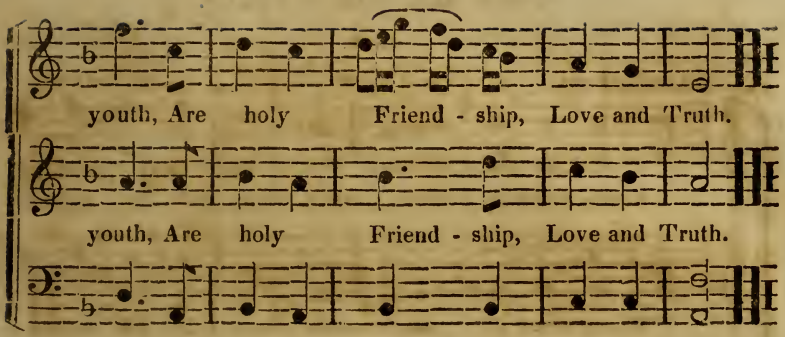
May Faith, Hope, Charity, divine,
Here hold their undivided reign;
Friendship and Harmony combine
To soothe our cares, to banish pain.

May Wisdom here disciples find,
Beauty unfold her thousand charms;
Science invigorate the mind,
Expand the soul, that virtue warms.

May pity dwell within each breast,
Relief attend the suff'ring poor;
Thousands by this our Lodge be blest,
'Till worth, distrest, shall want no more!

**In singing this Hymn to the foregoing Musick, it is necessary to use the Appogiatures at the beginning of each line.*

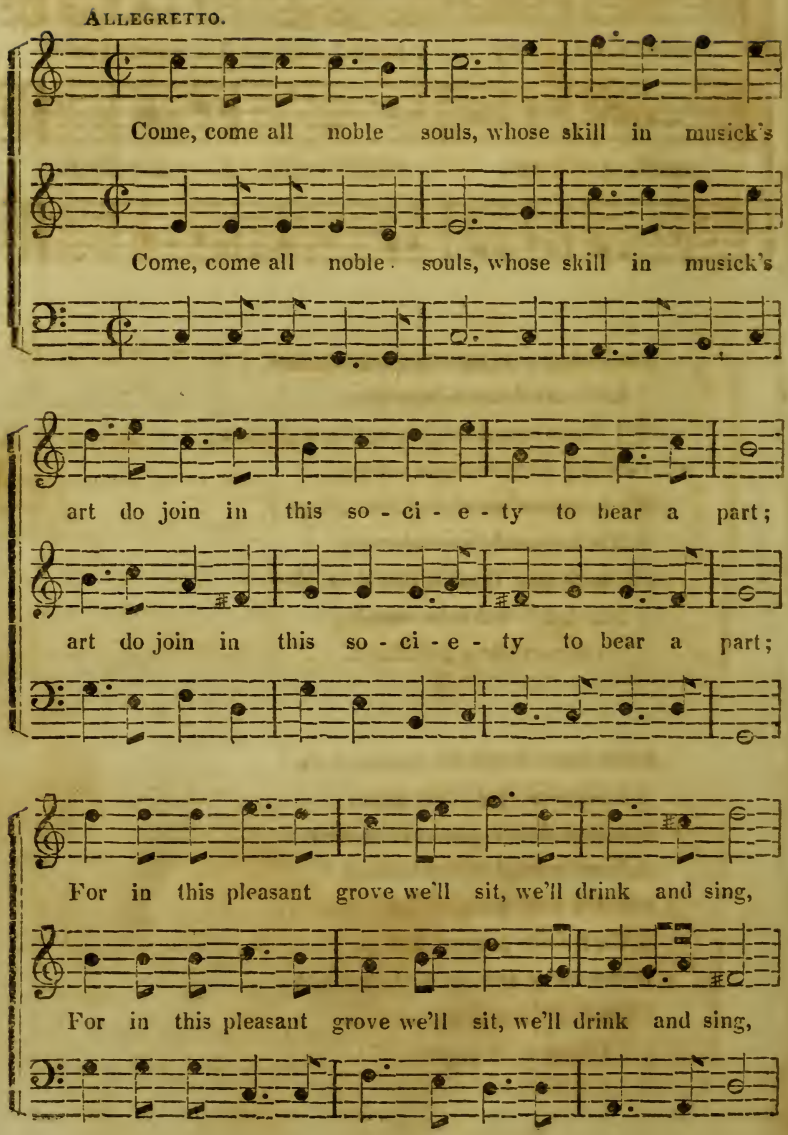
## SONG FOR A FESTIVAL.

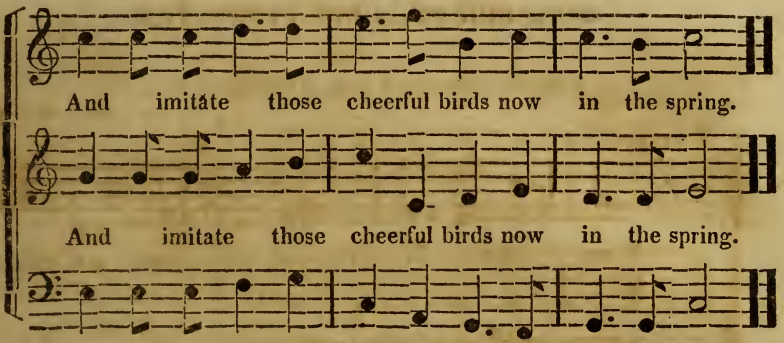
WRITTEN BY MONTGOMERY.

Andante Moderato.
When Friendship, Love and Truth abound A-
mong a band of brothers, The cup
of joy goes gaily round, Each shares the
Pia.
bliss of others. Sweet roses grace the
thorny way, Along this vale of sorrow;
The flow'rs that shed their leaves to day,

Cres.
Shall bloom a - - gain to - - - mor - row, Shall
bl - - - - - - oom again to - - mor - row.
CHORUS. Pia.
How grand in age, how fair in youth, Are holy
How grand in age, how fair in youth, Are holy
For.
Friendship, Love and Truth; How grand in age, How fair in
Friendship, Love and Truth; How grand in age, How fair in

On Halcyon wings our moments pass,
Life's cruel cares beguiling;
Old Time lays down his scythe and glass,
In gay good humour smiling;
With ermine beard and forelock grey,
His reverend front adorning,
He looks like Winter, turn'd to May,
Night, soften'd into morning.
*Chorus*—How grand, &c.

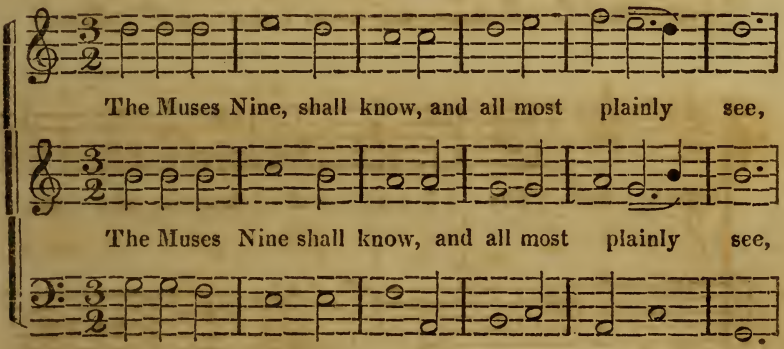
From these delightful fountains flow
Ambrosial rills of pleasure;
Can man desire, can heaven bestow
A more resplendent treasure?
Adorn'd with gems so richly bright,
We'll form a constellation,
Where ev'ry star, with modest light,
Shall gild his proper station.
*Chorus*—How grand, &c.

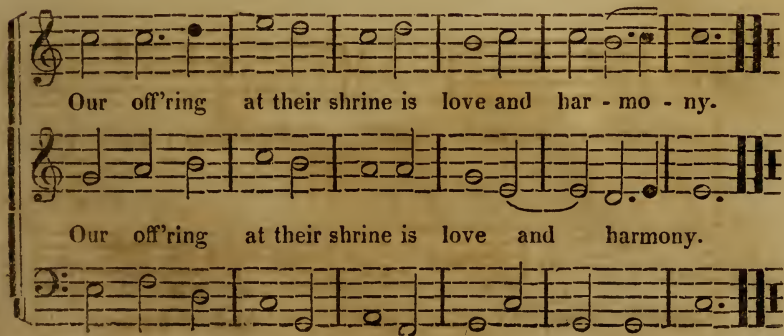
## COME ALL NOBLE SOULS.

GLEE.


ALLEGRETTO.
Come, come all noble souls, whose skill in musick's
Come, come all noble souls, whose skill in musick's
art do join in this so - ci - e - ty to bear a part;
art do join in this so - ci - e - ty to bear a part;
For in this pleasant grove we'll sit, we'll drink and sing,
For in this pleasant grove we'll sit, we'll drink and sing,

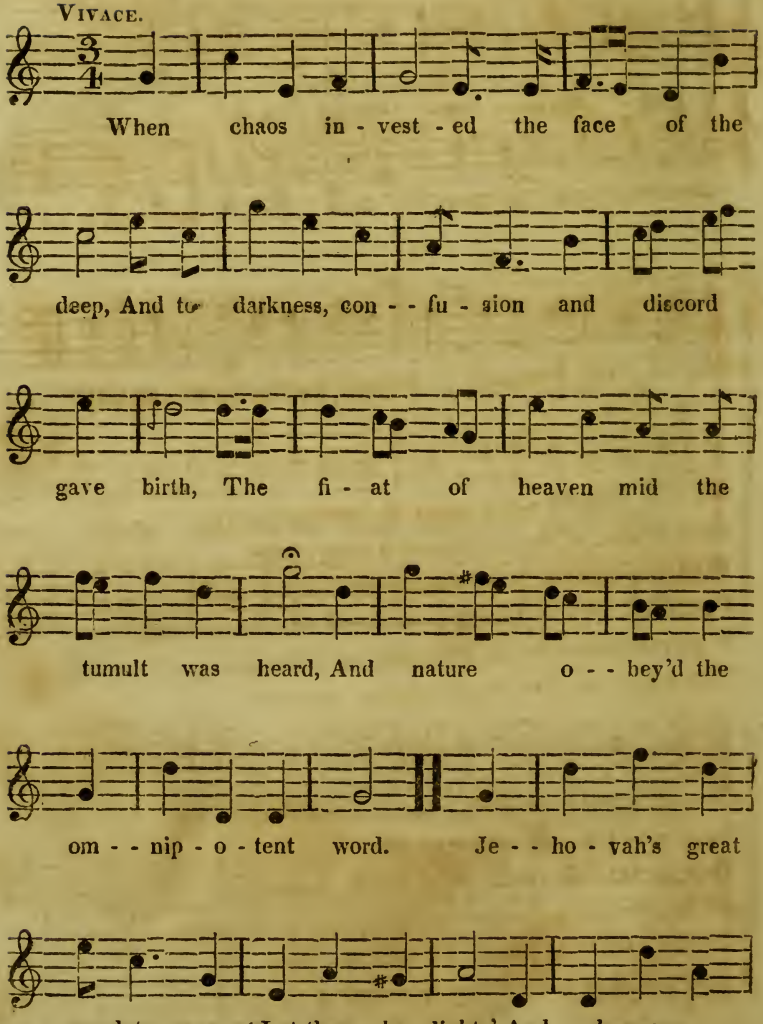

And imitate those cheerful birds now in the spring.
And imitate those cheerful birds now in the spring.

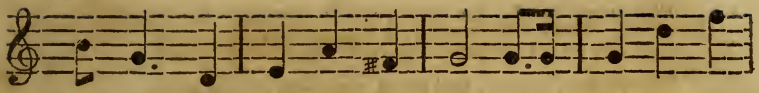

The Muses Nine, shall know, and all most plainly see,
The Muses Nine shall know, and all most plainly see,


Our off'ring at their shrine is love and har - mo - ny.
Our off'ring at their shrine is love and harmony.

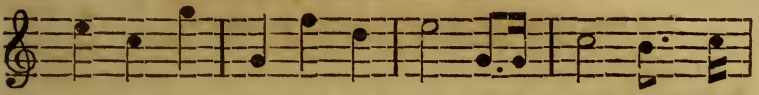
## SONG FOR ST. JOHN'S FESTIVAL.

WORDS BY BROTHER WM. J. WHIPPLE. ESQ.

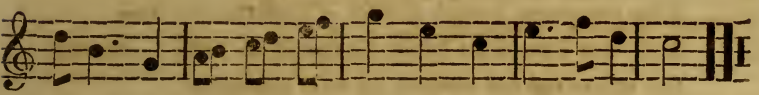

VIVACE.
When chaos in - vest - ed the face of the
deep, And to darkness, con - - fu - sion and discord
gave birth, The fi - at of heaven mid the
tumult was heard, And nature o - - bey'd the
om - - nip - o - tent word. Je - - ho - vah's great
mandate was, 'Let there be light;' And harmony



triumph'd o'er discord and night. Je - - - hovah's great



mandate was, 'Let there be light;' And har - mo - ny



triumph'd, And harmony triumph'd o'er discord and night.

What joy fill'd the earth, when the herald of love,
On a Mission of mercy dispatch'd from above,
While the choir of high heaven re-echo'd the strain,
Proclaim'd "On earth peace, and good will towards men;"
What raptures ecstatick, were born on the sound,
That spread the glad tidings creation around.

Thus the moral world joy'd, when the shadows of night
Were chas'd from the soul by th' effulgence of Light;
When by Wisdom contriv'd, in Beauty array'd,
And by strength well supported, our Lodge stood display'd;
With the "Olive of Peace" Freemasonry rose,
And dissention was hush'd on the breast of repose.

The guage marks our work, and it measures our space.
And the gavel prepares the rude mass for its place;
The plumb, square, and level are tools of our trade,
And the magical cement the trowel doth spread;
Relief, Truth and Love our grand principles are,
And the emblem of innocence joyful we wear.

To perform to acceptance we'er ever inclin'd,
Our duty to God, to ourselves and mankind;
Thus our course through this life of probation we steer,
And when Reason we follow, no danger we fear;
Our square and our compass are ne'er misapplied,
Our trust is in God—and his WORD is our guide.

The passage of life to convey us safe o'er,
While we pray for the breeze, let us ply to the oar;
To the Grand Lodge in heaven for admission we pray,
And FAITH, HOPE and CHARITY point out the way;
To that blest consummation we press gladly on,
And take for our Model, our PATRON, St. John.

Then in prayer Masons join, to our MASTER above
That our lodges on earth may be lodges of love;
That the whole race of man may hereafter be blest,
Through Eternity's day in the mansions of rest;
Then shout, Brethren, shout in harmonious glee,
In unison shout the meet—"So mote it be."

## SONG.

*Musick—See page* 130.

Behold in a Lodge we dear Brethren are met,
And in proper order together are set;
Our secrets to none but ourselves shall be known,
Our actions to none but Freemasons be shown.
Derry down, &c.

Let brotherly love be among us reviv'd;
Let us stand by our laws, that are wisely contriv'd;
And then all the glorious creation shall see,
That none are so loving, so friendly as we.

Bursting bright on the view, and saluting the skies,
See temples and buildings resplendently rise;
With Wisdom contriv'd, and with Beauty refin'd,
With Strength to support, and the building to bind.

The noble, grand structures will always proclaim
What honor is due to a Freemason's name;
E'en ages to come, when our work they shall see,
Will strive with each other like us to be free.

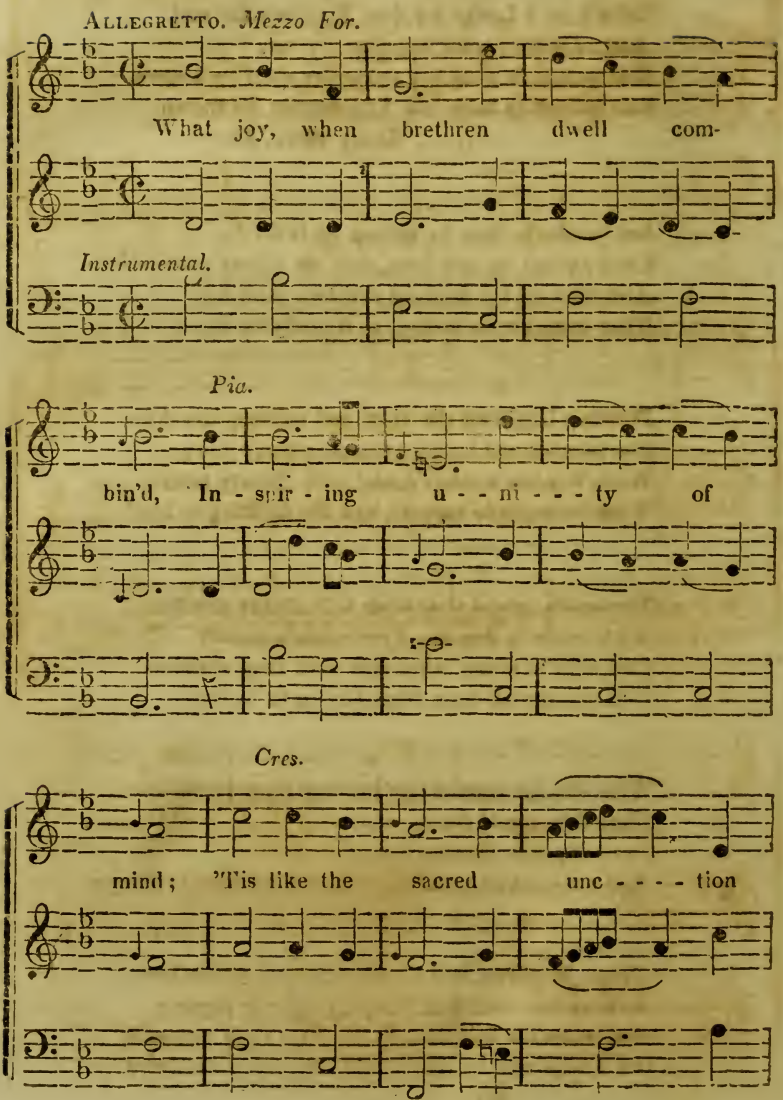
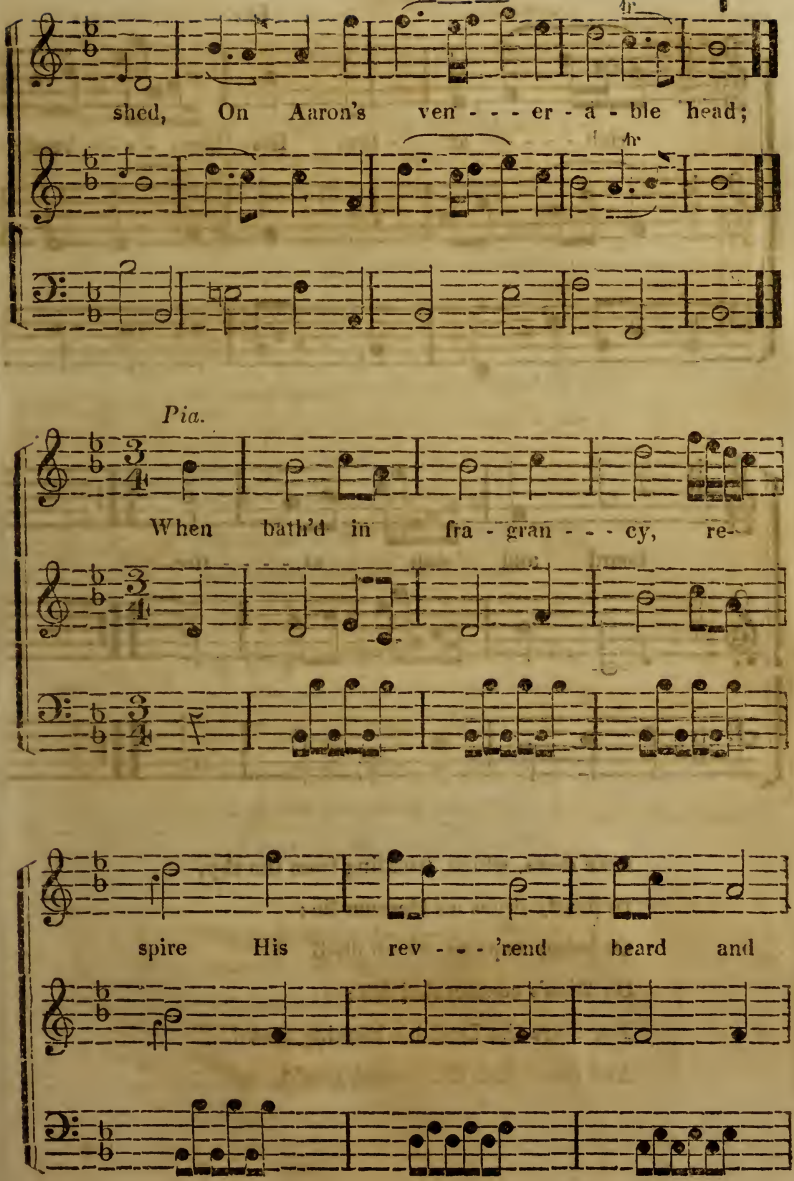
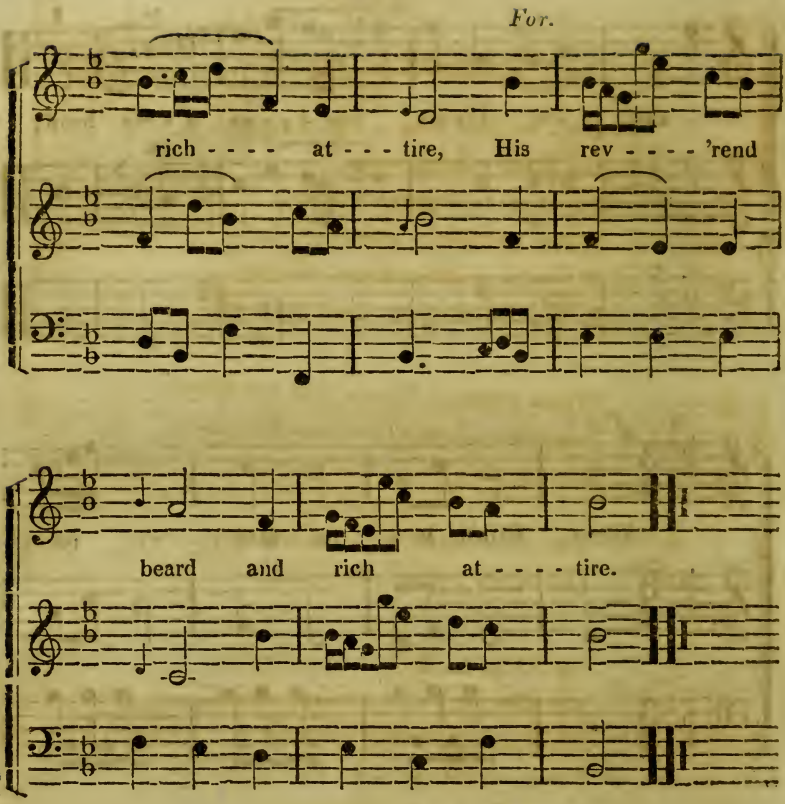
What though some of late by their folly would show,
They fain would deride what they gladly would know;
Let ev'ry true Brother their folly despise,
And our ancient grand secrets keep hid from their eyes.

Then, Brethren, let's all put our hand to our heart,
And resolve from true Masonry ne'er to depart;
And when the last trumpet on earth shall descend,
Our Lodge will be clos'd, and our secrets shall end.

## ODE.

*Proper to be sung at the opening of a Lodge.*

LOCK HOS.


ALLEGRETTO. *Mezzo For.*
What joy, when brethren dwell com-
*Instrumental.*
*Pia.*
bin'd, In - spir - ing u - - ni - - - ty of
*Cres.*
mind; 'Tis like the sacred unc - - - - tion

shed, On Aaron's ven - - - er - a - ble head;
Pia.
When bath'd in fra - gran - - - cy, re-
spire His rev - - - rend beard and

Like dews, which, trickling from the sky,
In pearly drops on Hermon lie;
Or balmy vapours, which distil
On Zion's consecrated hill;
For there the Lord his blessing plac'd,
And these with life eternal grac'd.

## HYMN.

*Musick, see page 154.*

Grant me kind Heav'n what I request,
In Masonry let me blest;
Direct me to that happy place,
Where Friendship smiles in ev'ry face;
Where freedom and sweet innocence
Enlarge the mind and cheer the sense.

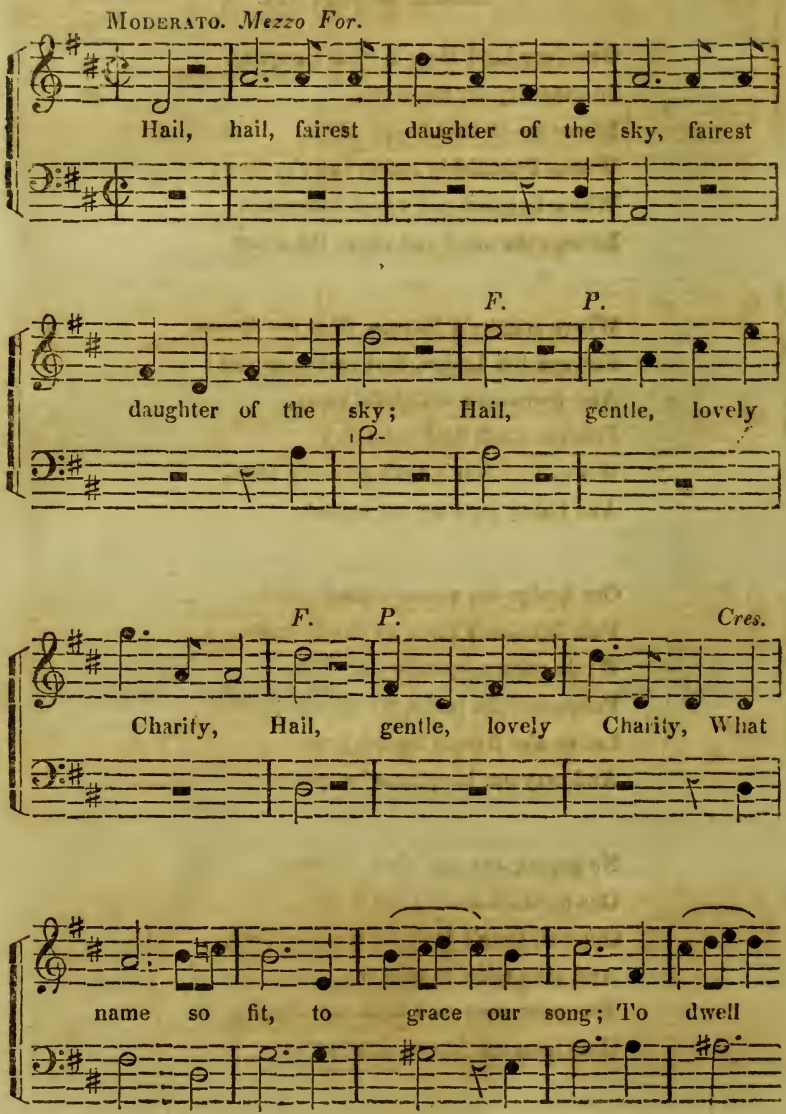
Where scepter'd Reason, from her throne,
Surveys the Lodge, that makes us one;
And harmony's delightful sway,
Forever sheds ambrosial day;
Where we blest Eden's pleasure taste,
And balmy joys are our repast.

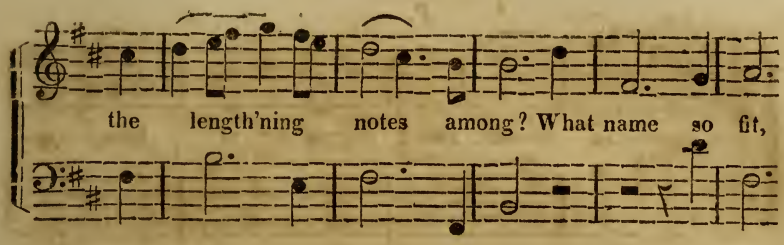
Our Lodge the social virtues grace,
Fair Wisdom's rules we fondly trace;
While nature, open to our view,
Points out the paths, we should pursue;
Let us e'er live in lasting peace,
And may our happiness increase.

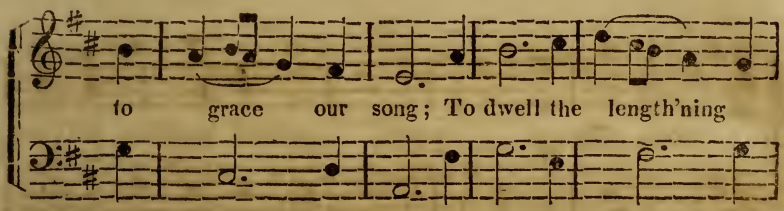
No prying eye can view us here,
Our mystick secrets we revere;
Our well form'd laws set mankind free,
And give relief to misery;
The poor, oppress'd with want and grief
Gain from our liberal hand relief.

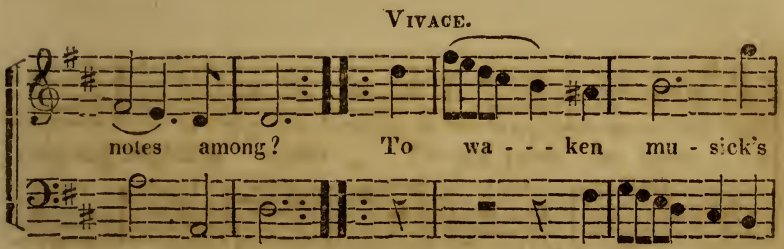
## ODE TO CHARITY.

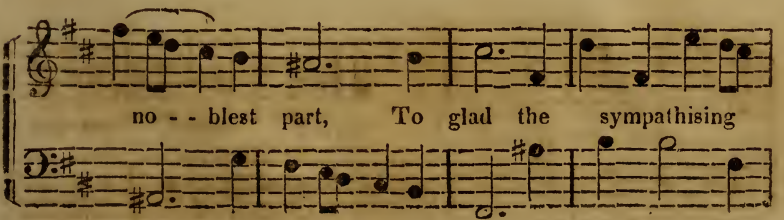
HAR. SAC.


Moderato. Mezzo For.
Hail, hail, fairest daughter of the sky, fairest
F. P.
daughter of the sky; Hail, gentle, lovely
F. P. Cres.
Charity, Hail, gentle, lovely Charity, What
name so fit, to grace our song; To dwell

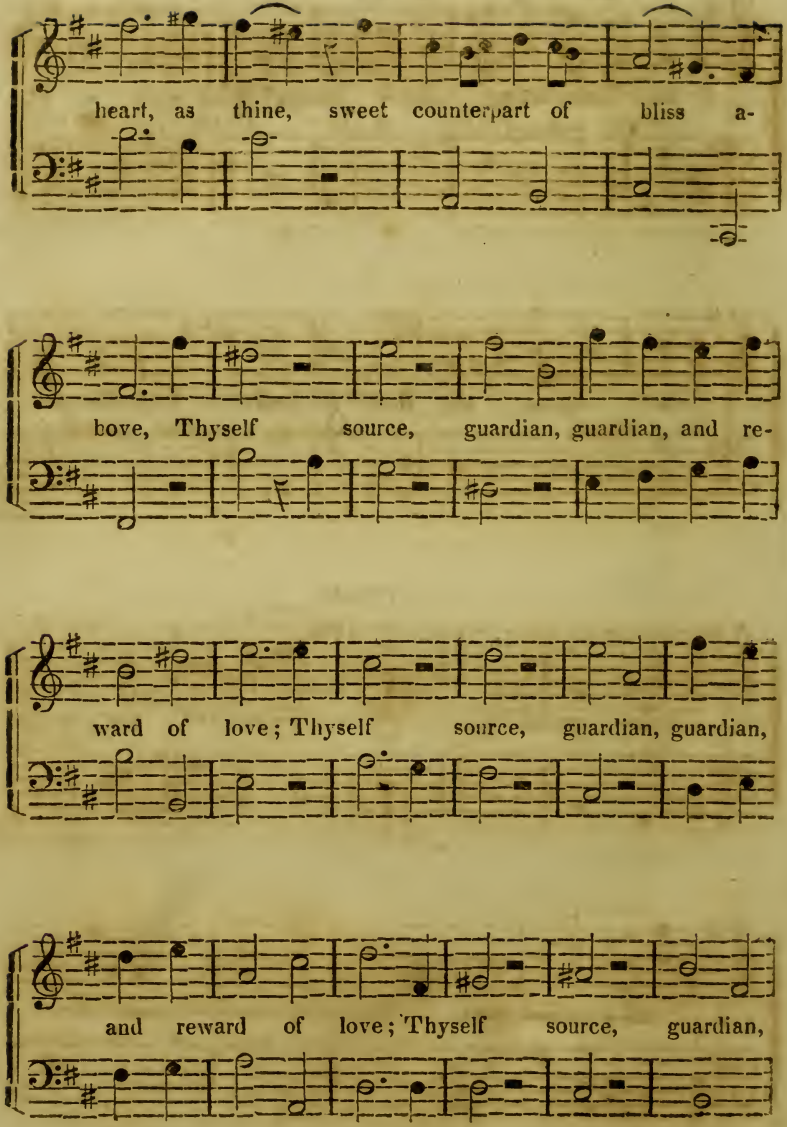

the length'ning notes among? What name so fit,

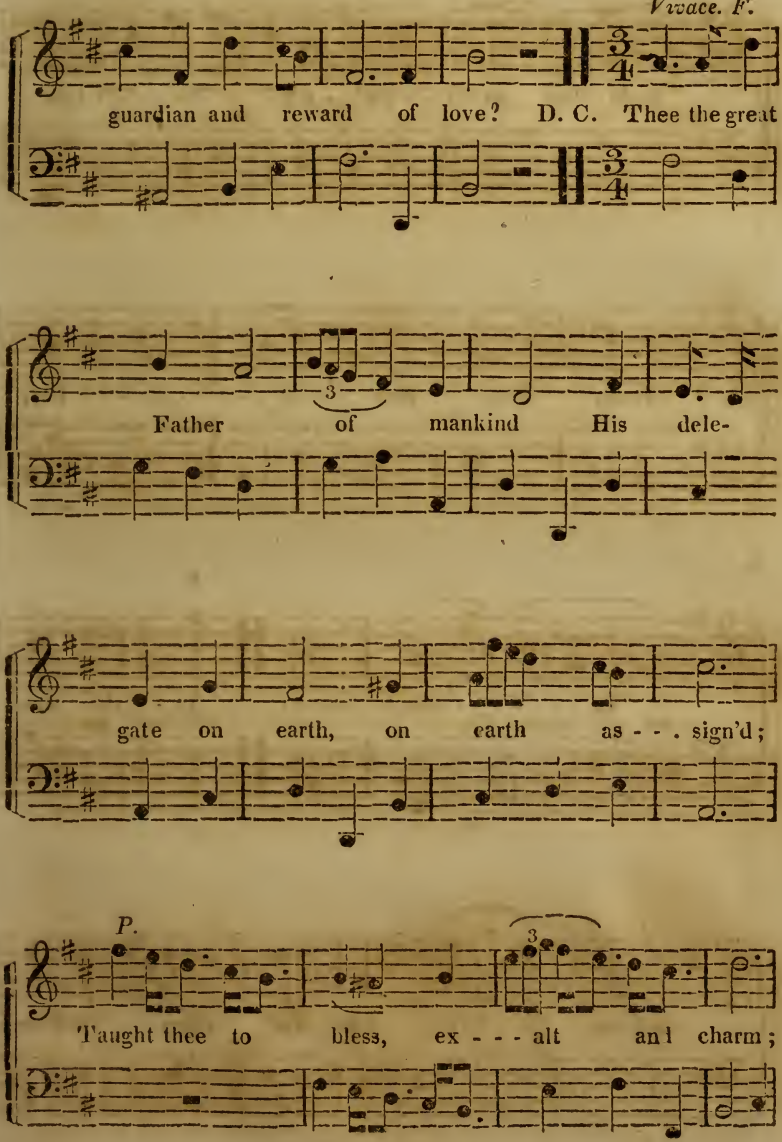
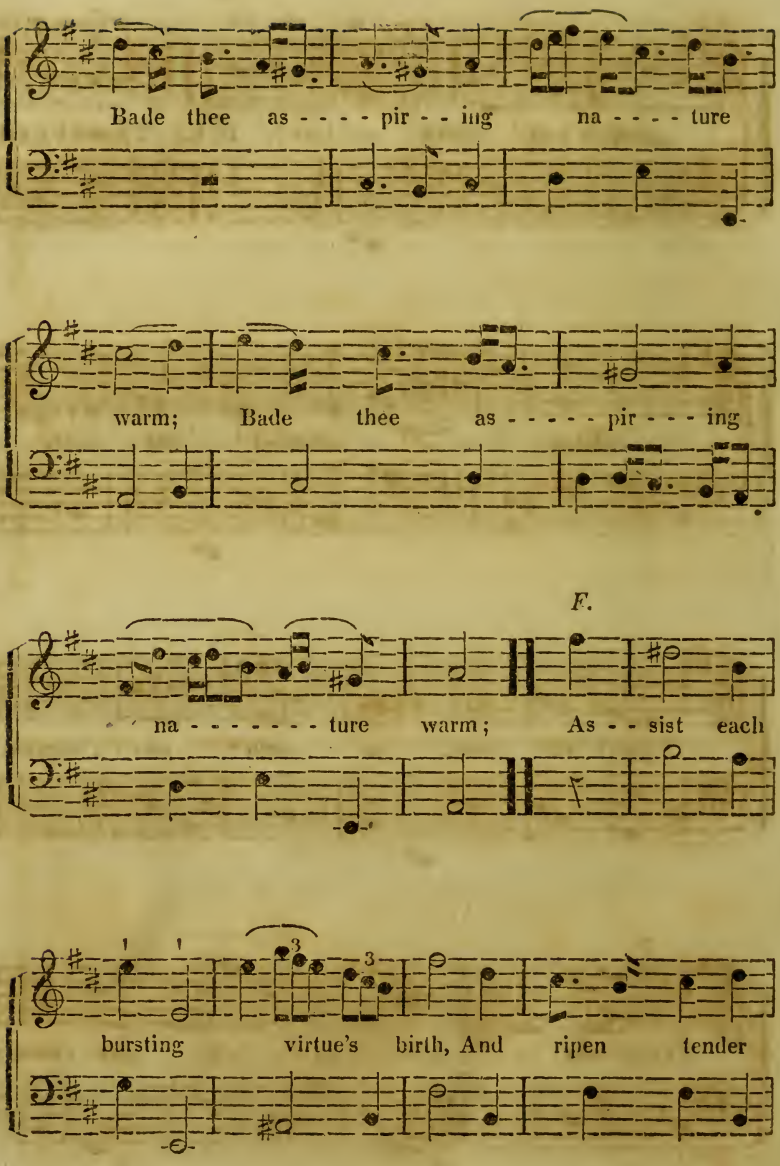
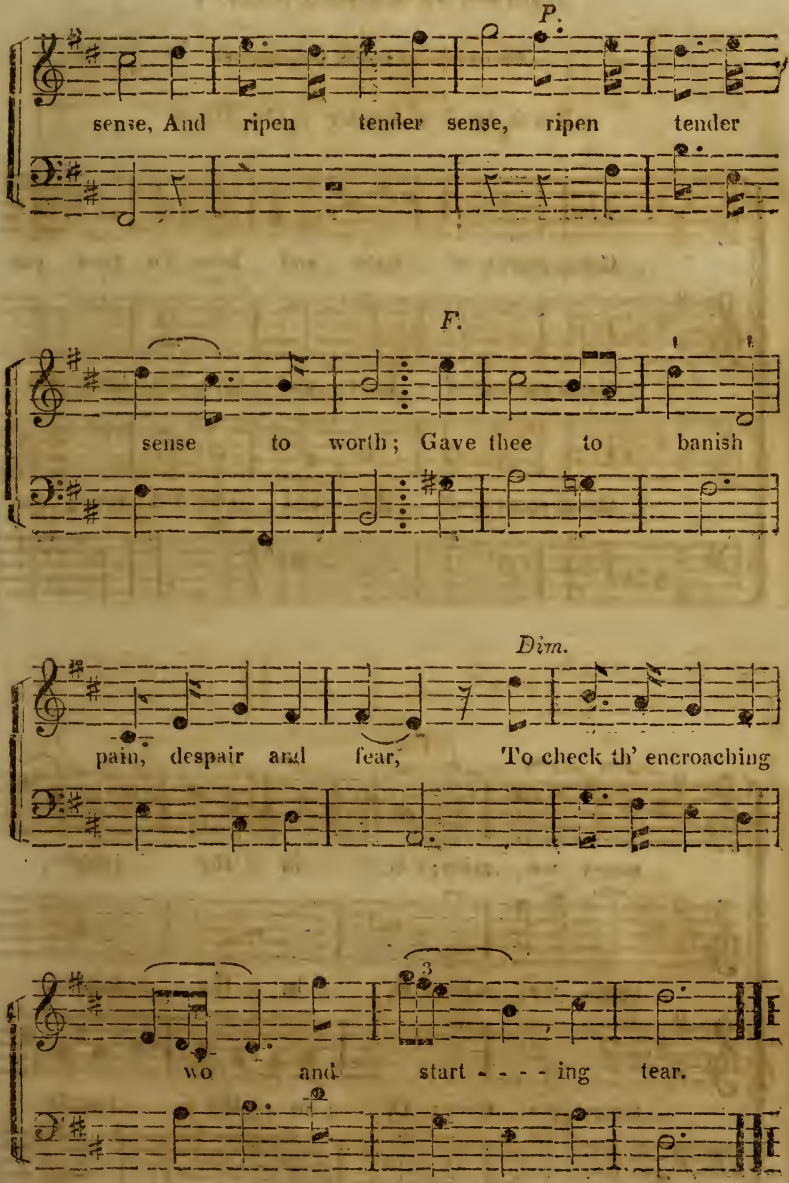

to grace our song; To dwell the length'ning


Vivace.
notes among? To wa - - - ken mu - sick's


no - - blest part, To glad the sympathising

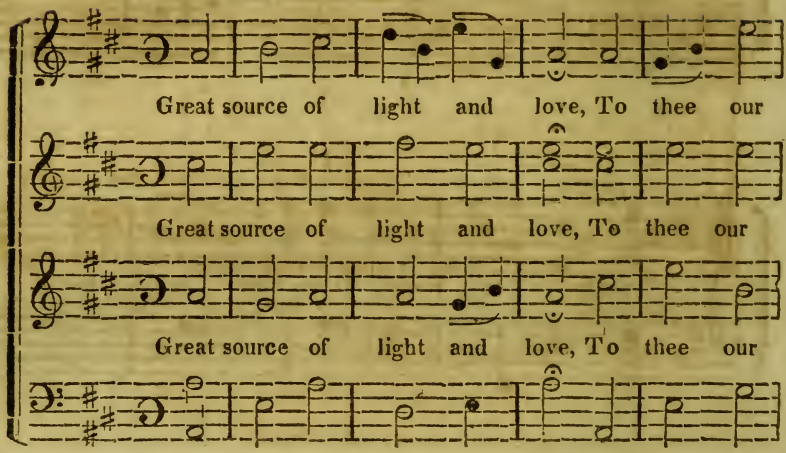
*P.*

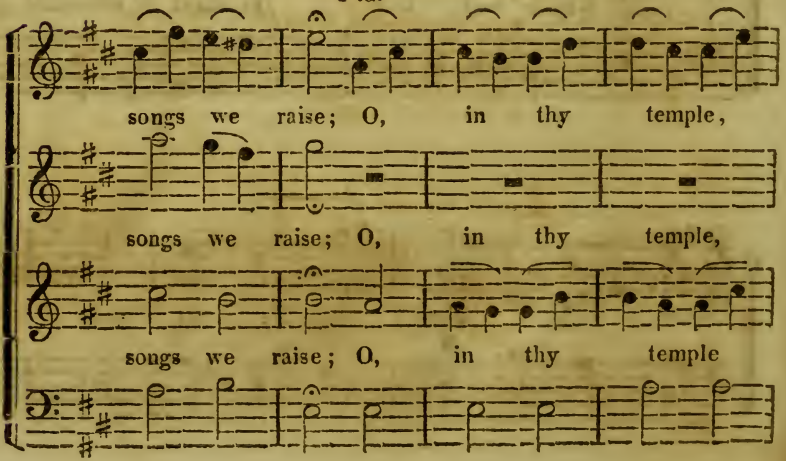

heart, as thine, sweet counterpart of bliss a-
bove, Thyself source, guardian, guardian, and re-
ward of love; Thyself source, guardian, guardian,
and reward of love; Thyself source, guardian,


Vivace. F.
guardian and reward of love? D. C. Thee the great
Father of mankind His dele-
gate on earth, on earth as - - - sign'd;
P.
Taught thee to bless, ex - - - alt and charm;

Bade thee as - - - - pir - - ing na - - - - ture
warm; Bade thee as - - - - - pir - - - ing
F.
- - na - - - - - - - ture warm; As - - sist each
bursting virtue's birth, And ripen tender

P.
sense, And ripen tender sense, ripen tender
F.
sense to worth; Gave thee to banish
Dim.
pain, despair and fear, To check th' encroaching
3
wo and start - - - - ing tear.

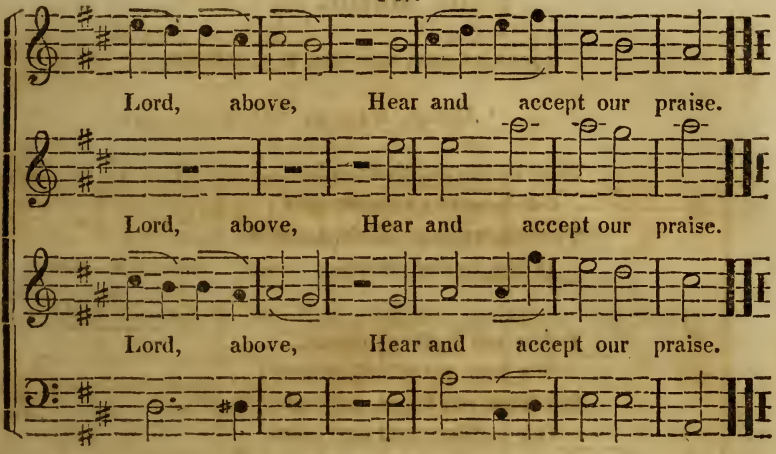
## HYMN FOR DEDICATION,

OR OTHER PUBLICK OCCASIONS.

*Words by Rev. Brother T. M. Harris.*

Great source of light and love, To thee our
Great source of light and love, To thee our
Great source of light and love, To thee our



*For.*




Shine on this festive day,
Succeed its hop'd design:
And may our Charity display
A love resembling thine.

May this fraternal band,
Now consecrated, bless'd,
In Union all distinguish'd stand,
In Purity be dress'd.

May all the sons of peace,
Their ev'ry grace improve;
'Till discord thro' the nations cease,
And all the world be Love.

## HYMN.

WORDS BY REV. BROTHER T. M. HARRIS.

*Musick, see page* 164.

Blest be the tie, that binds
Our hearts in virtuous love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

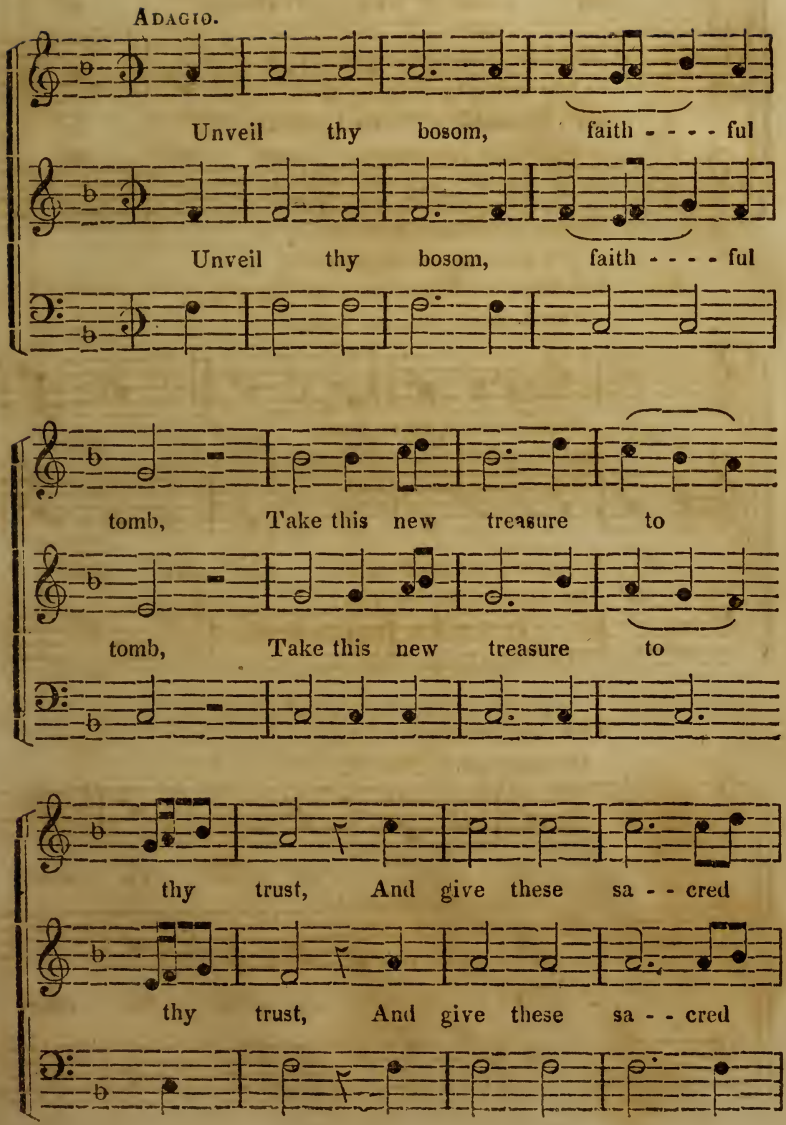
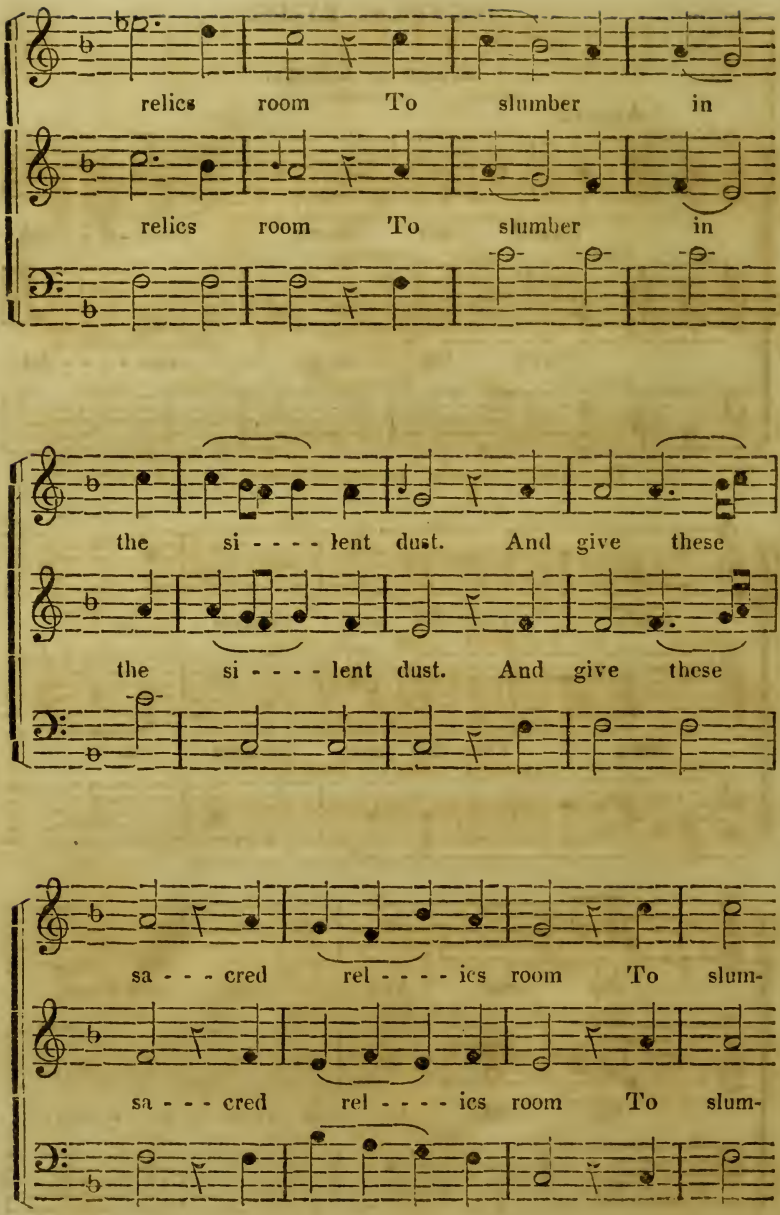
We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathising tear.

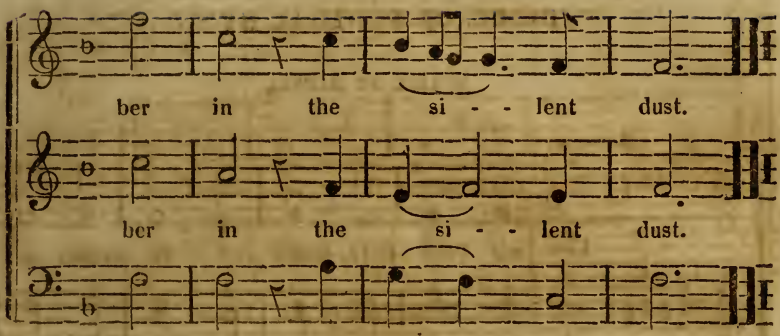
When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all Eternity.

## FUNERAL HYMN.

MUSICK BY HANDEL.

Adagio.
Unveil thy bosom, faith - - - - ful
Unveil thy bosom, faith - - - - ful
tomb, Take this new treasure to
tomb, Take this new treasure to
thy trust, And give these sa - - cred
thy trust, And give these sa - - cred

relics room To slumber in
relics room To slumber in
the si - - - - lent dust. And give these
the si - - - - lent dust. And give these
sa - - - cred rel - - - - ics room To slum-
sa - - - cred rel - - - - ics room To slum-



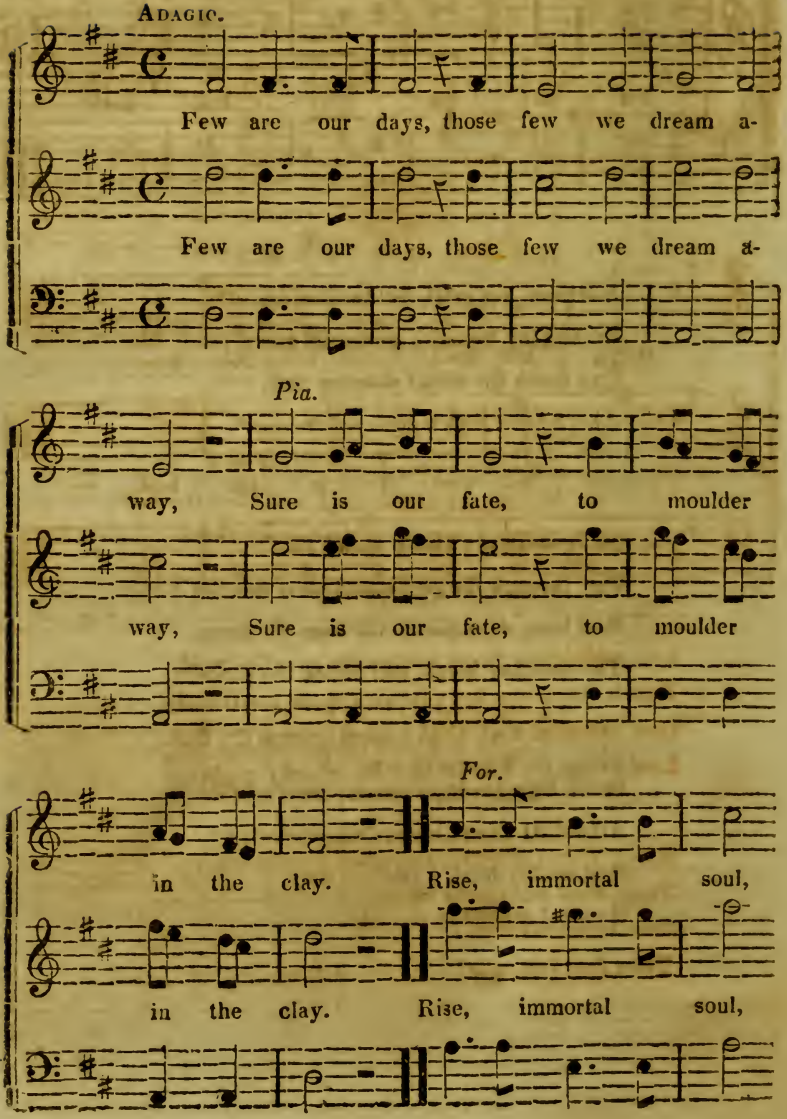
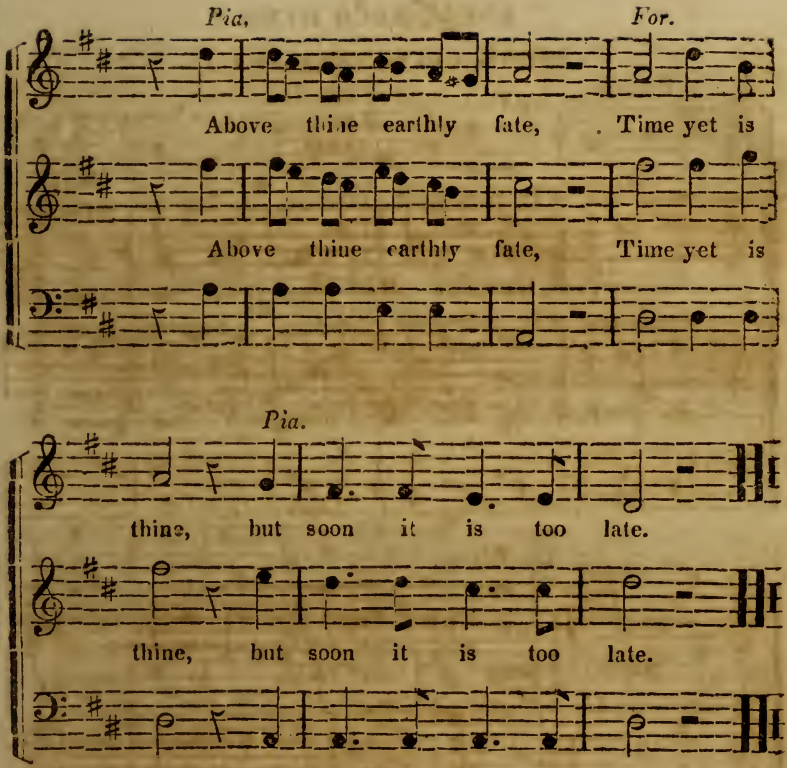

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear.
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the silent sleepers here,
And Angels watch their soft repose.

So Jesus slept; God's dying Son,
Past through the grave, and blest the bed;
Rest here, dear Saint, 'till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

Break from his high throne, illust'rous Morn.
Attend, O Earth, his sov'reign word;
Restore thy trust, a glorious form,
He must ascend to meet his Lord.

## DIRGE, OR FUNERAL HYMN.

MUSICK BY HANDEL.

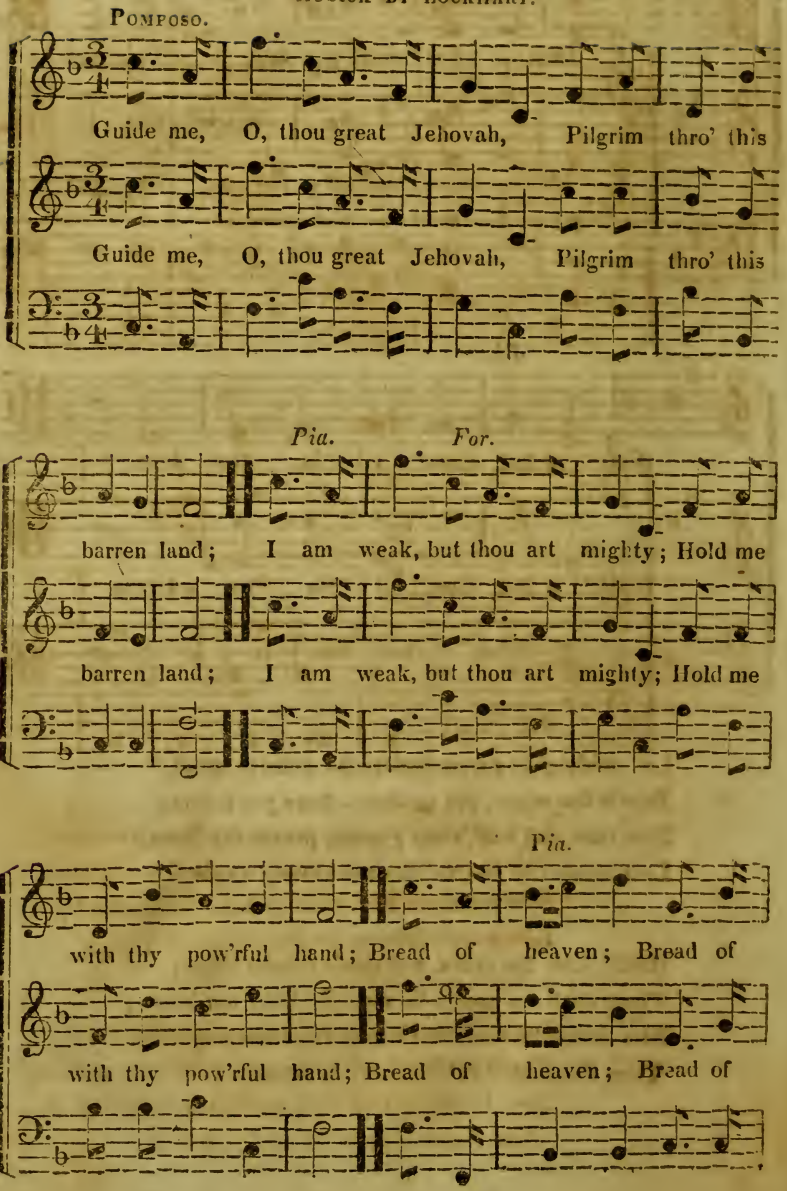

Adagio.
Few are our days, those few we dream a-
Few are our days, those few we dream a-
Pia.
way, Sure is our fate, to moulder
way, Sure is our fate, to moulder
For.
in the clay. Rise, immortal soul,
in the clay. Rise, immortal soul,

Pia.
For.
Above thine earthly fate, . Time yet is
Above thine earthly fate, Time yet is
Pia.
thine, but soon it is too late.
thine, but soon it is too late.

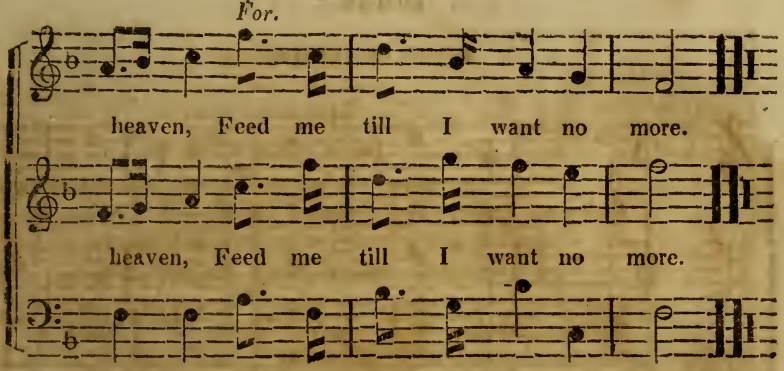
Lo! midnight's gloom invites the pensive mind,
Pale is the scene, but shadow's there you'll find;
Rise immortal soul, shun glooms, pursue thy flight,
Lest hence thy fate be like the gloomy night.

Hark! from the grave, oblivion's doleful tones;
There shall our names be moulder'd like our bones;
Rise, immortal soul, that hence thy fame may shine
Time flies and ends! Eternity is thine.

## ROYAL ARCH HYMN.

MUSICK BY LOCKHART.

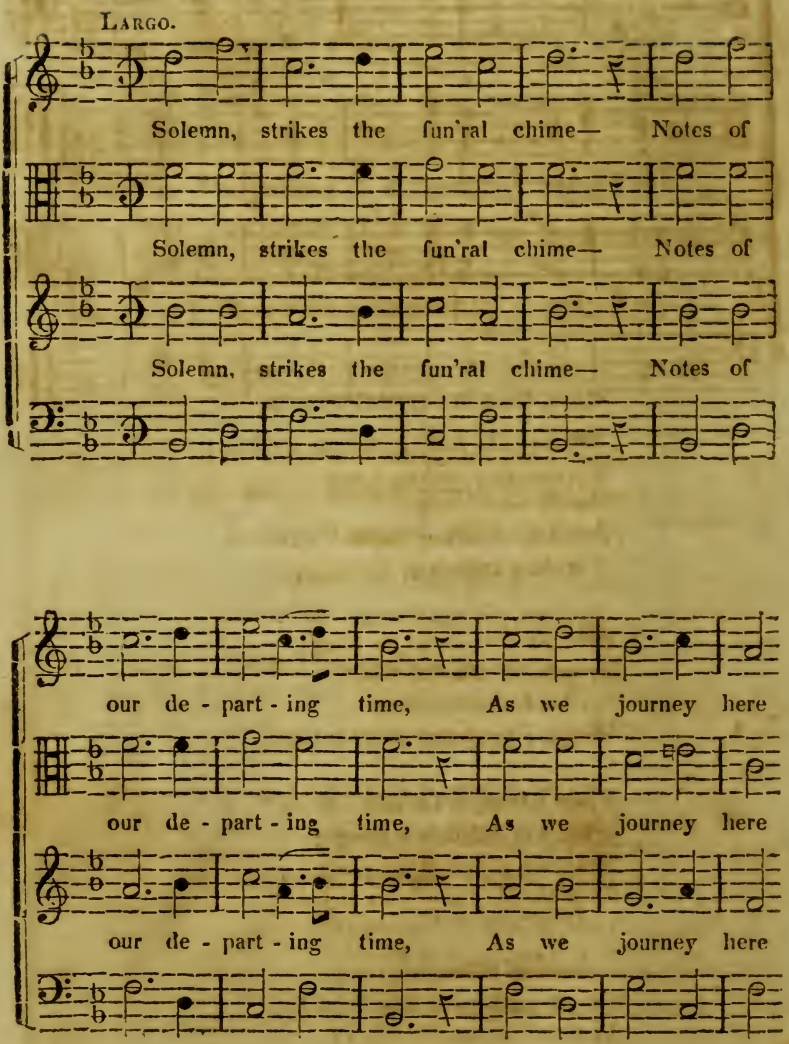

Pomposo.
Guide me, O, thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim thro' this
Guide me, O, thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim thro' this
Pia. For.
barren land; I am weak, but thou art mighty; Hold me
barren land; I am weak, but thou art mighty; Hold me
Pia.
with thy pow'rful hand; Bread of heaven; Bread of
with thy pow'rful hand; Bread of heaven; Bread of

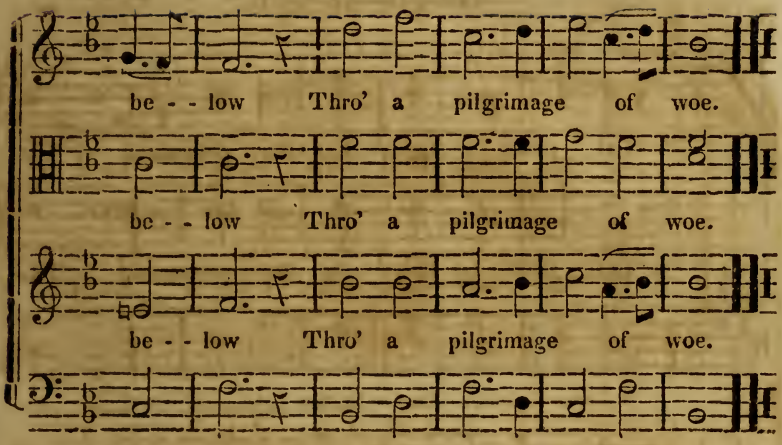



Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

# DIRGE.

MUSICK BY PLEYEL.

Largo.
Solemn, strikes the fun'ral chime— Notes of
Solemn, strikes the fun'ral chime— Notes of
Solemn, strikes the fun'ral chime— Notes of
our de - part - ing time, As we journey here
our de - part - ing time, As we journey here
our de - part - ing time, As we journey here

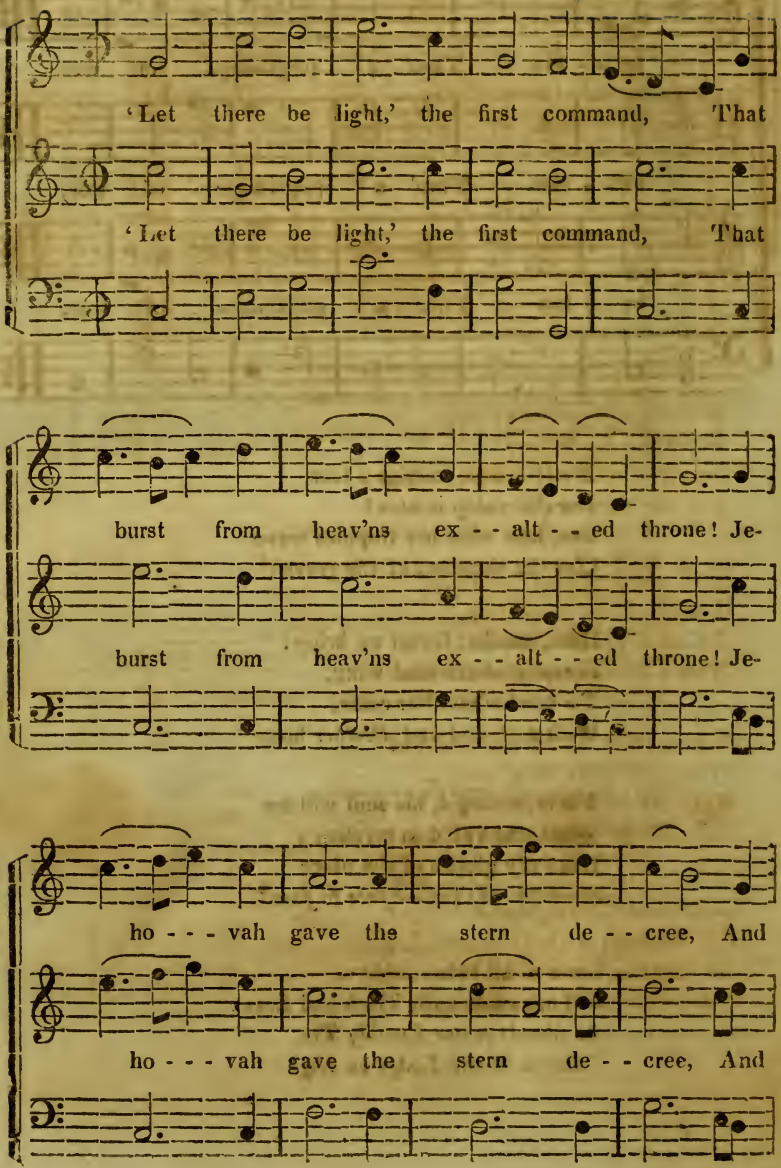
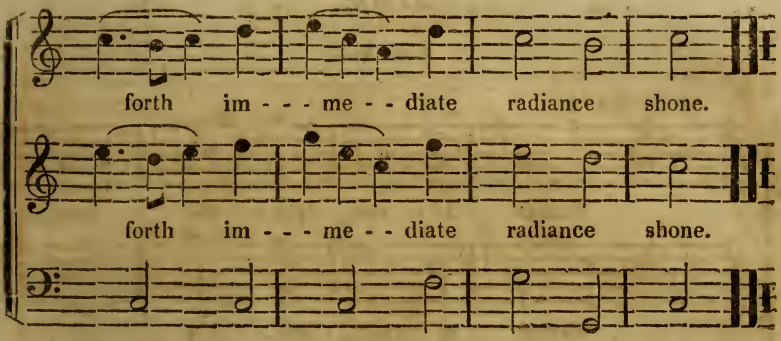



Mortals, now indulge a tear,
For *Mortality* is here!
See, how wide her trophies wave
O'er the slumbers of the grave!

Here, another Guest we bring!
Seraphs, of celestial wing,
To our fun'ral-altar come,
Waft a *Friend* and *Brother* home.

There, enlarg'd, his soul will see
What was veil'd in mystery;
Heav'nly glories of the place
Shew his MAKER—'*face to face.*'

LORD of all below, above,
Fill our souls with *Truth* and *Love*:
As dissolves our *Earthly Tie*,
Take us to thy *Lodge on High!*

## TRUTH—AN ODE.

'Let there be light,' the first command, That
'Let there be light,' the first command, That
burst from heav'ns ex - - alt - - ed throne! Je-
burst from heav'ns ex - - alt - - ed throne! Je-
ho - - - vah gave the stern de - - cree, And
ho - - - vah gave the stern de - - cree, And

The Sun, that glorious orb of day,
Was order'd to assume his sphere;
To shed on earth th' enliv'ning ray,
To shine abroad from year to year.

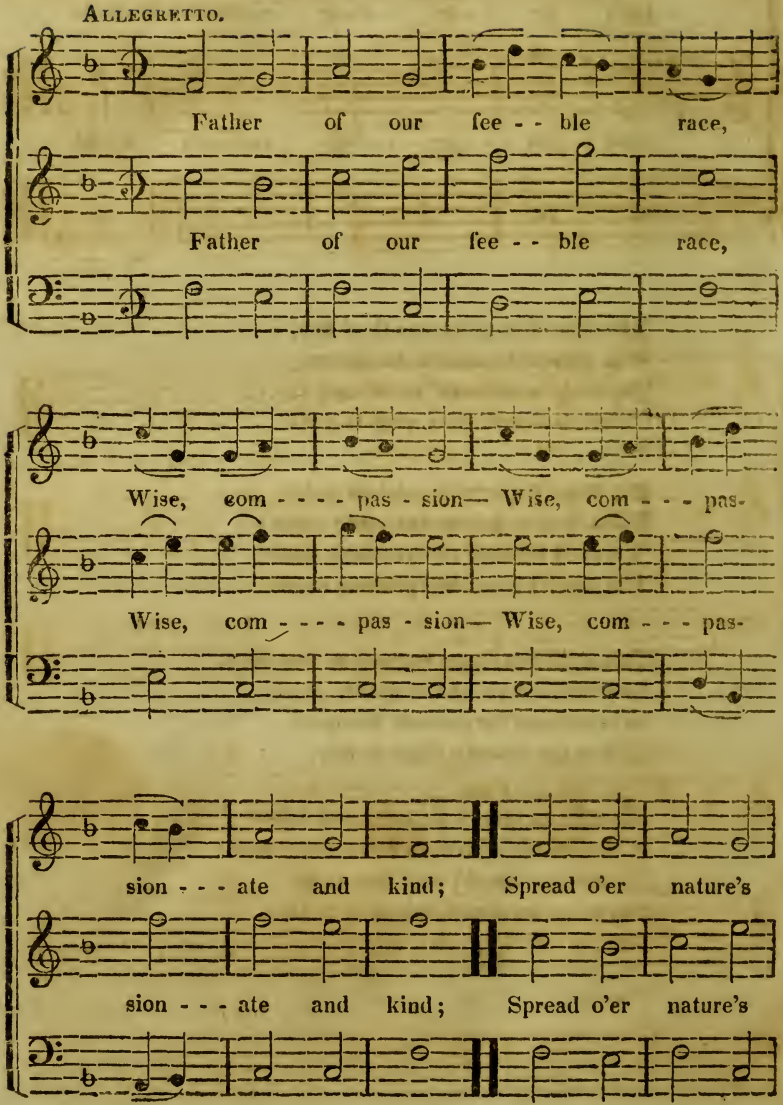
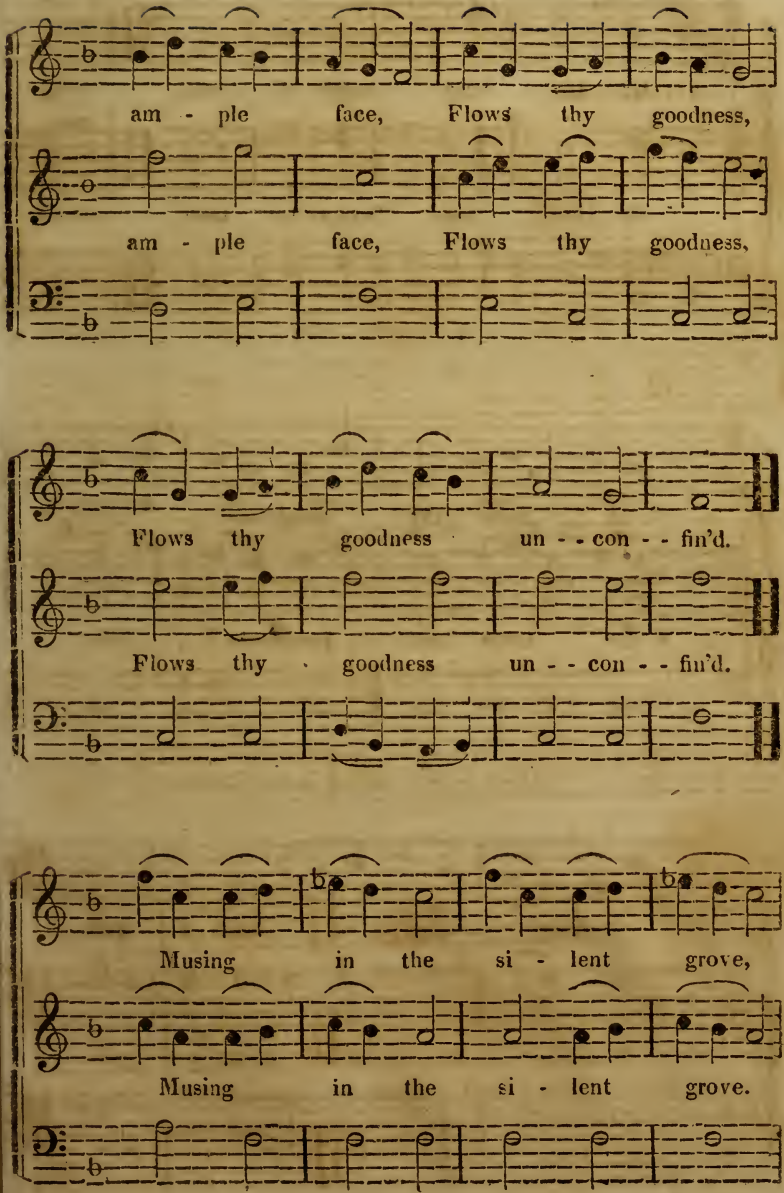
But there's a light, a brighter light,
Than Sun or nature e'er could claim;
'Tis shed through all creation's space,
And bears a great and glorious name.

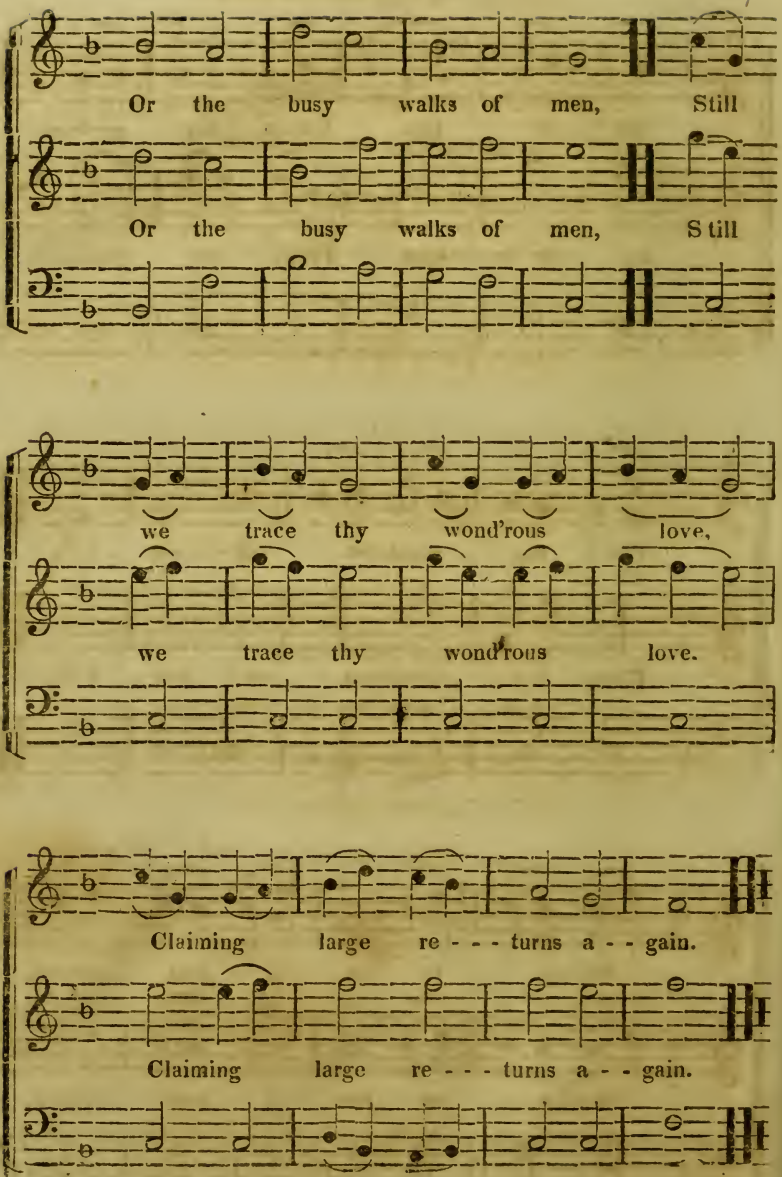
This light has shone since man was born,
And will e'er shine till world's decay;
Its brightness far exceeds the morn,
With it the gloomy night is day.

Then let us search for this great Light,
Which shines with such refulgence broad;
Its name is Truth; and that alone
Can bring our wand'ring souls to God.

## HYMN.

HAR. SAC.

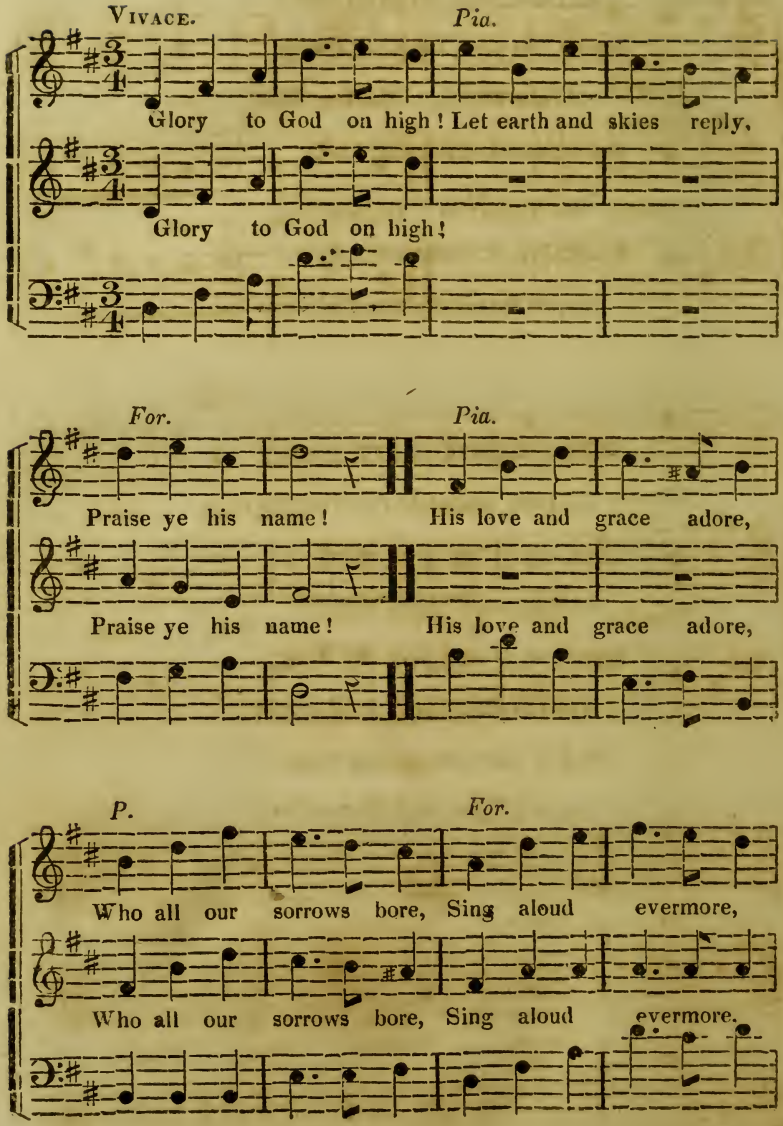

ALLEGRETTO.
Father of our fee - - ble race,
Father of our fee - - ble race,
Wise, com - - - - pas - sion— Wise, com - - - pas-
Wise, com - - - - pas - sion— Wise, com - - - pas-
sion - - - ate and kind; Spread o'er nature's
sion - - - ate and kind; Spread o'er nature's

am - ple face, Flows thy goodness,
am - ple face, Flows thy goodness,
Flows thy goodness un - - con - - fin'd.
Flows thy goodness un - - con - - fin'd.
Musing in the si - lent grove,
Musing in the si - lent grove.


Or the busy walks of men, Still
Or the busy walks of men, S till
we trace thy wond'rous love,
we trace thy wond'rous love.
Claiming large re - - - turns a - - gain.
Claiming large re - - - turns a - - gain.

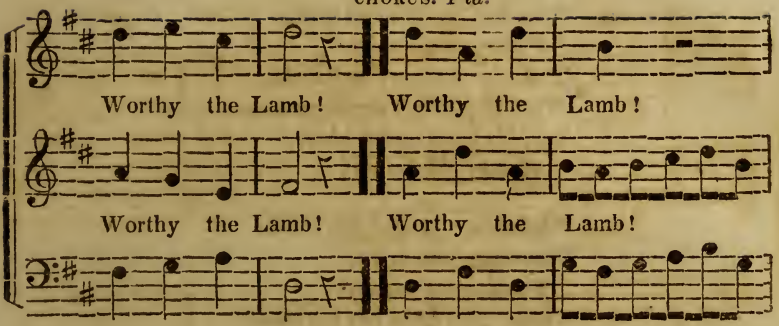
LORD, what off'ring shall we bring
At thine Altar, when we bow;
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring,
Whence the kind affections flow.
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye express'd;
Sympathy, at whose control,
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast.

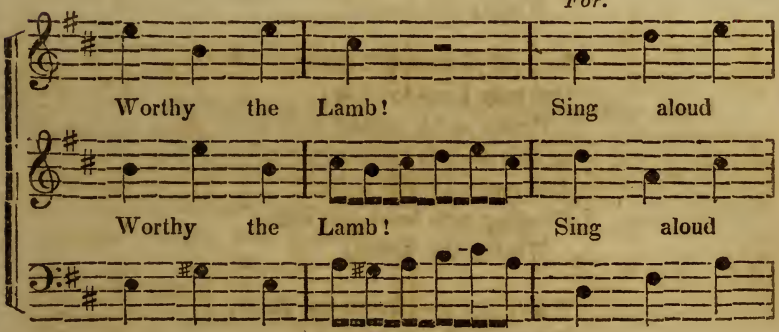
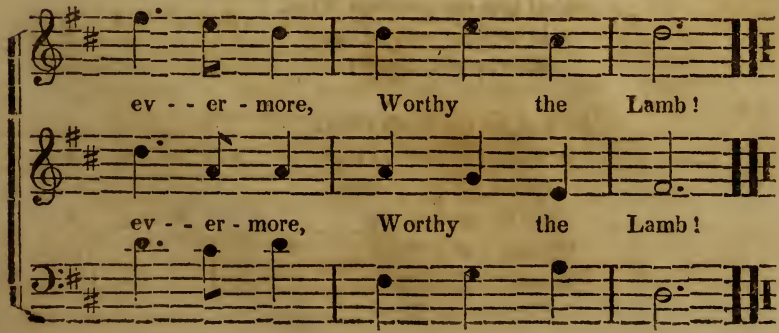
Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wound, or feed the poor;
Love, embracing all mankind,
Charity, with liberal store.
Teach us, O thou heav'nly King,
Thus to shew our grateful mind;
Thus th' accepted off'ring bring,
Love to Thee, and all mankind.

## GLORY TO GOD ON HIGH.


Vivace.
Pia.
Glory to God on high! Let earth and skies reply,
Glory to God on high!
For.
Pia.
Praise ye his name! His love and grace adore,
Praise ye his name! His love and grace adore,
P.
For.
Who all our sorrows bore, Sing aloud evermore,
Who all our sorrows bore, Sing aloud evermore.

CHORUS. *Pia.*




*For.*



Jesus, our Lord and God,
Bore sins' tremendous load,
  Praise ye his name!
Tell what his arm hath done,
What spoils from death he won,
Sing his great name alone,
  Worthy the Lamb!

While they, around the throne,
Cheerfully join in one,
  Praising his name;
Those, who have felt his blood
Sealing their peace with God;
Sound his dear fame abroad,
  Worthy the Lamb!

Join all ye ransom'd race,
Our holy Lord to bless;
  Praise ye his name!
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
  Worthy the Lamb!

What, tho' we change our place,
Yet we shall never cease
  Praising his name!
To him our songs we bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And without ceasing, sing
  Worthy the Lamb!

Then let the hosts above,
In realms of endless love,
  Praise his great name!
To Him ascribed be
Honour and majesty;
Through all eternity,
  Worthy the Lamb!

## ODE.

*Musick—See Page 22.*

Hail, mystic Light! whose holy flame
Can cheer the weak, the fierce can tame,
And raise the trembling soul!
Hail, sacred source of human skill!
Hail, great director of the will!
Star of the mental pole!

Hail, Masonry! thou first, thou last,
Of all the scope by mind embrac'd;
Thou teacher, friend, and guide;
'Tis thine to bid the desert smile,
To raise the science-trophied pile,
And bind the rushing tide.

What thanks should Western Masons pay,
Reliev'd from foreign regal sway,
To see her Rulers deign,
Inspir'd with sacred zeal, to raise
The watch-tower of our mortal days,
Of truth the awful fane.

*Rome* sees a *Bigot Priest* ascend,
To persecute each injur'd friend
Of the masonick ray;
And foul *Iberia*, self-undone,
Sees now essay her *Regal Son*
To hide the blaze of day.

Vain—vain the wish—the banner here,
The good, the wise, the great revere,
And join the countless throng;
Around their Altar while the band,
In an eternal union, stand,
And raise the grateful song.

## AN ODE

FOR THE FESTIVAL OF ST. JOHN.

*Musick—See Page* 182, *as far as Chorus.*

E'ER this vast world was made,
Or its foundation laid,
A Lodge was held:
Cherub and Cherubim,
Seraph and Seraphim,
Join'd in one glorious hymn
To three in one.

God their Grand Master was,
Fix'd their unerring laws;
By his decree:
Faith, Hope and Charity,
Modest humility,
And noble secrecy,
All laws divine.

Then to geometrize,
Built yon grand arch the skies;
And hung this ball:
Far as creation hence,
Through the dark void immense
Did light and joys dispense
While Angels sung.

Thus was this fabrick rais'd,
While hosts angelick gaz'd,
In God's Grand Lodge:

While all the spheres sublime,
In one harmonious chime,
Hail'd the grand birth of time,
Masonry's date.

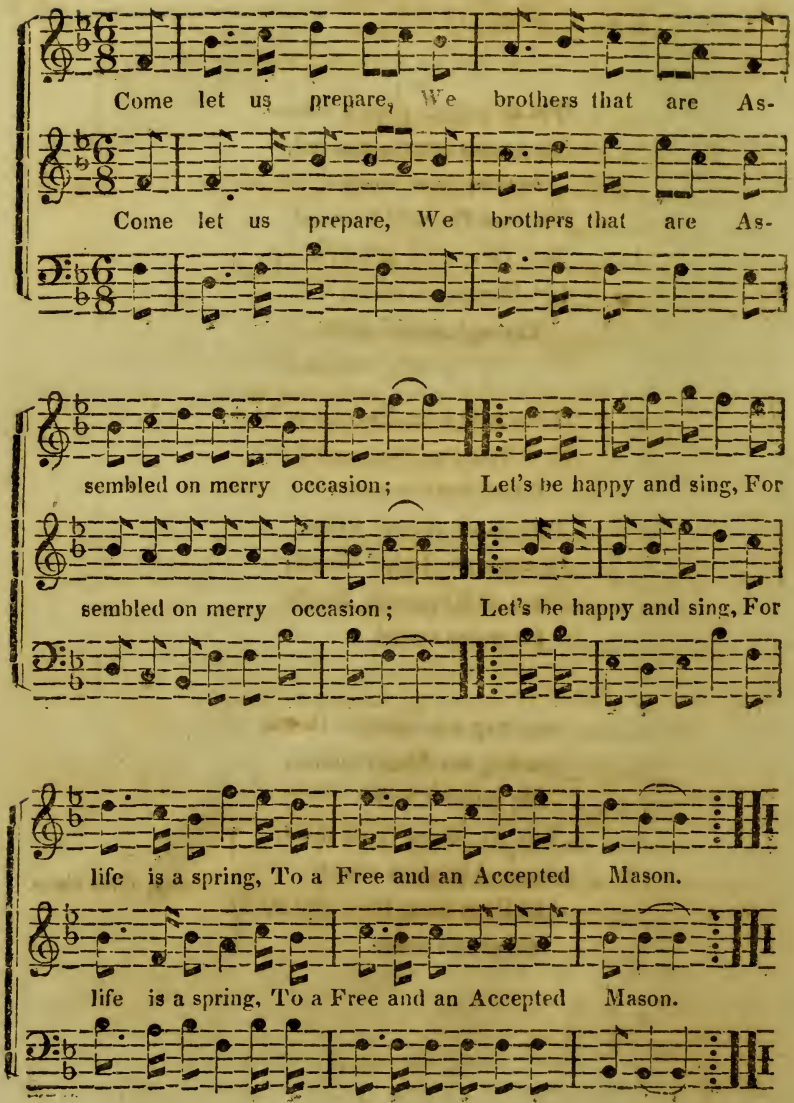
God then their Master Grand,
To Angels gave command,
Assume your wings:
To bless the world around
Bear these glad tidings down;
Let Masonry resound,
Throughout the globe.

Thus pure from Heaven on high,
Ev'n from yon blue arch'd sky,
Came down our art:
Pure as our aprons white,
Or snow on Andes' height;
Then with supreme delight
Its truths unfold.

And may our constant theme,
Lauding our King supreme,
Be grateful love:
May we whene'er we meet,
Chant Allelujahs sweet,
And three times three repeat,
Jehovah's praise.
} *Chorus, three times.*

## ENTERED APPRENTICES' SONG.

HARMONIZED FOR THREE VOICES.


Come let us prepare, We brothers that are As-
Come let us prepare, We brothers that are As-
sembled on merry occasion; Let's be happy and sing, For
sembled on merry occasion; Let's be happy and sing, For
life is a spring, To a Free and an Accepted Mason.
life is a spring, To a Free and an Accepted Mason.

The world is in pain
Our secrets to gain,
And still let them wonder and gaze on:
They ne'er can divine
The word or the sign
Of a Free and an Accepted Mason.

'Tis *This* and 'tis *That*,
They cannot tell *what*,
Why so many great men in the nation
Should aprons put on,
To make themselves one
With a Free and an Accepted Mason.

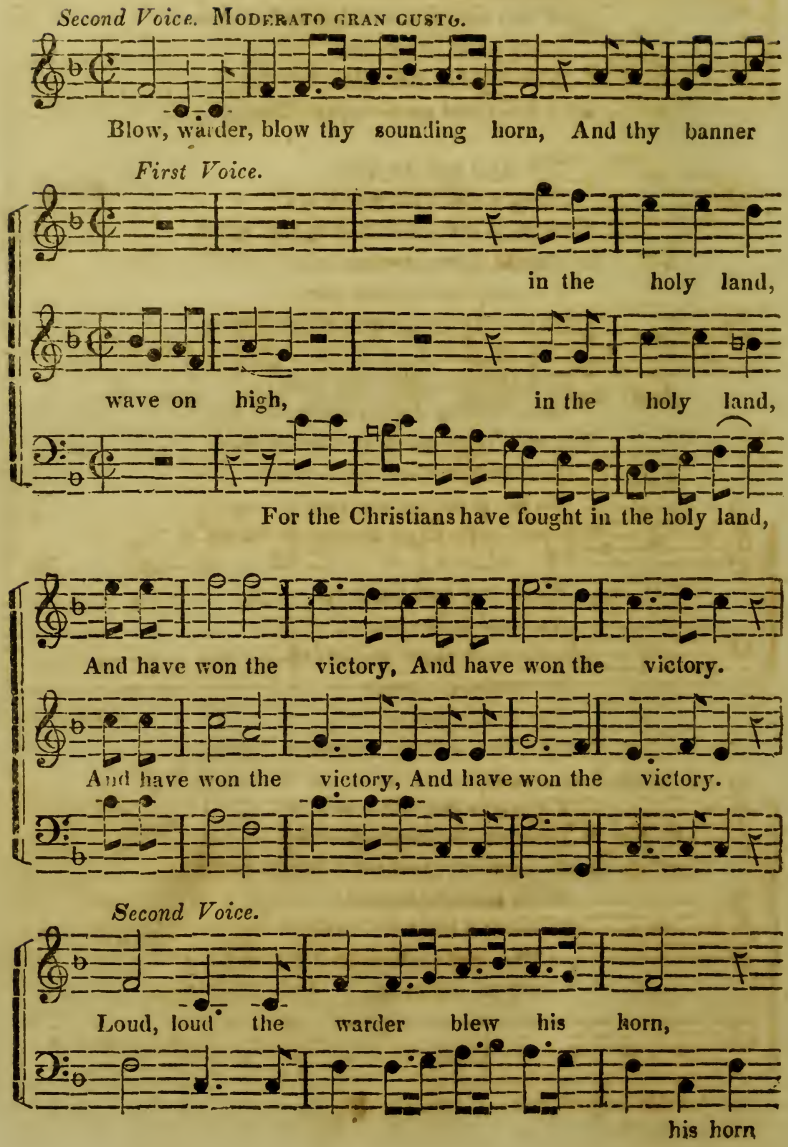
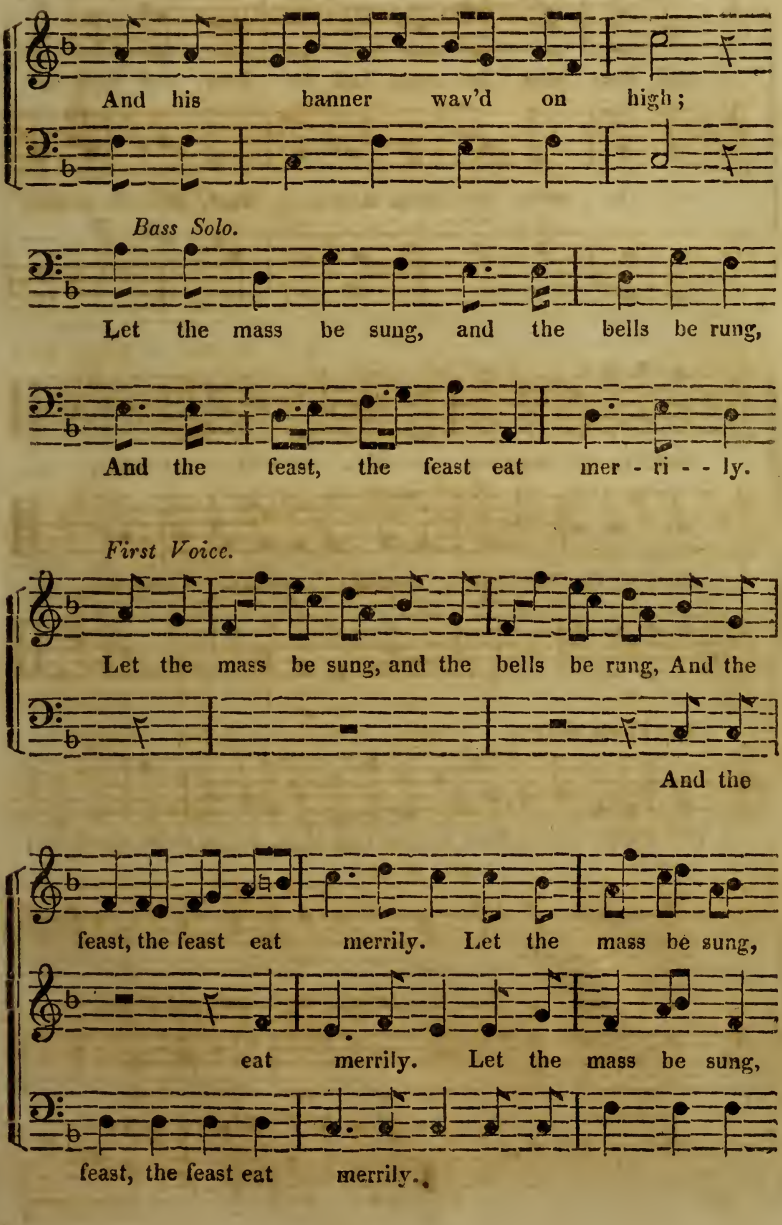
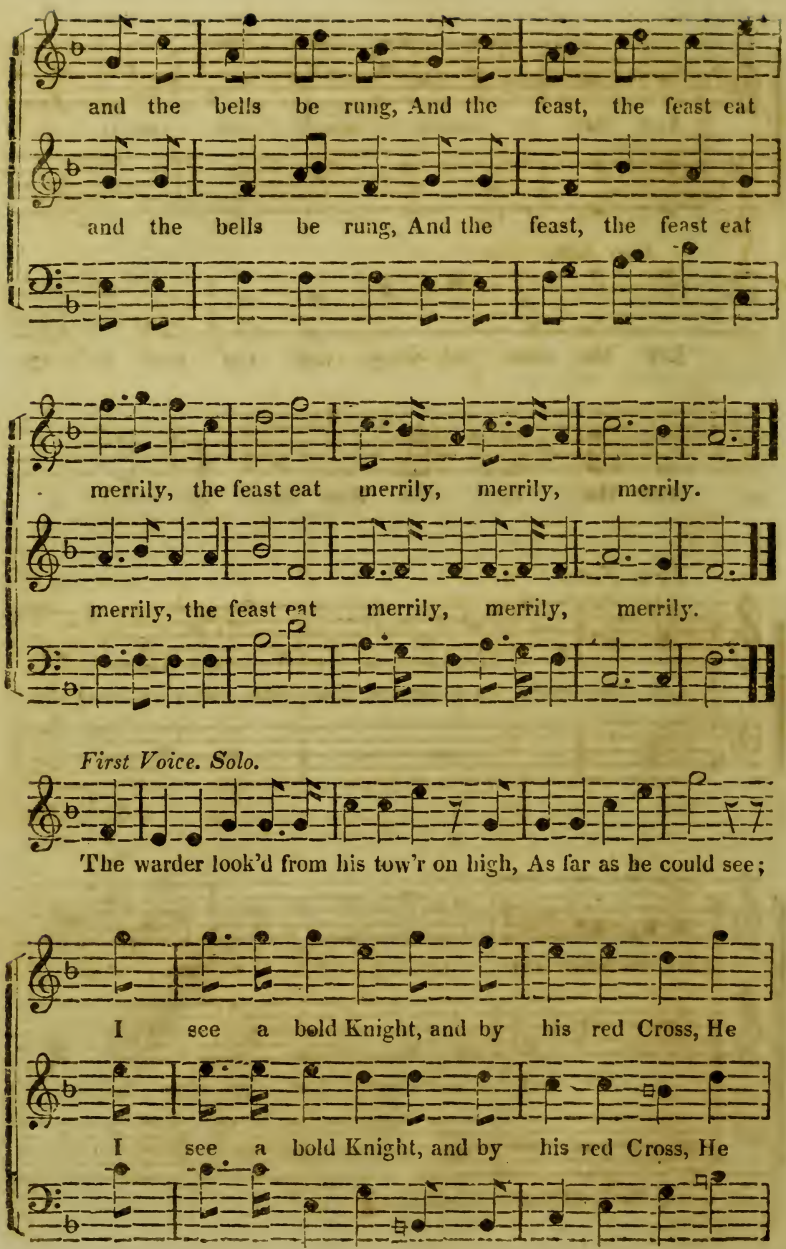
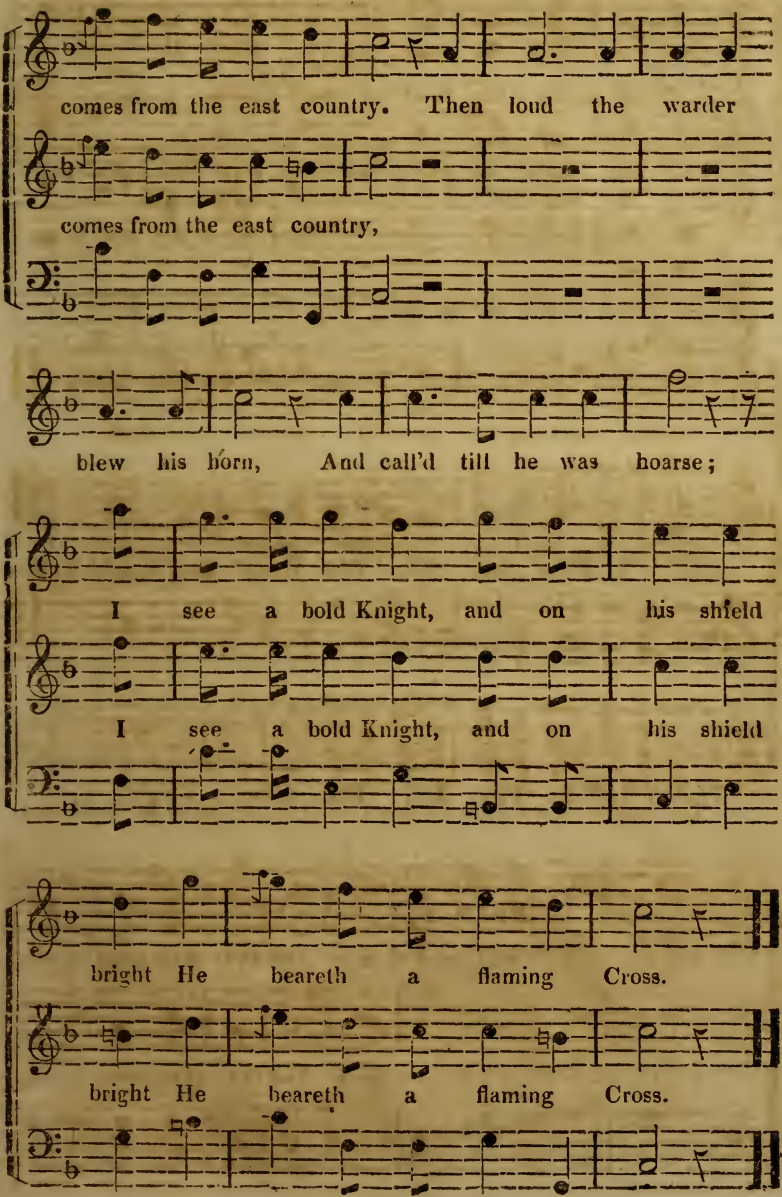
Great kings, dukes and lords,
Have laid by their swords,
Our myst'ry to put a good grace on;
And thought themselves fam'd,
To have themselves nam'd
With a Free and an Accepted Mason.

We're true and sincere,
And just to the fair,
They'll trust us on any occasion;
No mortal can more
The ladies adore
Than a free and an Accepted Mason.

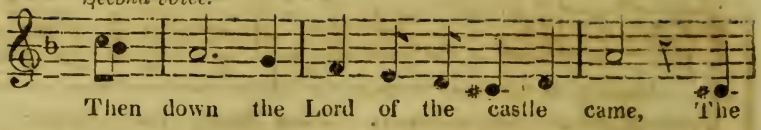
Then join hand in hand,
By each Brother firm stand,
Let's be merry, and put a bright face on;
What mortal can boast
So noble a toast
As a Free and an Accepted Mason? } *Chorus*, 3 *times*.

## THE RED CROSS KNIGHT.

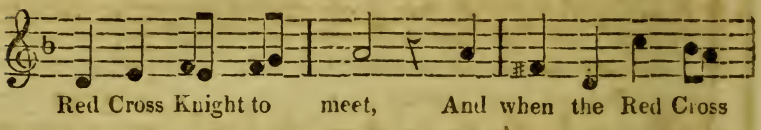
GLEE—FOR THREE VOICES.


Second Voice. MODERATO GRAN GUSTO.
Blow, warder, blow thy sounding horn, And thy banner
First Voice.
in the holy land,
wave on high, in the holy land,
For the Christians have fought in the holy land,
And have won the victory, And have won the victory.
And have won the victory, And have won the victory.
Second Voice.
Loud, loud the warder blew his horn,
his horn

And his banner wav'd on high;
Bass Solo.
Let the mass be sung, and the bells be rung,
And the feast, the feast eat mer - ri - - ly.
First Voice.
Let the mass be sung, and the bells be rung, And the
And the
feast, the feast eat merrily. Let the mass be sung,
eat merrily. Let the mass be sung,
feast, the feast eat merrily.

and the bells be rung, And the feast, the feast eat
and the bells be rung, And the feast, the feast eat
merrily, the feast eat merrily, merrily, merrily.
merrily, the feast eat merrily, merrily, merrily.
First Voice. Solo.
The warder look'd from his tow'r on high, As far as he could see;
I see a bold Knight, and by his red Cross, He
I see a bold Knight, and by his red Cross, He

comes from the east country. Then loud the warder
comes from the east country,
blew his horn, And call'd till he was hoarse;
I see a bold Knight, and on his shield
I see a bold Knight, and on his shield
bright He beareth a flaming Cross.
bright He beareth a flaming Cross.

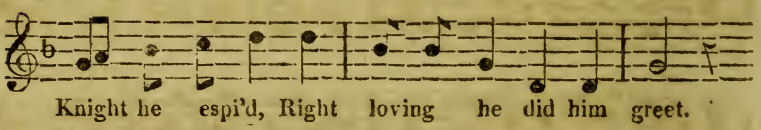
*Second voice.*



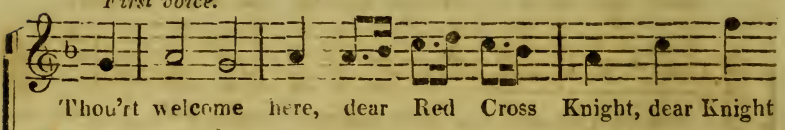
Then down the Lord of the castle came, The

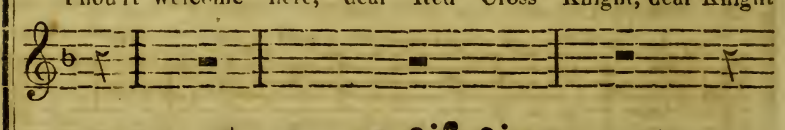


Red Cross Knight to meet, And when the Red Cross

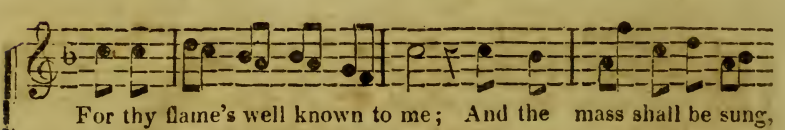


Knight he espi'd, Right loving he did him greet.

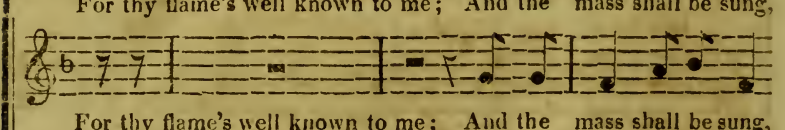
*First voice.*

Thou'rt welcome here, dear Red Cross Knight, dear Knight



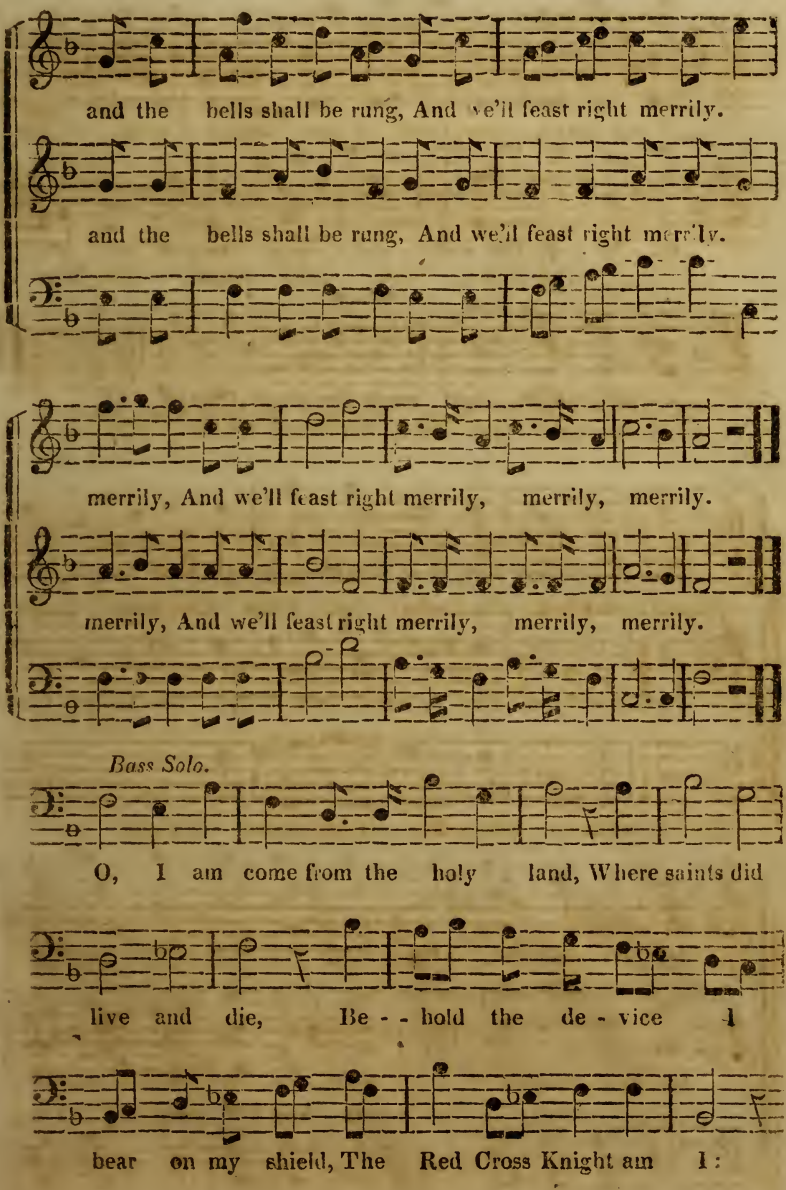
Thou'rt welcome here, dear Red Cross Knight,

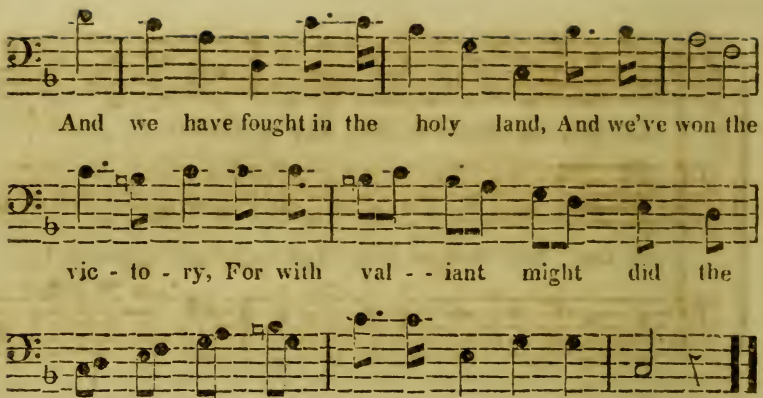
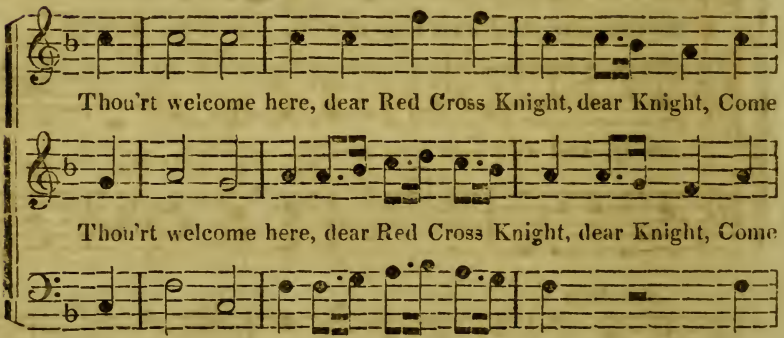


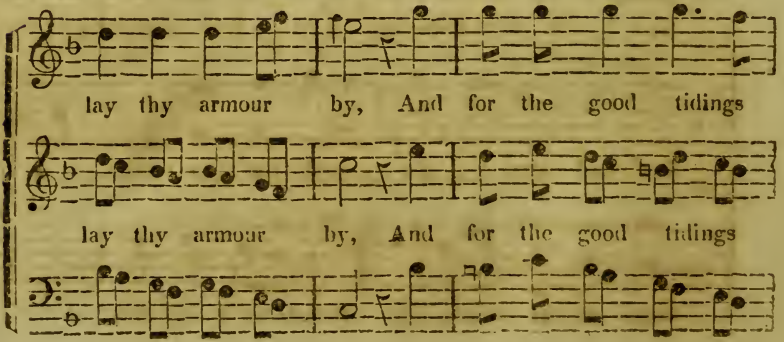
For thy flame's well known to me; And the mass shall be sung,

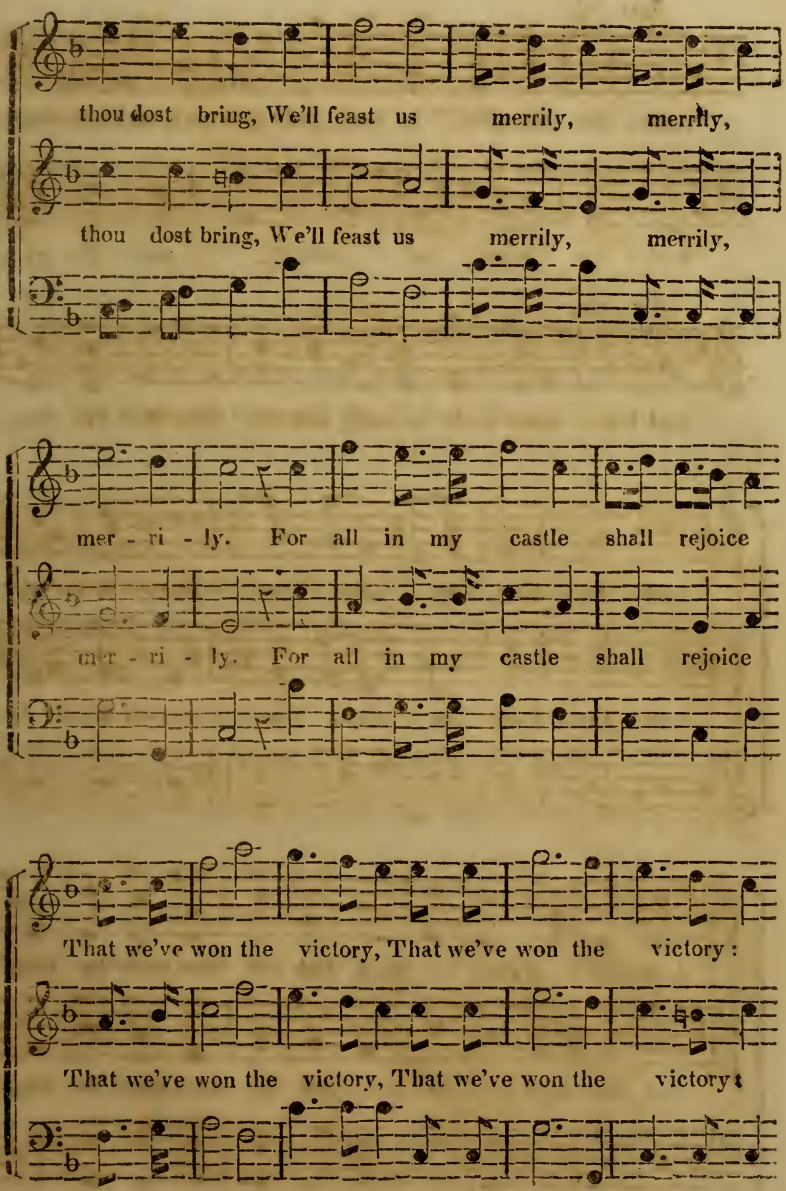


For thy flame's well known to me; And the mass shall be sung,

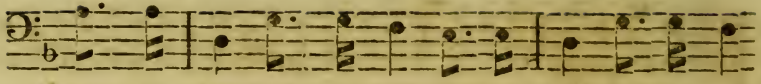

and the bells shall be rung, And we'll feast right merrily.
and the bells shall be rung, And we'll feast right merrily.
merrily, And we'll feast right merrily, merrily, merrily.
merrily, And we'll feast right merrily, merrily, merrily.
Bass Solo.
O, I am come from the holy land, Where saints did
live and die, Be - - hold the de - vice I
bear on my shield, The Red Cross Knight am I:


And we have fought in the holy land, And we've won the
vic - to - ry, For with val - - iant might did the
Christians fight, And made the proud Pagans fly.

Thou'rt welcome here, dear Red Cross Knight, dear Knight, Come
Thou'rt welcome here, dear Red Cross Knight, dear Knight, Come

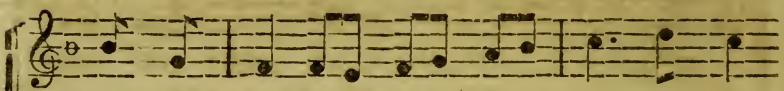
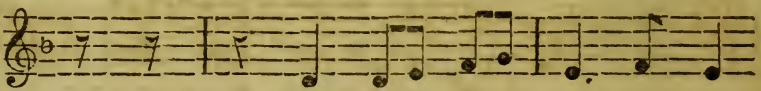

lay thy armour by, And for the good tidings
lay thy armour by, And for the good tidings

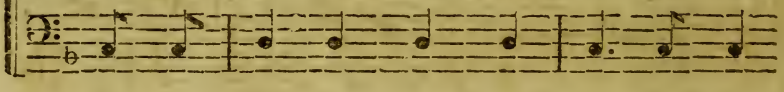

thou dost briug, We'll feast us merrily, merrily,
thou dost bring, We'll feast us merrily, merrily,
mer - ri - ly. For all in my castle shall rejoice
mer - ri - ly. For all in my castle shall rejoice
That we've won the victory, That we've won the victory:
That we've won the victory, That we've won the victory:

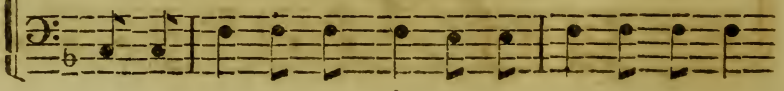
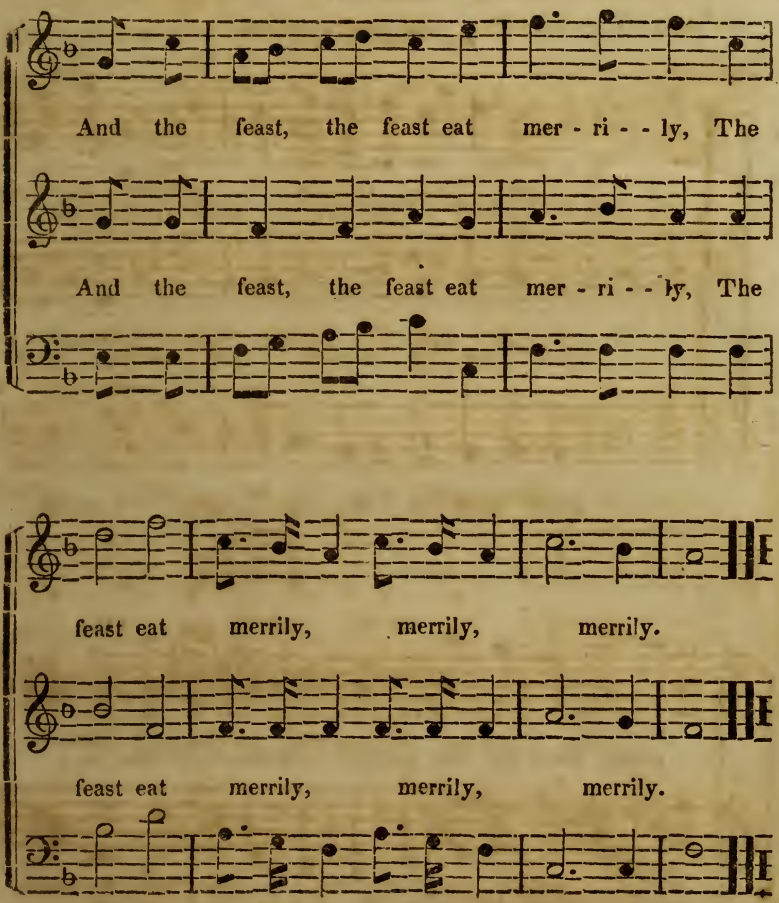
*Bass Solo.*



*Air Solo.*



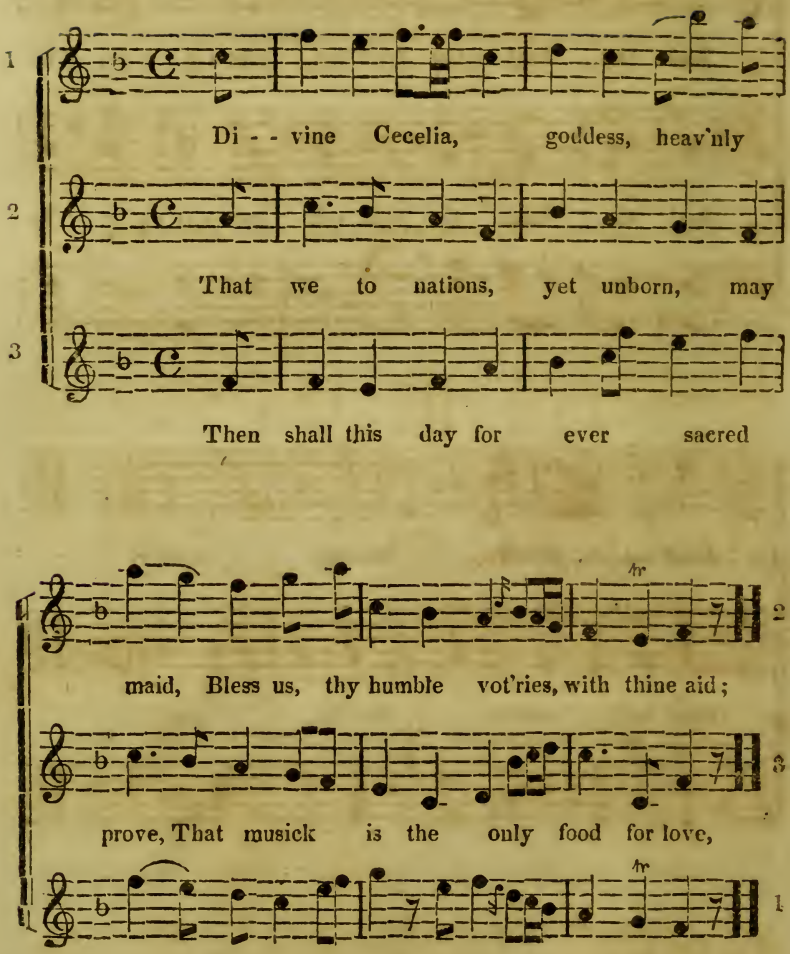




And the feast, the feast eat mer - ri - - ly, The
And the feast, the feast eat mer - ri - - ly, The
feast eat merrily, merrily, merrily.
feast eat merrily, merrily, merrily.

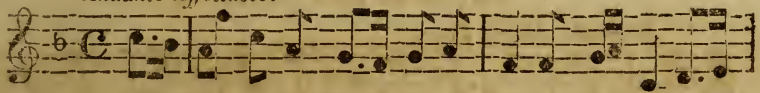
## CATCH.

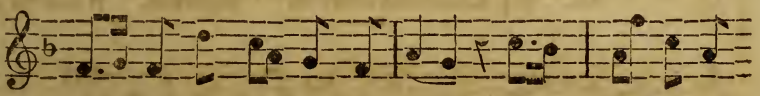
FOR THREE VOICES.


1
2
3
Di - - vine Cecelia, goddess, heav'nly
That we to nations, yet unborn, may
Then shall this day for ever sacred
maid, Bless us, thy humble vot'ries, with thine aid;
prove, That musick is the only food for love,
be. To thee, bright saint, to love and harmony.

## SONG.

*Andante Affettuoso.*

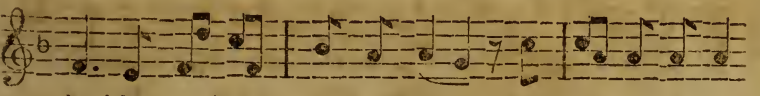


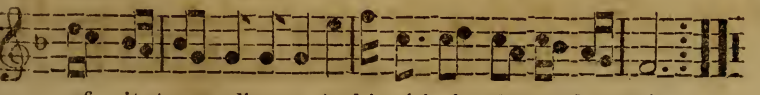
Oh! think when misfortune has wither'd the heart, How

cheering a brother to find; What blessings the

voice of a friend can impart To the drooping, dis-

consolate mind! The hand, grasp'd in friendship, dif-

fuses a charm, Can smooth the deep furrows of care;

Can fate's stern decree of its terrors disarm, And

banish the gloom of despair. Can fate's stern decree

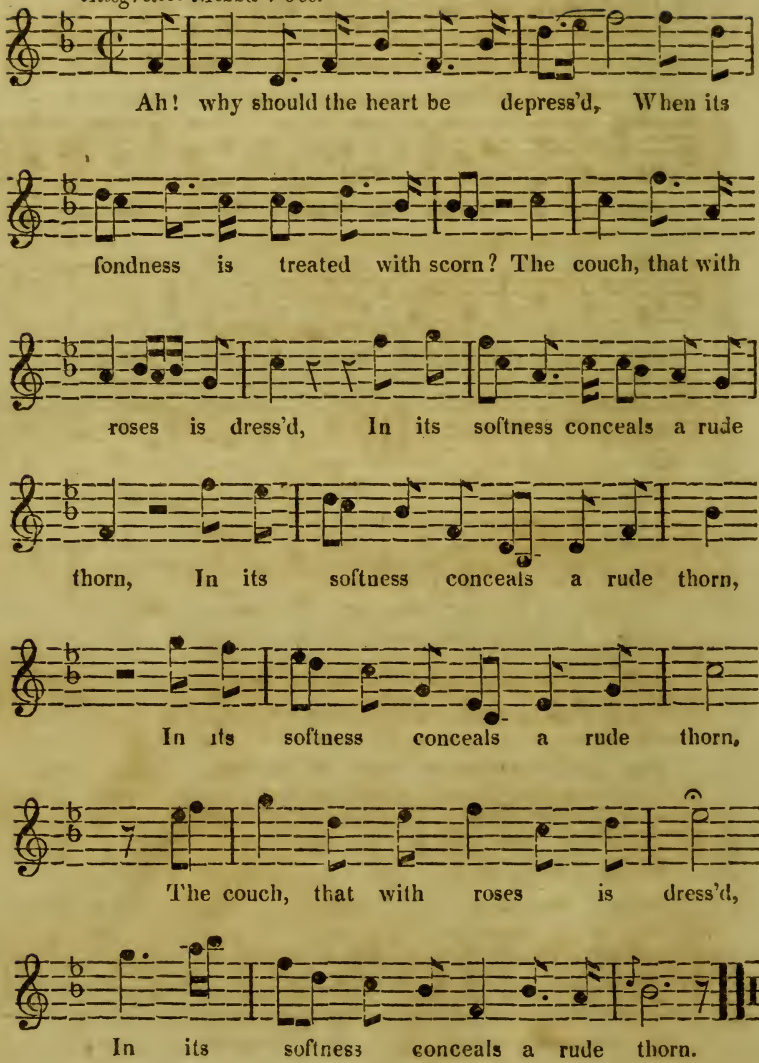


of its terrors disarm, And banish the gloom of despair.

## SONG.

WRITTEN BY N. H. WRIGHT.

*Allegretto. Mezza Voce.*


Ah! why should the heart be depress'd, When its
fondness is treated with scorn? The couch, that with
roses is dress'd, In its softness conceals a rude
thorn, In its softness conceals a rude thorn,
In its softness conceals a rude thorn,
The couch, that with roses is dress'd,
In its softness conceals a rude thorn.

The bright eye of beauty may beam
With a light, like the meteor glare;
But her victim may wake from his dream,
And hope may be chang'd to despair.

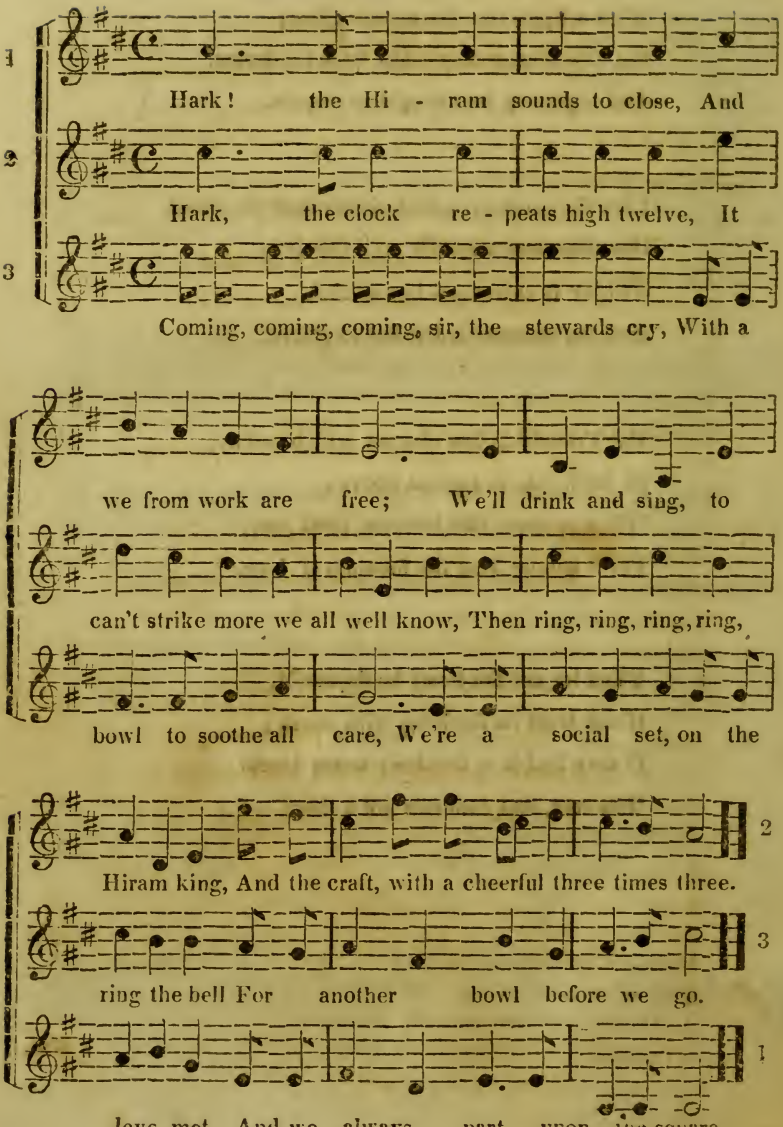
Like the rainbow, which shines from the cloud,
Her allurements awhile may deceive;
Till joy is enwrapp'd in a shroud,
And the mourner is left but to grieve.

But Friendship has charms, which endure,
Its birth was in regions above;
'Tis a passion, like heaven, most pure,
For it sprang from the fountain of love.

Then let not the heart be depress'd,
If one treat its fondness with scorn;
It may find in a Brother's warm breast
The rose, that conceals not a thorn.

## HARK! THE HIRAM.

CATCH.


1
2
3
Hark! the Hi - ram sounds to close, And
Hark, the clock re - peats high twelve, It
Coming, coming, coming, sir, the stewards cry, With a
we from work are free; We'll drink and sing, to
can't strike more we all well know, Then ring, ring, ring, ring,
bowl to soothe all care, We're a social set, on the
2
Hiram king, And the craft, with a cheerful three times three.
3
ring the bell For another bowl before we go.
1
leve met, And we always part upon the square.

## EPILOGUE.

CLOATH'D with this honour'd Badge, I now appear,
Owning myself a MASON; . . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . What our Order teaches I will shew;
The lessons you *must* love—when once you know.
It always bids us humbly to adore
Th' ALMIGHTY ARCHITECT,—by whose great pow'r
The universe was built;—to his decree,
Which wisdom ever guides, resign'd to be.
It makes us zealous in our country's cause,
True to its rulers, faithful to its laws;
Forever bids us, with the strictest care,
To act with all the world upon the square;
Never to publish a frail neighbour's shame,
Or filch away a brother's honest name;
To be sincere;—his secrets ne'er reveal,
And him to serve, with fervency and zeal.
With true PHILANTHROPY it warms our breast,
With useful zeal to succour the distress'd;
Bids us shew mercy, when we have the pow'r,
And to the houseless stranger ope the door;
The naked with warm vestments to infold,
And guard the shiv'ring wand'rers from the cold:
To feed the hungry—bid them *eat* and live,
And to the thirsty lip the cup to give;
To visit wretches tortur'd by disease,
Make smooth their bed, and pour the balm of ease.
The widow's tale, the orphan's cry to hear,
And from their eyes wipe off affliction's tear
" To know each office, each endearing tie,
" Of soft-eyed, heav'n-descended CHARITY.

## EPILOGUE.

Upright it bids us walk;—to put a rein
On sensual appetites,—and pride restrain.
It roots out narrow notions from the mind,
And plants a gen'rous love for all mankind;
Regards not modes of faith, but cries, unite
With ALL, who work by the nice rule of right;
All have one Father;—all good men and true,
In diff'rent roads, the same great end pursue.
When to the LODGE we go—that happy place,
*There*, faithful Friendship smiles in ev'ry face.
What tho' our joys are hid from public view,
They on *reflection* please, and must be true.
The Lodge, the social virtues fondly love;
*There*, wisdom's rules we trace, and so improve:
*There* we, (in moral architecture skill'd)
Dungeons for Vice—for Virtue temples build;
Whilst sceptred reason from her steady throne,
Well pleas'd surveys us all, and makes us one.
*There* Concord and Decorum bear the sway,
And *moral* Musick tunes th' instructive lay:
*There* on a pleasing level all appear,
And Merit only is distinguish'd *there*.
Fraternal Love and Friendship *there* increase,
And decent Freedom reigns, and lasting Peace.
SECRETS we have—and those we gladly shew
To PROPER PERSONS—who apply to know.

. . . . . .

Thus I the lessons, which we're taught, have shewn,
Which surely *must* be lov'd, as soon as known;
If e'er with these, our actions disagree,
Censure the MEN—but blame not Masonry:
We do not blame, when christians go astray,
The light, that came from heav'n to shew their way.

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